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ADDRESS BEFORE THE LITERARY SOCIETIES OF
THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

BY HON. AUGUSTUS VAN WYCK.

Respected Sir, Ladies and Gentlemen:—The old, old story of education in all its relations to every branch of progress has been told again and again by the profoundest thinkers, ripest scholars and most eloquent tongues. It has been so often repeated that nothing novel can be hoped for at this time, and I can assure you that never was the performance of a duty imposed and assumed approached with more anxious misgivings than this one. Inconsistent fears of opposite extremes confront me. Wafted back on the

wings of memory, dear to college days, there stands a student's timidity; cognizant of a living present, there stands a conscious dread that too much will be expected from an alumnus, in your forgetfulness that there is but an infinitesimal difference between the height of youth and that of man. It was not with any egotistical pride, or even remote hope of adding a gleam of light to this brilliant occasion, that this invitation was accepted.

Members of the Dialectic and Philanthropic Societies, I am with

you to-day in obedience to the dictates of a manly affection for the historic society that mothered me in youth, and was then most generous with honors, as well as with kind feelings now; in response to the high esteem and deep regard, fruitage of honorable competition, entertained for her sister society, and in willing and most pleasurable submission to the ever imperious demands of sincere gratitude to this grand old institution, which for a century has been intensely faithful and loyal to the mission of equipping her children for the perilous march over the limitless plain of human activities, even unto the Golden Gates of the world to come. Such emotions prompted me to revisit these sacred precincts and ascend once again the college rostrum, overlooking a scene of splendor that can never fade from memory so long as the soul shall be incarnate; such a living human sea of beauty, culture and refinement—not of strangers to this institution or aliens to her interests—has never been surpassed; gathered under the protecting shade of classic halls, in homage to an institution of learning, their own or their fathers' alma mater, words always talismanic in their influence on her sons, words that have whispered to them when in despair, encouragement, when flushed with success, congratulation.

You come, not to hear me, but the annual proclamation that the young men of another class, full of hope and promise of future usefulness and honors, have been armed with the helmet of knowledge, the shield of morality, the spear of incisive thought and the glistening and untarnished sword of honor, ready to enlist in the army of the world's workers.

The sight of these scenes, the first time since graduation, is one of mixed sadness and pleasure; the commingling of the things of the past and present and the thoughts of the dead and living; so many of the professors, students and villagers whom I knew so well and regarded so highly have been translated to the "Temple not made with hands," yet how charming to meet, after long separation, the living friends of one's youth, to stroll over this lovely campus under its majestic oaks, and through the buildings, libraries and halls, once the home of your youth, awakening most delightful reminiscences of that ever hopeful age.

I truly envy those whose precious privilege it is to make an annual pilgrimage to the shrine of their alma mater. Where they can quaff the refreshing nectar of the fountain of youth; where they can breathe the pure scholastic air, and thus clarify the moral and political malaria so often surrounding us in

the concrete thoughts of practical life; where they can renew their devotion in all its freshness to literature for its own pure sake, which is in constant danger of being killed by the spirit of the world, or smothered in the stifling atmosphere of an exclusively business life. They go hence stronger and better men. It is not time lost.

It is an honor indeed to respond to your most complimentary invitation, and especially so in this "Memorial Hall," beautiful in architecture, which, though new in construction and fresh from the handiwork of the mason's plumb and trowel, yet is rich and bristling with the wonderful traditions of a great State and nation for more than a century. Those whom it commemorates, a roll of honor too numerous to call on this occasion, speak to us in person of the great achievements in the struggle of man's advancement on this continent; of the events in the growth of self government in the colonies; of the development of a country once solely the habitation of the savage; of Indian wars; of open and successful resistance to England's Stamp Act in 1766, nearly eight years before that against the tea tax at Boston; of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, prior to that of 1776 at Philadelphia; of the battle fields of a seven years' war to make both

a reality; of the trials of a Continental Congress; of the deliberations of a Constitutional Convention, where was conceived and formulated a constitution for a federal confederated representative republic, the first known to history; of soldiers of bravery, patriotism and self-sacrifice never eclipsed; of those that graced and honored the chair of the Chief Executives of States and nation, and legislative halls of both; of those that were members of cabinet and representatives at foreign Courts; of judges of Federal and State Courts; and of those adorning all the professions and avocations of a mighty commonwealth.

The central figure of all those so justly celebrated is the lawyer, judge, legislator, governor, historian and educator, all united in one, David L. Swain, one of the most remarkable men of the age. He surveyed from the mountain peaks of the Blue Ridge all the varied necessities of his State, and discerned the alpine need of them all; and through a professional and political career most rapid, useful and illustrious, this mountaineer, in ten short years, leaped to the head and front of the cause of education. He was a true man, a great teacher and a superb organizer and disciplinarian. The Nestor of College Presidents, whose death not only touched the University, but every heart that beats

throughout the State in sympathy with the interest of learning and science.

Years ago I entered the collegiate department of this University. It was in most trying and troublesome times; civil war had commenced its sad work of human carnage; alarm and intense excitement pervaded the atmosphere and filled the minds of all, found their way to the professor's sanctum and the student's room. Under such unpropitious and unfavorable circumstances we then attempted to drink freely at this Pierian Spring. The young men of this day are to be congratulated that they have been able to pursue their studies under more auspicious surroundings, and that the bloody and wasting revolution, angry offspring of conflicting interests and ideas, has forever settled the questions that so long distracted and monopolized the American mind to the exclusion of others most needful. These issues were submitted to the wager of battle, the last that should be resorted to, in which soldiers of the gallantry of the six hundred at Balaklava, faced in deadly array soldiers of the valor of the old guard at Waterloo. A contest for courage, numbers engaged and killed, means expended and influence on the destiny of the world itself, has no parallel in history. But grander

and stranger than all these is the sequel: these hostile forces in a few years brought together as brothers of old, with equal ardor for and the same pride in the one Union, rejoicing in the preservation of both the moral and physical integrity of the nation, and that there is a radiant star for each State and a sovereign State for each star upon the flag of our common country.

What produced this result in the face of so many adverse precedents? It was due to the wise scheme of government that the founder of this University and his associates devised and crystalized into form; to the enlightenment and morality of an educated people; to the fact that the same undying honor that moved the Southern soldier to heroic deeds on her battle fields, moved him in good faith to acquiesce in the decision of the bloody arbitration selected. A spectacle so strange in the annals of time many doubted and disbelieved for a time, but both the honor and good faith of the Southerner were so strongly impressed that the citizens of the entire republic have solemnly declared, in due form of law, their mutual confidence in and respect for each other. And none regret, but all rejoice, that it has been decreed forever that this is constitutionally an indestructible union,

and that the spirit of fraternity reign supreme throughout a country so great that it can and does count the Southern valor and Northern valor as joint assets in the estate of its fame ; a people so noble that heart and intellect have conquered hate and prejudice.

According to science and the book of books, the Bible, man was last in order of creation and more richly endowed with gifts than all living creatures. He was made a free agent, with mind to think, voice to speak, and vitality to act, with the single restriction that he must not and cannot use these powers in violation of God's or nature's laws, without exposing himself to their penalty. Let him use them well and he shall have dominion over the earth, animate and inanimate ; he shall be enabled to subdue the powers of nature and combine and separate them according to his want ; he shall be master of the earth, covering it with harvest and homes, villages and cities ; master of the sea, covering it with ships floating at ease over its unfathomed abysses ; master of the elements, fire, air, light and water, docile slaves of his sovereign will ; utilizer of the beasts of the land, the birds of the air, and fish of the water ; and the possessor of things of beauty and usefulness. These immeasured and immeasurable blessings bestowed only on man, carried with them their correlative

responsibilities, for every privilege has its corresponding duty. These benefactions, in their vastness and generousness, impel man nearer to Divinity than all living creatures. He says : use them, but obey the laws supreme over them. They were confided to man, not for purely selfish purposes, but in trust for his own and his fellow man's welfare and advancement. What we term progress or retrogression, is the mere record of how these far reaching and all pervading responsibilities have been fulfilled or neglected.

The Holy Record, of admitted antiquity, reveals that their repudiation resulted in the expulsion of man from the beauties and comforts of Eden, and then in the destruction of all save a single family. Now, be this as it may, be it a Divine revelation, authentic history, or a romance, the context of that great Book proves beyond dispute that a high degree of learning and wisdom existed in the times of Moses, David, Solomon and Paul respectively ; the first, brought up as a member of the royal family of Egypt, was versed in the wisdom of that country ; the Psalms of the second, in their sublimity and tender and touching pathos, are still the most fitting strains of devotional raptures ; the Proverbs and songs of the third, who asked not for riches or long life, but understanding, have been the delight

and wonder of all ages; the fourth was a man of the highest intelligence and rarest attainments.

Purely profane history, at least, discloses that the world reached a wondrous development of wisdom, challenging our own boasted civilization.

Grecian literature is the miracle in the phenomena of the human mind and soul. In Greece there was an intensely original creative force which has never been transcended. There had been vast and powerful empires and cities before, but you must look to Greece for the parentage of profane history, epic poetry, tragedy, forensic eloquence and philosophy, and there you will find Heroditus, Homer, Æschylus Demosthenes and Socrates.

In Greece, literature, arts, philosophy and civilization reached a degree of perfection and an altitude never before touched, if indeed attained since.

To what causes are these marvelous results to be ascribed? These causes once ascertained and fixed, you will discover that to the blind disregard of them, the subsequent decline was due. Free agency, developed and understood, was the rock foundation upon which was raised the edifice of free institutions; a temple that has and ever will crumble into dust, if exposed to the atmospheric action of immorality and ignorance.

The influence of free institutions and popular education is the source, doubtless, from which all the civilization that existed in Greece flowed. It was a government of the people for a people who had been educated. Schools and school-masters were essential elements in their social system. Plato says, as soon as the distinction between right and wrong was impressed by the parent upon the child, he was sent to school to be instructed in "reading, writing, music and orderly habits," which fitted him for self-training as a citizen, and for further training in rhetoric and philosophy to be pursued at the Academy and Lyceum. They recognized the necessity of both popular and higher education. Grecian civilization was transplanted to other lands; to Ephesus, where the "Temple of Diana" was the depository of the most perfect works of the greatest artists of antiquity, the painting by Apelles, of Alexander grasping a thunder-bolt, the picture of the Goddess, by Timante, the first female artist upon record, and the matchless works of many others; to Alexandria, affluent in her libraries, museums, schools of arts, sciences, rhetoric, medicine, mathematics and theology; to Rome whose poets, orators and philosophers translated Homer, Demosthenes and Plato.

Rome physically conquered the

world and became an empire of strength and statesmen, but was subdued by the arts and learning of Greece. Her best scholars were educated there. Thus the learning of Greece advanced the world to a remarkable condition of civilization, of which Athens and Rome were two mighty monuments. But in time Roman love of conquest and spoils became the dominating spirit of that empire, and then there came a decay of that learning and civilization; a mighty cloud of decline covered the world with blight, a black night of desolation to human hopes and progress. During that long night of intellectual darkness, nearly every vestige of ancient learning and civilization was effaced. The Archæologist of this day is still delving amid the ruins of the past to uncover them to the view once again. The dawn of light disclosed that a total failure to appreciate the responsibility of self to self and to others, imposed by the dominion given man over the world in all things save his fellow man, had destroyed free agency; and free thought, free expression and free action were fettered, chained and enslaved. In this age and country, it is most difficult to believe that the naked right to think was ever denied man. The stake, dungeon, gibbet, and inquisition, all affirm it beyond contradiction. Huss and Galileo, and a long list

of associates, were victims or martyrs to this tyranny. The contest, waged so long between Hellenic civilization and Oriental despotism, had to be fought over again; the fallen therein can never be counted. This despotism had become so firmly established that the success of the revolution for the emancipation of free thought, expression and action, was gradual and slow indeed. Man had to struggle with himself, against the prejudices and superstitions that hovered around his birth and became a part of him from infancy; then, with his fellow man, for the right of expression; and lastly, with rulers of church and nation, for freedom of action, the application of his thoughts to the practical affairs of life. This revolution, sometimes in silence and sometimes in noisy war, went on for ages, gaining slowly the rights belonging to free agency. The final and fortuitous culmination of these bloody wars, waged for the right to think, was the discovery of this hemisphere by Columbus, where the liberty to think and speak was crowned with the triumph of freedom of action, where, at a cost that to us would seem most burdensome, severance of the ties of home and kindred, an asylum was found for their exercise.

The seventeenth century marked a mighty exodus from Europe to America, the importance of

which, to man's advancement, was not second to that of Moses from Egypt.

The bold, manly, restless and determined spirits and firm believers in the freedom of mind, expatriated themselves from native lands, to seek the protection of the wilderness of the new continent. There came Englishman with his tenacity of purpose, Scotchman with his love of philosophy, Celt with his ever irrepressible agitation for the greatest liberty, Hollander with his inherited fondness for work and freedom, Frenchman with his vivacity of spirit, German with his thrift and learning, and so on from all nations.

Loneliness of position, self-protection against the tomahawk of the scalping savage, self-interest, trade, commerce and social instincts, all combined to bring them together, intermarrying and living and working, under divine guidance, in harmony for the common benefit; each lifted to a higher plane by the aid and presence of the other; and thus the seed of free government and greater mental development was sown broadcast over the continent. These subtle forces were silently working results never dreamt of by the statesman, philanthropist or political economist. The law of compensation reveals that every race excels in some respect, and as the blood of these different races mix-

ed and commingled in the veins of the people, mental strength increased; moral vigor advanced; national prejudices, habits and customs, that once in their conflict seemed to have forbidden the unification of the colonies, were amalgamated; the best traits of each survived, and the pernicious ones were obliterated, and a new race was created, "the American," without which this nation, a marvel in the world's history, could never have existed.

Great effects are due to great causes and not to small ones. "A spark only lights a vast conflagration when it falls upon combustible material previously collected." General causes, whether moral or physical, direct the world's destiny.

In 1776, the condition of the American colonies was such that the tea tax, of trifling burden, was the spark that set aflame the accumulated spirit of free thought, voicing the principle of free agency and founding a government thereupon, that "all men were born equal," not in strength of mind or body, but in the right to enter the race of life and contend before impartial judges, the full jury of one's countrymen, for the prizes great and small; that the people were sovereigns, a government of collective thought.

The inspired leaders that impelled the world forward in this great

stride of human progress, knew well that its perfection and perpetuation must rest upon developed thought, men trained for the contest and clothed with the wisdom of the ruler. North Carolina was the first to stamp its recognition upon the organic law. Read it in her constitution of 1776, written in golden letters, that schools for the convenient education of children, and a University for the encouragement and promotion of all useful learning, shall be established. The fame of him who penned these words of light can never be extinguished till the world itself shall be hurled out of its orbit through infinite space and broken into disintegrating fragments against worlds greater and larger than it. All hail his name!

Davie and his associates, as soon as the martial uniform and arms were laid aside, aroused from slumber the mandate of the constitution, and breathed life and vitality in the infant University—a living and ever enduring monument to their glory, speaking through her scholars in every hamlet of this State and in every State, grander than was ever raised to the military heroes of empire. This University can stand, in the sunlight of the 19th century, the crucial test of successful, useful and influential lives of her students and their students in every walk of human endeavor.

Her doors have been open from birth till now, except for a few years, when strange gods, made mad and soon to be destroyed, desecrated her pure bosom, mistaking the influence and power of her teachings in men, for these dumb walls.

She was born of the practical idea, underlying the whole fabric of our institutions, that the rulers—the people—must be made intelligent, or a government by them will be either a farce or a tragedy, even under an absolute despotism. The theory is that he must know the law, for at his peril he must obey. In this country the voter not only obeys the law—directly or indirectly, by action or by neglect—he makes, interprets and executes it; his is the originating and guiding brain as well as the obedient hand.

The mere accumulation of knowledge is not education, nor is it wisdom; and for this reason, the chief purpose of this college has not been to store the mind with facts of history, but to develop the moral nature of the student upon whom the mother has already strongly impressed the distinction between right and wrong; and then to train his mind, teaching him to think and reason, drilling and strengthening the faculties in need thereof, and pruning and repressing those in need thereof, so that the resultant will be a sound

and healthy mind, balanced and adjusted in all its parts and functions; teaching him the best methods of acquiring knowledge and cultivating the habit of learning; to wrestle for the time with abstract thought rather than with the concrete, though these are always in some degree inter-woven; preparing him to continue, without the aid of teacher, the development only commenced, for graduation is only a mile stone on the highway of development. He must then employ the complicated powers and forces of mind in the fields of actual practice.

The plow, sinking shallow or deep in the soil; the intricate machinery of the factory, moving with accuracy and without friction; the needle gun and minnie rifle, sending the ball with precision to the desired object; the diamond drill, penetrating to the places of the hidden treasures of the earth; the lens of the telescope, carrying the human eye to the secret places of the skies; and chemical action, analyzing and commingling the properties of bodies for use; all think, when moved to action by the will of man who thinks.

There is no royal road to learning and wisdom. The mind must be exercised and disciplined, and the regular collegiate course, notwithstanding the bitter denunciations lately directed against it, is

best adapted to accomplish that end in a four years' term for classes of young men, ranging from fifteen to twenty, of average capacity and preparation. They then have acquired an index to the innumerable branches of human knowledge and industries, and their minds have been sufficiently disciplined to select and pursue one of these to its legitimate end with advantage and success. Our colleges are truly American institutions, grandly working in co-operation with the scheme of thirty-eight (38) State governments, united under one government, exercising delegated functions relating to the joint necessities of all. Each State has its college, where her sons gather and are taught to think upon the facts evolved from the industries, interests, lives of the people, and the diversified nature of the State. The legislatures of the States give diversity of legislation, and the Colleges of the States give diversity of thought. And when an American Congress convenes, whether scientific or legislative, the members do not voice the ideas of a single professor or institution, but of many schools of thought, from every conceivable standpoint; and better results are reached, for just as flint upon flint throws off the spark, so the conflict of ideas of educated men has enlightened the world. Save us from a people of the supineness of as-

simulated ideas on all subjects. And for this reason, the tendency of the State to look to Federal government for the means to educate the people, is to be deprecated, for it will destroy self reliance and responsibility, the cornerstone of community independence; and the contribution will in time be followed by supervision of its application, appointment of teachers, and the direction of opinions to be taught or repressed, and will endanger the rights of States, centralizing ideas and power—a constant menace to freedom of mind and action.

The conditions of our institutions and country during this century have been most conducive to the era of the great progress that has marked it. There was the rich soil with mental seed and moral atmosphere which brought forth a harvest most prolific.

Progressive development has been wondrous indeed in answer to the ever increasing demands of man, as a living, breathing, seeing hearing, thinking, speaking, social and dying free-agent. Measured by the age of the individual, slow, but by the age of all time, swift. From the savage to the cultured gentleman; cave to modern homes; foot to horse; oar to sail; and from these to Titan steam driving, moving palaces over and through mountains and across the waters of the briny deep and the

unsalted seas of the interior; courier to electricity harnessed as a messenger; the music of the human voice, audible only a few feet and lost forever to vocal sound, transmitted to startling distances through the telephone, and preservable for ages in the phonograph; the fickle sun picture of objects reflected upon the water mirror, to the likeness transferred and transfixed upon substances in enduring form; garments of skins of wild animals fastened with thongs, to the machine made and sewed fabrics; substances in native form, to those changed and shaped by man at his will for his use, by mechanical and chemical action; marble rough, to marble chiseled in statues perfect; the healing ingredients and sweet perfumes, separated from poisons and loathsome odors; conjurer, to skilled physician and surgeon; muscle unassisted, to gunpowder, steam and electricity, obedient to the will of man; adobe architecture, to imposing cathedrals and proud capitals; brute force, to persuasive reasoning; thoughts spoken, to thoughts written and printed for exchange with the living and those of the future; superstitions debasing, to the philosophy of the materialists and idealist, and from these to philosophy of an ego and non ego, the thing knowing and the thing known of; intellect buried in ignorance, to

intellect set at liberty; multiplicity of warring gods of passions vile, to one Supreme Divinity, all-knowing, all-powerful and always present, regulating the action of the subtle forces of nature by laws of uniform order, and offering immortal felicity to the spirit of man; conscience buried in ignorance and immorality, to conscience cultured, moral and free, the tribunal before which every thought and act of man must pass in judgment of approval or condemnation, and through which the mysteries of God, self and the world must be discerned and detected.

You are fortunate in the age you have been born, the fruitful era of the highest civilization yet touched.

You are fortunate in the country in which you have been reared, which is second to none in prestige and power; foremost of all in its political institutions, in the security of private rights, and in opportunities for individual advancement. You are justified in feeling a pride in this country, which in a century has increased and enlarged from three millions to sixty millions citizens, and from thirteen to thirty-eight States; latticed with iron rails and wires; hills and valleys covered with farms and factories, towns and cities, schools and churches, libraries and colleges. In wealth, invention, discovery, arts, literature, phi-

losophy, science and all achievements, there has been a proportionate advance. Such ceaseless activity in all departments of progress has never been exceeded. Without the strength and stimulus of education these advantages can never be preserved. Education is the most economical, if not the only defense of the prosperity and civilization of a nation. Such progress makes it a greater necessity than ever. In a social system, the relations of which are so multiplied and intricate, and growing more so, the duties of government, of the professional, business and laboring man, become more complex; and greater wisdom is needed to cope with them; greater moral vigor to resist the temptations of the riches incident thereto. Accumulated wealth is followed by organized capital and labor, often engaged in a struggle for their respective rights, the bias of self-interest frequently blinding each as to what are their rights; virgin soil consumed requires the restoratives of science; over-production in field and factory calls for new markets; commerce enlarged, more perfect system of finance; large cities exact the best engineering and hygienic skill. The laws of political economy applicable to such conditions are more difficult, and the laws of mechanics more essential. Only a few years since the Swiss watch product, their

chief industry, was driven from the markets of the world by the machine-made watch of our own country.

This outline of the landmarks of progress suggests from whence our civilization came, and where it is; but where it shall go, whether onward and upward or backward and downward, depends upon whether or not each generation will arm itself with all the weapons necessary to a full performance of the duties imposed by its rich gifts. Sons to be equal to their ancestors must be better; they have the thoughts and works of the latter to add to. To-day is no better than yesterday, except it utilizes the experiences of yesterday.

All the constituent elements of civilization must keep step in the march. Constant readjustment is needed to preserve their proper relations. One must not dominate the other or there will be a deformed social system, either mentally, morally or physically. It has been often and well said, that the majesty and authority of civilized government is not sufficient. Rome had these under a republic and empire for 1,000 years. Commerce is not sufficient. Carthage had this. Intellectual culture is not sufficient. Greece had this, when there were separate States and a confederation of States, with her orators, poets, statesmen, rhetoricians and philosophers. The

elective suffrage is not sufficient. All the fallen republics of the past had this. There must be a harmonious blending and co-operation of all the elements in every department of progress, according to the requirements of the community and age.

Our inventions, discoveries and products are used abroad, and the reflex influence of American thought has been felt in Europe. It assisted in making France thrice a republic, and her people in gratitude therefor have sent to us, to be placed in the harbor of the commercial metropolis, a colossal statue of the "Goddess of Liberty," raising high toward the heavens in her uplifted hand, a torch to beckon to these shores the ships of commerce and emigrants. But lest the newcomers be deceived and misunderstand the vital spirit of our institutions, right amid the commercial and money exchanges of that city, on the very stone and spot of his inauguration, stands a heroic sized statue of the pure, able and christian soldier and statesman, George Washington, the unrivaled, to warn them that the goddess of liberty or reason has not dethroned the King of Kings in this land.

American thought has influenced England to such an extent that her Prime Minister (Gladstone) can rise under the very shadow of the divine right of kings, and ad-

monish his countrymen that unity of boundless empire can only be maintained by diversity of legislation, decentralization. And this reminds us that our young men should learn well the constitution of their own country.

Remember, neither to underestimate nor overvalue your strength—the one paralyzes and the other allures to dangerous shoals; that self-knowledge is all important, but the innate bias of self renders it the most difficult; that knowledge is power, but of little value unless you utilize it; that the glory of power is not in the possession thereof, but rather in the use thereof along the line of moral purpose, to the beneficent end of shedding the effulgence of the star of progress over the world. The weight of evidence in spiritual and worldly matters must be respected. When you reach the stream of doubt, do not plunge yourself headlong into the howling waters of infinite inquiry, but stand upon the firm facts of collective thought, cross the ugly torrent upon the bridges that have stood the strain of ages, unless you have constructed a stronger and safer one. You must select some definite pursuit, and let it be a rivulet, ever in sight, running its silver cord through the valley of your earnest efforts and unceasing labors. Supine content buries hope and absolute rest prevents ascent. You should be law-

abiding and order loving. The imperative "necessity of right, outward authority, binding us into organic connection with other beings," is the highest act of intellect—the highest glory and the highest freedom of a responsible and social being. Restrain the boastful spirit of the age—that self-glorification which rests upon material progress alone; for the vastness of empire and wealth, subjugation of the latent forces of nature, classification of animals, and their descent traced, and ingenuity of invention, cannot satisfy conscience or relieve death of its terrors. "The search for causes in nature, when divorced from those spiritual verities which minister to the soul's health, simply pushes away from needy man the bending heavens and hides the Cause of Causes in the awful silence behind the stars." Be conservative, but not slavish to tradition. True conservatism is the desire and effort to follow through all ages every step along the line of progress, distinguishing the enduring from the perishable in human history, and preserving the former as the guide of the present. Let your motto be intellectual culture and liberty rightfully employed; culture harmonious with all the relations of man to God, man and the world, and liberty free from infringement upon that of others. Let your potential influ

ence as educated men be exerted towards keeping open the living fountains of thought. May you be lights of society and pillars of government, ever scrutinizing the mysteries of the seen and unseen and promoting the welfare of man, reaching a higher fruition than ever before attained. May your acts ever shed lustre and reflect honor upon your alma mater. May you enjoy to the fullest measure "the sweets of friendship, the charms of literature and the loveliness of virtue."

May this University live and flourish to the end of time, deserving the sympathetic support of good men and the loving smile of Him on high, and go on, with unrelaxing energy, to enlighten successive generations, training men in true learning and wisdom, in all that is manly and pure, humane and generous. May the crystal clear waters of this and the other similar fountains of knowledge flow on and on forever, till our country becomes one vast ocean of wisdom and intelligence, crowning our loftiest hopes and most dazzling visions of development and glory, with realization complete.

The mighty migrations of the human races in the order of their highest development respectively: from Egypt, the Orient, Greece, Rome, Gaul and Britain, in the

westward march of empire, would seem to indicate that there were some demoralizing influences attending the fruits of civilization, which man had been unable to resist in the past, such as the corruption and enervation of wealth and luxury, and such as the superstitions and prejudices largely the result of an over boastful spirit and self content of a people who have climbed to the highest round yet reached on the ladder of progress; and that the preservation of each civilization required a fresh soil to plant its seed in and rear aloft a still higher growth. May the teachers of our schools and colleges, and the ambassadors of God, impart an intense love of truth and a deep sense of justice—the twin jewels in the crown of an intelligent free-agent, worth more than all else under the broad canopy of the skies—and thus save our land, even in the distant future, from migrations therefrom for such causes.

The trite truths of the past should never be lost sight of in the glitter of the latest civilization. But such civilization should perpetually be a text, a golden nail on the venerable wall of time, upon which to hang the old trophies of long enduring truths and familiar thoughts, and keep them free from the collecting dust of oblivion.

GRECIAN CHARACTER AND ITS INFLUENCE.

The history of Europe and the civilization transmitted to the New World began in Greece. Throughout the history of the Greeks, we observe a sociability, a tender sympathy that diffuses itself with more facility and energy than is found in any of the other nations of antiquity.

Assyrian art, Egyptian science and the Phœnician alphabet were appropriated and assimilated by them, and became the seeds of a new and more vigorous growth, so that much of the life we live to-day—its political, social and intellectual advantages—date back to Grecian altars, upon which were first kindled the fires of philosophy and liberty, lighting the shores of the Ægean sea with a radiance that gradually dispelled the darkness that enshrouded the world.

Greece was the first nation to impress herself upon the surrounding nations to that degree of interest which for two thousand years has caused the eyes of the world to be directed toward her, while she in turn like a loving mother has led mankind to the shrine of civilization, where after paying his devotions, each arose with renewed strength and began the grand march of destiny. She was the first star in the firmament of ancient nations that sent a silver ray

across the long, dark night of barbarism, whose trembling light revealed the pleasures of refinement and mental activity; and though she long ago lost her national existence, her gods driven from Olympus into oblivion, yet through her intellectual conquerors she has attained a world-wide empire over the minds of men.

Modern science dates its origin from the study of nature under the shadow of the Olympian hills; the poet still continues to draw his loftiest inspiration from their literature, the historian, the rich metaphor with which he adorns his instructive page and the scientist vainly scans their philosophy to see if they did not leave untouched some phase of original thought.

With a possible exception, former nations, even in their advancement, seem to have been wanting in "impressive force," do not seem to have had any ideas extending beyond the sphere of their immediate experience; their intellectual horizon seems to have been bounded by sordid notions and selfish sentiments, common to an age enveloped in mental darkness. Proscription and expediency were the only oracles consulted; brute force, treachery, lasciviousness, mental lethargy

and courtly glitter subdued all the nobler impulses of the human heart, and like a mighty storm swept over the earth, convulsed it with terror and left it in ruins and desolation. Consequently their contributions to the civilization and *real* welfare of mankind were so meagre that they soon lost their identity and became as unsubstantial as "a vision in a dream," fading from memory with the dawn of the following day. But not so with the Greek, "the spoiled child of the graces." He grasped with unprecedented boldness every idea that promised to gratify his intellectual curiosity. Originality, power, variety, novelty of thought and brilliancy of conception flashed athwart every subject he handled; nor was he content with what he saw and heard, his speculative genius led him to pass beyond the material world and to try the secrets reserved for future ages. The Greeks were the first of the great Aryan family of nations in Europe whose achievements are recorded, nor was there ever a people whose deeds were more worthy of recital. No people ever accomplished so much, aided merely by heroic endeavor. They were closely allied to several nations about them, yet they took the lead of them all and very early became the teachers of mankind by developing the theories of a few into the practices

of many. Other nations were tried by very much the same influences, before and after Grecian supremacy, but none swept to empire with that steady increase of political influence and intellectual life which characterized the Greeks, even before the star of foul ambition had dawned and revealed to despots the helpless condition of surrounding nations. They were the first to persuade men that obedience to law was not servitude, but that it was the necessary duty of man in this and the life to come. Their influence was steady from the first, increasing year by year, till finally Athens, their chief city, became the capital, or alma mater of the intellectual world,—the acknowledged fountain from which flowed "along the slopes of time" with ceaseless gurgle, the silvered stream of philosophy and an adaptable literature. Unlike other nations when conquered, the Greeks, with the sword of philosophy, poetry, art and science, directed by their resistless genius, still rushed on to higher and more imperishable victory. Not even the pliancy of servitude could wrest from them the spirit to assimilate, investigate and to pursue all former thought beyond the boundaries of previous investigation. Hence it is, we find, amid the remains of his untiring research, so many of the elements

that characterize the progressive career of his own civilization.

In that early period, before the "glad tidings of great joy" had come to the Gentile nations of earth, the Greeks recognized the fact that there were joined to the destiny of man, many problems whose solution was beyond the possibilities of reason, if it were left to grope its way through the labyrinths of conjecture. They connected these problems to the ordinary things around them and invested them with personalities rich in ideal pictures.

Under the circumstances, considering their geographical surroundings, their peculiar temperament, so intensified by the exercise of imagination, and the general idea man at that time had of futurity, it would have been quite impossible for the Greeks to have had any other than the religion they professed. Their appreciation of courage, their admiration for symmetry, their ideals of beauty and their inordinate love of novelty led them to worship heroes, to fill lakes, rivers, valleys, groves, and mountains with many gods whom they reverently glorified with a halo of legend and metaphor which charmed the superstitious ear of listening nations, while they traced their own genius by faith's credulous finger to some celestial origin. They groped their way through the darkness

which enveloped them, formulating theories and conjecturing possibilities, till eventually they began to look upon death as the "spreading of pinions," to soar aloft and meet the celestials at their banquets in the "brazen based mansions" above the clouds.

They came to believe that there was a god for each sentiment or inclination of human nature, and that he hovered about them, guarding with equal and zealous care all the gates of love, hope, revenge, jealousy, gratitude, and friendship. This was the all-pervading idea that gave life and hope to every nerve of pleasure, that robbed melancholy of its pensive gloom and gilded sorrow, grief and misfortune, with the sunshine of forgetfulness. It was this that quickened their enraptured fancy, and passed them through the iron portals of reality into ideal gardens filled with pictures of oriental splendor. The star that guided them amid prosperous and victorious scenes, still continued to shine through the long twilight of servitude to which Imperial Rome reduced them; for when their dauntless valor was overwhelmed by Roman might, and the Greeks kneeled at her feet, abject, cringing slaves, in the lowest depths of national degradation, they still compelled their imperious mistress to bow reverently at the shrines of Zeus

Hermes, Ares, and, indeed, to almost the entire category of Grecian gods. Who has the hardihood to deny that Greece through the influence of her literature, religion,—*force of character*, did not more effectually conquer the Romans than she herself had been conquered? Another distinguishing feature of the Greek was, no matter where he was carried by ambition, research, curiosity, conquest or subjugation, he remained a Grecian, retaining his manners, religion, language, literature, arts, eloquence, poetry and personal individuality. But in the fulness of time, after centuries of temptation, scattered over the world on fated missions of conquest, they became enervated by the contagious influences of folly, sloth, luxury and licentiousness, and then, and not till then, as the land of Helen, with boundaries marked by a patriotic and frugal ancestry struck from the maps of the world—fell from the Alpha to the Omega of nations, bequeathing to posterity its imperishable history.

The three most prominent characters in shaping Grecian destiny, linking and identifying their civilization with that of all subsequent time, are Socrates, Phidias and Alexander. Without these names and their influence upon Greece, the history of the world would never have been what it is.

Socrates was the noblest pagan the world ever produced. The imperishable grandeur of his exalted nature raised him far above his fellow-man, upon whose faults and frailties he looked through pity's tears with almost superhuman forgiveness. By intuition he grasped the central idea of our civilization, and became the first martyr ever sacrificed upon the reeking altar of Polytheism. The example of such a man, at such a time, almost startles us with wonder. His teaching, his research, and his character, all show him to have been one in whose heart "passion and purity met like red and white in the bosom of a rose,"—one who yielded his life to his principles as freely as the flower gives its bosom to the "amorous kisses of the morning sun." When Paul, standing before Agrippa, loaded with bonds, looked back over the triumphs of conscience, he saw in Socrates an example to nerve him against the short-lived decrees of tyranny; and Luther, the grand, central, immortal figure at the Diet of Worms caught the inspiration of the old heathen philosopher, and electrified the world with his bold utterances in the hallowed name of religious liberty. Phidias, the greatest sculptor that ever touched the "rough Ashler," breathed, as it were, upon its cold surface the likeness of the human form with

a fidelity that "marks him the perfect man." All the modern forms of statuary that adorn our art-galleries, museums, and sacred places, received at his hands an impetus, which the ravages and fluctuations of time have never been able to check. The white shaft, commemorating the deeds of heroes, and keeping their illustrious examples fresh in the memory of succeeding generations, is the product, or I might say, the monument of this all but inspired man. Without Phidias and his contemporaries, showing the triumphs of the chisel over voiceless marble, the history and influence of this powerful factor in our civilization could have been written in a few simple sentences.

The nation in the time of Alexander had reached a culminating point, so to speak, and only needed an Alexander to impress itself upon the world around, and "all coming ages." He found many circumstances congenial to his inordinate ambition, and as soon as he became a leader he created others, by the overpowering spirit of his imperious nature. Like all other heroes of antiquity or of modern times, his brilliant genius and restless spirit suggested the means for overcoming and controlling every obstacle that opposed him. In his case, however, instead of a gradual development of the master schemes of lofty ambi-

tion, his plans were put into execution as soon as conceived, and he swept on to universal empire even before he himself was aware of his splendid achievements. He stamped his name upon history with such splendid victories as to eclipse all former conquests, and render obscure the accomplishment of subsequent commanders. Every effort he put forth confirmed the oracle that guided his revolutionary footsteps, and yielded him the diadem worthy only of being worn by the "last Hercules of the Greeks."

The commercial centres he established and the colonies he founded, in their final effects upon the actions of men, were fraught with an importance that touched the horizon of every age and clime; and though at his death his empire fell in pieces, yet the effects of his career have remained, and will remain, as a powerful agent in the solution of the great problem of the world's advancement. It is vain to attempt to estimate the results of his victories, for doubtless, we could, by a little application, trace the ripples, many of which he started till they break waves upon the shores of our civilization. He seems to have been a chosen instrument of God to scatter the Greek throughout the civilized (?) world, to prepare the nations for the New Revelation that was to come, and to

duce to the world a civilization which should be the proud boast of all the centuries gone, being guided by the lone star that first lent its welcome, silver beams over the hills of "Judea about Bethlehem."

God chose their language to reveal His "last Will and Testament" to all the nations of earth, because He knew it possessed a beauty, power of expression and general charm of interest that would invite the scholar's deepest concern in "the Lamb that was slain for the sins of the world." But why follow further the stately footsteps of a nation, almost every one of whose history glows with the recital of some heroic deed, or some excellence surpassing all previous endeavor. Their sculptors touched the cold, unhewn stone and it stood forth in life-like reality; their orators poured forth a

stream of impassioned eloquence whose resistless tide swept everything before it like a torrent, fed by a cloud-burst; their painters appreciated all the beauties of nature and left upon canvass ample evidence that they had but one rival, and that one, the "Creator of the world and all therein"; their poets sang a lullaby that has charmed all succeeding generations with its rhythm, purity and sweetness; their philosophers harvested all the fields of thought and scattered the sheaves to the uttermost parts of the earth, and the dauntless spirit of their heroism in the defile of Thermopylæ and on the haunted plain of Marathon has furnished examples to stimulate the wavering, to give courage to the cowardly, strength to the weak, and liberty to the oppressed of every nation.

O. C. ODELL.

PAST REMINISCENCES.

Not long ago two prominent men, who had been boys together, and had been separated in after life, met in a hotel in Washington City. The one was Supreme Court Judge, the other Governor of one of the Western States. Upon registering his name, the Judge saw just above it the name of the companion of his boyhood days,

and snatching up a piece of paper directed to him the following lines:

"Jerry, dear Jerry, I've met you at last;
And memory, burdened with scenes of the
past,
Goes back to old Somerset's Mountains of
snow,
When you were but Jerry and I was but Joe."

The scene of their meeting cannot well be described, for awhile

all dignity and reserve were forgotten, and they were boys again, chasing the rabbit amid "old Somerset's Mountains of snow." Thus it is that however far one may be from the scenes of his youth, however changed may be his condition in life, there will be moments when he feels that he is once more gazing upon the familiar objects of his childhood.

In Lenoir county, about ten miles from the pretty little town of Kinston, on the banks of the Neuse, is an old farm house in which the writer has spent his happiest days. I may not be an impartial judge, but it does seem to me if Nature ever did lend her charms to aid in making a place beautiful, she did not fail to do so there. Even the red men, America's native sons, did not fail to observe this, as they built their village here.

The house is situated about fifty yards from the river, whose high and almost perpendicular banks completely hide the stream from view. On a bright, sunshiny day the water glitters and sparkles like a thousand gems; and a great many years ago it seems to have been the favorite resort of the Indian, whose birch-bark canoe gently drifted with the stream, as he caught the shining fishes from its depth. On its banks the children of the wigwam first learned

to shoot the wild duck, and to chase the jack-rabbit in pursuit of his morning's meal. No more will the beaver build its dam along its margin, for at the approach of the white man it departed to a warmer clime, and now only indications of its existence may be seen. The sturgeon, too, which in the Indian language is called Nama, rarely ever makes his appearance in its upper waters, but prefers to remain in his safe, but less attractive quarters near the sea.

I fancy myself once more sitting on its mossy banks, while the gentle breezes, coming from the woods on the opposite side, bring with them the smell of the yellow jessamine, sparkle-berry, and wild haw. Perhaps where yonder sand-bar juts out into the stream, the Indian maidens paused near the brink to bathe in the silvery water, resembling so many mermaids. I can see them now as they unfold their long, silky black hair and modestly blush to see their symmetrical forms reflected in the water beneath. Over there, where can now be seen waving fields of wheat, tradition says the Indian village stood. From yonder giant oak the Indian mother would suspend her papoose and gently sing to it a fond lullaby as it swayed to and fro in the breeze. In that pasture, where you now see feed-

ing a flock of sheep, the red man hunted the row-buck, while the hoot of the owl and the scream of the night-hawk made music for his ear. Near that thicket on the left, rising up by degrees into a mound, an Indian burial ground was seen. Here mighty chiefs were laid away in the cold, damp earth along with their bow and arrows, tomahawk and hunting knife, which were thought to be useful to their former owner when he reached the happy hunting grounds of his forefathers. For six centuries they have remained in these solitudes, and there is heard no sound save the whippoorwill's song and the melancholy music of the pines.

At night the Indian prophet would gather around him the simple children of the forest, and on gazing up into the heavens at the North star, would foretell to them the future welfare of their nation. That whole valley was then dotted with wigwams, and in the early morning when the sun darted out her first beams and dispelled the dark shadows, the smoke from them would go curling up to the blue sky, causing the big chieftain, beholding it at a distance, to be happy and have a feeling of

confidence in the strength of his tribe. The wildcat's wail had no terror for the young Indian chief as he gamboled in the forest, and he would laugh in scorn on hearing a copper-head hissing in the shade.

But I am wandering from my subject. All around this historic old place are the remains of a conquered and extirpated race. Clay vessels, pipe stems, arrow-heads, broken tomahawks, and even Indian beads can still be plowed up out of the mellow earth.

But now all these things have changed. The surrounding forests that were once teeming with game of various kinds, have nearly all disappeared. Truly the woodman's axe can work wondrous things! No more will the copper-colored visage of the red man be seen as he leaps along in pursuit of the deer; no more will the young brave make love to the willing object of his affections, for to the advance of the white man and civilization, the plain and simple habits of the red man had to give way, and now all that remains of a once happy and contented people, is a few shivering and starving wretches among the Rockies.

FOY HYDE.

EDITORIAL.

E. P. WITHERS.

—EARTHQUAKES, cyclones and anarchists are enough to tear any country asunder.

—THE Anglomaniacs of New York turn up their trousers when ever it rains in London.

—WE hope every student will subscribe to and by all means *pay* for the MAGAZINE. As a subscriber you are a nuisance if you don't pay.

—MENTALLY and otherwise the editor of this department is "under the weather." He hasn't recovered from his summer's spree. He asks for indulgence.

—EVERYBODY on "the hill" seems to be badly mashed. Even the staid Wilson has it bad, and as for the Savage, he's been to the station six times to see his girl, and hasn't seen her yet.

—THE dude, a ridiculous farce on a chattering ape, is almost extinct. This generation brought him forth, and this generation, disgusted, will consign him to eternal and deserved oblivion.

—THE gentlemen who owe the MAGAZINE are respectfully asked to pay up. We are pecuniarily embarrassed.

—LOAFING at the cross roads grogshop, drinking mean whiskey and swearing at the weather is the approved method many farmers adopt to farm in our progressive South. Is it strange they are ever in debt, dissatisfied, and disgruntled?

—IT is about time to put a limit on immigration, and to shut out our European scum as well as our Asiatic vermin. To exclude the thrifty and peace-loving Chinese and to freely admit the murderous, cowardly, beer-guzzling scoundrels of the MOST type is supreme idiocy.

—WE earnestly hope the Faculty, the Societies and the Alumni will come to our aid. The MAGAZINE is not self-supporting if dependent upon students and advertisers, and it is little encouragement to the editors to have a debt left over from last year hanging over us with no prospect of paying it off.

—SOME men are negligent about paying their newspaper subscriptions, some can't pay and some can but won't pay. These last have swindled the editor out of what is justly due him and are therefore swindlers, and men who swindle editors will swindle anybody else. This applies to college magazines as well as to newspapers.

Two Wise Decisions.

The Chicago judge and jury have decided that the Anarchists must hang.

The officials of the Knights of Labor have decided that the boycott and the mob are not the means by which they must obtain their fellow laborers' rights.

These are two wise decisions.

Salutatory.

This department is for the first time under the present editor's charge. He asks that his short comings, which are many, be passed over with as much leniency as possible in this, his first number.

We will, to the best of our ability, fulfill the duties imposed upon us. It is our purpose to try to improve this department of the MAGAZINE. It seems heretofore to have been looked upon merely as an empty honor (if it can be so called) and its editor considered

his duty fulfilled if he emitted with each number one or two worthless articles, which had better been omitted. The latter half of last year was a notable exception to the usual state of things. The editor then in charge made it superior to the editorial department of any college magazine that exchanged with us. We hope to keep up this improvement; at least to keep it above the old standard. We consider the editorial department as the channel through which the editor may express his opinions and convictions on any subject if he so desires. We intend to express our opinion. In a word we are going to attempt to edit the MAGAZINE as it should be edited and if we fail we shall resign and make way for one who can do so.

A "Broad" Minister.

The minister who dances regularly at the Warm Springs and who says that he is neither "High" nor "Low" but "broad," seems to us to be rather too broad. In fact his breadth must be such that he is unable to hold any religion.

Dancing, as is indulged in at summer resorts, is not hurt with modesty, but is rather a delicious "hug" in which both the hugger and the hugged seem to enjoy themselves immensely, especially the hugging part. Now to see a

man who professes to be a minister of the Gospel, not only encouraging but engaging in this, is pernicious and demoralizing, and about the next thing we may expect to hear from this minister will be that he is engaged in a quiet little game, fifty dollars a side, or is on a roaring drunk, engaged in religiously painting the town red. Such men bring discredit and disrepute on religion and ought to be summarily squelched.

To the Alumni.

We appeal to you gentlemen, you who have graduated from this institution, and who have never lost your affection for your *Alma Mater* and its literary societies, to subscribe to the MAGAZINE. It will bring back the reminiscences of the past when you were here as students, it will tell you how the dear old institution has prospered, it will give you an insight into college life as it now is at the institution of which you were once a member.

It is the college organ and ought to be maintained as every college has its magazine. But it cannot be maintained unless you with the Faculty and Societies come to its aid.

Will you do so?

A Terrible Disease.

A plague is in college which is terrible in its destructiveness. No unmarried man escapes, at least but very, very few. Students are doing nothing but pining and pining until nothing but a hideous skeleton remains. You ask what can be the cause? Why everybody is in love.

The Senior Class are a set of dreamers with listless air and far-away look, and swear they will marry immediately after graduating, while the Juniors are utterly despairing, as their graduation is two years hence, the Sophs. wont wait and the Freshmen, well, there's no telling what the Freshmen will do, they are perfectly wild. Even the unmarried Professors have got it, and the Editors are completely demoralized (except this one, he never gets that way).

Ten Sophomores will marry Christmas, and nearly every Freshman. There's one lone student in college (C. G. F.) who is not in love—the aforesaid editor always being excepted—and he has been trying thirty-five years and has failed every time, and he has come to the conclusion that nobody wants him. The state of things is awful and the faculty have ordered ten specialists from New York to treat the more serious cases.

COLLEGE RECORD.

STEPHEN B. WEEKS.

When the students left the Hill for their homes last June it seemed as if there was a long time before them in which they could rest from their labors and enjoy themselves—some in hunting and fishing, some in tramping the mountains, some in reading, and some, perhaps, in speaking that language which “is never loud,” or in listening to the same sweet notes as they fell from the lips of some one of “Nature’s lovely dears.” But this pleasant holiday time is now passed. The class of ’86 has scattered, and they will perhaps, never all meet again. Some are working at home, some studying law, some teaching, one is at the University of Virginia, four are here—two in the law department and two are taking English. The places of the others are now vacant—we no longer see their familiar places in the chapel. But the world moves on, and their places will soon be filled by others, and we will be left behind in the race for fame and fortune unless we work.

To one who is almost a novice, the duties of an editor present something appalling, but they

must be met, so, hoping that you will give us your kind support in the work, we resume our editor’s chair and begin our notes on the happenings in college during the session of ’86 and ’87.

* *

The Freshmen are numerous this year. We are glad to see so many of them. The prospects are as bright as at any time since the re-opening. They are treated more as gentlemen than at any previous time. Last year’s action of the Faculty had a salutary effect on the rising Sophomores. There are now some eighty on the Hill.

* *

A larger proportion of the old students have returned than usual. The post-graduates in all departments—law, chemistry, teaching, and English number thirteen. The Seniors have twenty-two out of twenty-nine Juniors last year; the present Juniors have twenty out of thirty-five Sophomores; the Sophomores forty-two out of fifty-three Freshmen.

* *

Mr. Eben Alexander, the new Professor of Greek, is at present occupying the room opposite the

Biological Laboratory and adjoining Prof. Henry's room—first floor, N. E. B. The room has been fitted up, somewhat, and has been furnished with chairs. Is it not about time for us to abolish some of these abominable benches, anyhow? We should like to ask the Professor of Hygiene how much of his lectures or any one else's a fellow can take down when he has such uncomfortable seats as those in the Natural History room—when he has to change his position twenty or thirty times a minute to prevent being cramped to death? No wonder they get bored—the Professor would if he could have a little experience of this delightful sensation.

* *

Prof. J. Lee Love has given up the recitation room, N. W. B., first floor, east end, to Prof. Graves, and now holds forth on Math. to groups of delighted Freshmen on the second floor of the Old East, middle entrance. This room has been used as dormitories during recent years, a partition having been put across it. It was used by Dr. Chas. Phillips, as the Math. room in *ante-bellum* days, and it was here that in the thirties a fellow tried to shuffle off this mortal coil by fastening a rope into a staple, tying the other end around the place just below the usual depository of the brain, and then jumping off

the stove. He did not succeed, for some sympathizing soul came to his relief, and cut the rope, and he was restored to life only to be invited to leave college in a jiffy. The knot remained in the staple until a month ago. It was removed when the partition was taken out. It should be deposited in the Museum.

N. B. Dr. Phillips says this chap had not fallen on Conics.

* *

The addition to Physics Hall is quite an improvement. It is built of brick, is joined at the end to the back of the old building, and is of the same size. It has all the different rooms necessary for a full course in chemistry, metallurgy, &c. It is now about completed, work having been begun on it in June, and will soon be ready for use.

* *

The laboratory under Smith Hall has been deserted. The gas pipes leading from it to Physics Hall have been taken up and a new gas well has been sunk just north of the N. W. E.

* *

Dr. W. B. Phillips comes back to us from Germany fresh and ready for work. He is enthusiastic, and ready to put in practice his knowledge gained at Freiburg.

* *

The libraries of the Literary Societies have been consolidated.

A committee went over the libraries and condemned all books that were worn out or out of date, and these were allowed to remain in the old halls. All valuable ones were removed to Smith Hall, and this is now in reality the "Library" Building. The Phi. books are placed on the north side, the Di. on the south. The valuable books of the old University Library were divided about equally between them, and each Society has a new index. The alcoves have two cases each, and are numbered with Roman capitals. The shelves of the cases are numbered with letters on the left and figures on the right. This makes reference easy, having only to remember the alcove and number of the case. At present it is kept open four hours Saturday and two hours every other day, except Sunday. As soon as practicable, it will be open all day.

The consolidated library has an immense advantage over the old way, is kept open more, will be heated and will be a general resort for all those who have five or ten minutes to spend. It will be much cheaper than the old way, because we will be able to buy three times as many books with the same amount of money, and there can now be some organized effort in buying the best books on the market, and this has never been

attempted before. There are now in the library many duplicates which are unnecessary, and which came from having three separate libraries. Had this consolidation taken place ninety years ago, we would have had a much larger collection now. There was some opposition to the consolidation, but its opponents will soon see its advantages and will be compelled to come over.

* *

The Reading Room is very popular now. The boys go into it and after awhile pass on into the library. The students of German and French amuse themselves by trying to read "*Der Wochenblatt, der N. Y. Statts-Zeitung*," or "*Fliegende Blaetter*," and "*Courier Etats Unis*." It has also been made more useful by placing in it a set of the Encyclopædia Britannica, one of the Encyclopædia Americanna, a Webster's Unabridged, Dr. Thomas's Biographical Dictionary and Lipincott's Gazetteer of the World.

* *

The Gymnasium was painted a little before Commencement, and is now ready for all who are anxious to become dumb-bell swingers, or trapeze performers, or who wish in any way to rival the ancient glories of great Greece. Here is the place for the slim and frail: Fresh. to develop himself into the

great double jointed, full chested Sophomore, ready to engage in any mad prank, even to that of tackling Conic Sections, the greatest and last enemy.

* *

The earthquake paid us a visit on the night of Tuesday, August 31. It came with a deep, heavy, sullen roar like distant thunder, lasted about a minute and was gone. Many were deceived at first, thinking some one was using dumb-bells, dancing or rolling beds around, but they were soon undeceived. Window glass shook, lamps rattled and one chimney was shaken down in the village. The writer was on the fourth floor N. E., and the building swayed to and fro at a fearful rate, and it seemed but little more was wanting to overthrow it.

The boys were scared. They soon congregated in a few rooms and found in it food for thought and many conjectures were made as to the amount necessary to overthrow these heavy buildings and crush all their inmates. They had hardly separated when the second shock came and added fresh fuel to their fear. They were scared now in earnest and began seeking what ought to have been terra-firma with the speed of lightning and were very loath to return to their rooms, thinking the ground safer. Some felt a

third shock and some more than that. A slight shock lasting a minute was also felt on the following Friday night. We may consider ourselves as fortunate and as specially and highly favored when so many around us suffered more or less and when Charleston not very far away was a scene of almost total wreck.

* *

The Y. M. C. A. has commenced work for the year with the following officers: C. F. Smith, President; Hayne Davis, Vice-President; Logan D. Howell, Cor. Secretary; Wm. B. Ricks, Rec. Secretary; D. J. Currie, Treasurer. They commenced work promptly the first week of the session, invited the new students around to the evening meetings and a number have been received as active members and prospects are bright for a session of good christian work. Let the members both new and old do their duty and their reward will be sure. The Sunday evening classes for Bible study are also at work. Their ranks have been recruited and study has commenced. They hold their meetings in the Y. M. C. A. Hall.

* *

The Temperance Association is working. At the time of the first meeting for this year, Sept. 2nd, some thirty new students became members and pledged themselves

not to drink "any wine, beer whiskey or any other intoxicating drink while members of college." It is for them the association is mostly intended. They are the ones who are most likely to fall into bad habits. The officers this year are: Jos. A. Morris, President; A. M. Simmons, Vice-President; John W. Graham, Secretary.

* *

The Senior class wishing to be distinguished from their younger brethren of the class of 1890 have adopted a class hat. It is a handsome black beaver and we congratulate them on their good taste.

* *

The editor attended the last session of the Teachers' Assembly of North Carolina, held at Black Mountain, June 22—July 6. Through the energy and perseverance of Mr. Eugene G. Harrell, reduced rates were secured on all the railroads and he acted as general manager of the meeting. Black Mountain is a little station seventeen miles east of Asheville and is the point of railroad nearest Mt. Mitchell. It is a very small village consisting of a few little shops and a hotel. As far as accommodations are concerned this hotel would hardly do credit to the chief of the Cherokees or to a petty prince of negroland. There were more than 600 people in attendance from thirteen states.

Three sessions were held every day and the most practical methods of teaching were discussed. There were other teachers there beside those regularly employed and one of these was that shy little god whom the ancients made the son of Venus and husband of Psyche and he too had a large following. Dr. R. H. Lewis, President of Kinston College and a member of the class of 1852, presided over the meetings. Much interest was manifested in the work and many teachers went away doubtless better prepared for their work in the future. We saw many U. N. C. boys there, some of them being the foremost educators in the State, among them were: Jas. A. Delke, LL. D. class 41, of Thomasville Female College; E. A. Alderman, class '82, now principal of the Goldsboro Graded Schools. He was elected president of the Assembly for the years 1886-'87 during the sessions; B. C. McIver, '85; W. H. Thompson, '83; J. D. Miller, '84; A. W. Long, '85, Prof. of Eng. Lang. and Lit. in Trinity College; E. D. Monroe, '84; Dr. T. W. Harris, '58; M. Butler, '85; Jenkins, '86 and M. C. S. Noble. The scenery around Black Mountain is grand. Nature has lavished her gifts on this section and has piled hill on hill until they rise in towering greatness and proclaim: "the hand that made us is divine."

We went to Mt. Mitchell and climbed to the very top. There in his lonely cairn rests the great and good man who has gone before, for months his tomb is undisturbed by the foot-steps of man and he rests alone in his glory. He is gone but not forgotten, his example still lives and long may the memory of his devotion to duty, to science and to religion grow green in the hearts of the sons of the land he loved so well.

Vacation Jottings—College and Village.

Simmons, Foust, Smith and Rice remained all the summer on the Hill.

Jodie Morris returned the last of June, after spending two or three weeks at home. He came to study, but studied, visited and taught.

Manning remained until the middle of July and started home, visiting L. Grandy, at Oxford, on the way.

Simmons, Jenkins, Weeks and Dr. Harris attended the Teachers' Assembly at Black Mountain. Miss Lizzie Harris and Mrs. Weathersby were also in attendance.

Brother Wade is still here, said he might leave and go to Texas again if he got lonesome. Guess his *machine* kept him company.

Wills returned in a few weeks and taught near Orange Church.

The libraries were consolidated during the summer, and this gave employment to some whose time hung heavily on their hands. Prof. Love made out the new catalogue of the Di. books, and John Clemmons, the college scrivener, that of the Phi. Smith was vacation librarian for the Phi. and Willie Battle for the Di., while Prof. Love represented the interests of the University.

Ernest Mangum, 'A. M. (U. N. C. '86,) was at home most of the time. He left about the middle of August for Kinston, N. C.

V. W. Long traveled for the Winston *Sentinel* and went to Washington with the Press Association. He also acted as *fighting editor* of the MAGAZINE while visiting western N. C.

"Big Pat" crammed up chemistry and geology, stood on them, got through and then took his place as the twenty-sixth man (in numbers) in the class of '86.

Knucks flourished. Its following was much reduced. "Dick," "Jincks," "Coon," "Judge," "Hal," "Mot," "Mac," and "Bullet" were gone; but the devotion of the remainder made up for the loss in some measure.

Father Wade sung, read theology and put in practice the thing next to godliness.

Little staid on the Hill about "two weeks."

Simmons read English Literature and novels.

Dan Miller, '84, spent the summer on the Hill.

Prof. and Mrs. Love visited his father's family at Gastonia.

The Gymnasium was much used by the few that were here.

Peter Rice read two books of the *Æneid* and shot knucks.

Some of the boys were delegates to the State Convention.

Miss Mary Lee Martin visited her aunt and cousins at Beaufort.

Simmons moved into Prof. Toy's rooms and kept house for him.

Alexander studied law and taught school in the office on the Swain lot.

The campus was taken by the girls. You could see beves of the beauties at every turn.

The reading room was visited more frequently by the citizens than during the session.

Miss Fannie Phillips, of Washington, D. C., spent the summer with her cousin, Miss Susie.

Sid Woodard was here during August and it seems he was trying to pluck a beautiful *flower*.

Miss Fannie Cunningham spent the summer at home. She is again attending Peace Institute.

For information as to the quarter of the heavens in which the moon rises and sets, apply to Mr. A. M. S., class '87.

Herring, Weeks and Wilkes Caldwell shot mad dogs (as they thought,) while Bro. Wade acted the part of a second Bergh.

Miss Flora Belle Thompson went to Statesville and will remain there until Christmas, and "Peter" is disconsolate here forever more.

Bob Stroud, matriculate of '82, with his accomplished young wife, *nee* Miss Fannie Headen, has moved into his new house near town.

Jodie Morris practiced music, rising early (4 o'clock), "going down" and tuning up. He intended to play the rôle of a night-hawk, hoping to catch a *bird*.

One edition of the new Phi. Register has been issued for further additions and corrections. Nath. Wilson is working on the Di. at his home in Greensboro.

Prof. Henry took in nearly all of the Normal schools and Teachers Assemblies in the State, making speeches, giving instruction and encouragement wherever he went.

The summer law class had eight members, as follows: Edmund Alexander, R. L. Cooper, T. N. Hill, C. R. Johnson, T. R. Ransom, S. L. Scull, A. D. Ward and Julian Wood.

The library has 16,500 volumes by actual count. This excludes some 2,500 public documents. The valuable books of the old U. N. C. library were divided between the Societies.

Dunston staid on the Hill two weeks after commencement, intending to go to the Teachers' Assembly, but failing to receive his certificate of membership in time he went home instead.

Mr. Foster Utley, the college janitor, who is known to all the boys who have been here since the forties, had the misfortune to break his arm while working in the Gymnasium.

Gus Long came home in July and spent a few weeks with his mother and her family. While in the mountains he and Dr. Harris indulged in a good deal of trout fishing—also trout stories

E. D. Monroe came up in July and was soon afterwards taken with a case of intermittent fever. For some days he was in a very critical condition, but he came through, and is now in almost perfect health.

Prof. Hume spent a part of the summer at the home of his wife's father, at Waynesboro', Va., making occasional trips to Richmond and other places and making practical and pointed talks on the use and value of English in preparatory schools.

Josh sold books and was successful too. He had a severe case of rheumatism in his left arm and was compelled to go home. We hope he has recovered by this time. For the latest rat story apply to him.

Among the visitors on the Hill during the summer, we have seen Dr. Henry E. Shepherd, of Charleston College, with his lady, daughter, Miss Lillie, and son Hal; Mrs. E. G. Gayles, of Goldsboro; Miss Mary Simmons, of Hyde county; Mr. and Mrs. Willett, of New Berne; and Mr. Barbee, of Tennessee. The Misses Roberts, of New Berne, spent some time with their aunts, Misses Hattie and Cattie Cole and Mrs. Taylor.

The library has more uses than one. During one quiet afternoon when the birds were singing in the trees and all nature wore a smile of joy, the deep and manly tones of a law student were heard speaking that "language which brings forgetfulness to all beside." He plead long and earnestly, asking her to be his own and promising to be all in all to her, and then the answer came in tones low, but firm: "I can't, I am too young; I must ask papa."

Simmons is a betting man. When at Black Mountain he offered to bet a young lady a box of candy that she could not ride a *mule*. She accepted the wager.

Not long after he reached home there arrived a formidable looking letter. It was not sent to him, but to a friend of both parties. The letter began: "Office of clerk of superior court, Swain county, North Carolina," and went on to say that the aforesaid young lady had appeared before him and made affidavit that she had ridden an animal seven miles, which, by

the common consent of all the zoologists of that section was known as a mule. The letter further went on to say what the wager was, and instructed the friend to collect the debt out of Mr. S., and hinted that there might be a law suit if he did not pay. The friend promptly began collecting. Mr. S. paid the debt without a word, and said he was glad it was not \$5.

PERSONAL DEPARTMENT.

R. N. HACKETT.

—Tarboro still ahead.

—Ed. Alderman, class of '82, paid us a visit a short time since.

—THE University opened with 90 freshmen and an earthquake.

—Freshman (when he felt the shock): "Save my Sunday breeches!"

—Prof. Weill, class '85, was with us a short time at the beginning of the session.

—John Marshall came up and stayed with us a few days. He is not going to join college this year.

—F. M. Little and J. J. Jenkins, class '86, are spending a few days in their old haunts.

—"Kesnich," (when he felt the earthquake): "Say you man down there! Stop digging under the side of this building."

—A freshman started to throw his trunk out of the third story window to keep the earthquake from smashing it.

—From afar comes the news that C. T. Alexander, a member of the class of '84, who went to West Point and then to Texas, is enjoying the bliss of married life. We wish him much happiness.

—Prof. A. "Gentlemen, please don't expectorate while in the class room." Mr. S. "Prof., may I retire. I wish to expectorate."

—The Salvation Army has been reorganized, and is having private drills preparatory to the grand dress parade to be given some time in the future.

—We were much pleased to see the laughing face of "Old Bet" McEachin, who paid us a short visit. "Bet" is farming and is said to be one of the best farmers in Richmond county.

—One of the townsmen, thinking the earthquake was a burglar, jumped out of bed, seized a revolver, and yelled tragically, "Come out now or I'll blow you into atoms!"

—Of the class who graduated last June, Cox, Bynum, R. Uzzell and Weeks are back on the hill. The two former to study law; the latter to take post-graduate courses.

—Jno. C. Engelhard, member of class '85, is with us now. He will engage in business in Durham, where he will introduce *something new*.

—Does any one know where Kirby H. is from, and why he came here?

—Thomas Ransom and Julian Wood, members class '85 and '84 respectively, are with us studying law.

—Capt. McAlister, class '82, is also studying law here. Since he graduated he has been teaching in Bingham's school.

—John Atkinson has not been heard from lately. It is supposed that he committed suicide by jumping from the top of his collar.

—Gus Self, class '86, is playing the guitar and working in the interest of science in Newton. He is undecided yet as to whether he will make this his business in life.

—Prof. Toy spent the summer in Europe, Prof. Hume in Virginia, Prof. Atkinson in the North. The rest of the Faculty spent most of the time at home.

—The University opened this year with better prospects for a

large number of students and a successful year than it has had in some time. The efforts of the Professors certainly deserve success. Each Professor seems to be endeavoring to make his *the* course of College. This, of course, tends both to raise the standard of scholarship and give greater advantages to students, who take interest in getting as thorough an education as possible. The course in English deserves especial mention, because the Prof. in so short a time has elevated it from the least to the most comprehensive course in College.

—Hazing is now a thing of the past. We have not heard the mischievous Sophomores even trying to "grin" the Freshman. This speaks well for the students as well as the Faculty, for it was not until the students combined with the Faculty in their efforts to stop it, that it was effectually stopped.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

CLAUDIUS DOCKERY.

The third edition of the Register of Members of the Philanthropic Society is on our desk. It is a neat little pamphlet of thirty pages, printed by Edwards, Broughton & Co., Raleigh, N. C., containing the active members only from 1795 to 1886. It bears on the title page the following: "Register of the Members of the Philanthropic Society, instituted in the University of North Carolina August 1, 1795. Third edition, revised. "Virtue, Liberty, and Science." Edited by Stephen B. Weeks, Class 1886."

This will be a very valuable work when finished. Mr. Weeks has now been at work on it for more than two years, and hopes to complete it soon. The work has involved a vast amount of corresponding and other labor, but this has all been cheerfully endured, and every effort has been used to make it correct and full. It is impossible to print the first edition of anything like this without a number of mistakes. The Society foresaw it, and ordered this edition to be made. On the second page a circular letter to the Alumni is printed, as follows:

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.,

July 1, 1886.

DEAR SIR: I send you a "tentative" copy of the new Register of the Philanthropic Society. This edition is issued with the special purpose of making the next one entirely correct. This copy is mailed you, therefore, with the request that you will take the trouble to go over it, making such corrections and additions as you are able. I ask your special attention to the names of those from your county, both active and honorary, your classmates, relatives and friends.

I WANT the occupation of each; their present address; all public offices they have held, from Members of the Legislature up, and the dates of their terms of office; their highest position in the CONFEDERATE STATES ARMY; all positions as teachers in Institutions of Learning; all honorary degrees received, the date and the institution from which they were received, &c. If they are dead, give the year of their death. And in no case leave out anything in connection with YOURSELF which I have asked you to give.

The Register cannot be made a success without your prompt aid. If you cannot do all that is asked, do what you can. As soon as these corrections are received a new edition will be issued. It

will have nearly 100 pages, and will contain short sketches of our Alumni who fell in the service of the Confederate States.

* * * * *

This letter explains fully the object of this special edition, and it is to be hoped that every Alumnus will do all in his power to aid Mr. Weeks in making his work accurate. He has on hand a few more copies of the Register which he will be glad to send to any Alumnus who thinks he can aid him in perfecting the lists.

The time devoted to reading the September *Brooklyn Magazine* is well spent. It is bright and full of interest from cover to cover. An endless variety of articles is given, yet every one is excellently written. An interesting glimpse is given of John G. Saxe, as he is in old age, confined to his room, forgotten by the world and almost alone.

"Reminiscences of Holland House," by Henry C. Wilson, is an interesting description of the famous English house in which great literary and social lights assembled during its occupancy by the third Lord Holland. The associations and memories of the place are well brought before the mind of the reader. Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher's second letter from England describes "In and about London," and narrates among other things a four-in-hand ride by

Mr. Beecher and herself through the rural districts of England.

There are some twenty or thirty more articles and poems given, and besides all this array, is still further presented Mr. Beecher's sermons in England and Dr. Talmage's out-of-town sermons, a splendid literary feast.

Address the *Brooklyn Magazine*, 7 Murray Street, New York.

The *Oak Leaf* for August has reached our sanctum. We welcome it among our exchanges. It is a sprightly journal, published as the organ of Oak Ridge Institute. We congratulate the editors upon its general make up. We respectfully advise, however, that they keep under full control their fighting editor. He comes out in this issue in war paint. And with the pluck of a Cæsar and the self-confidence of a Napoleon he commands the nations of earth to "be still!"

Listen as he speaks:

"LET US HAVE PEACE."

"Now it is little Mexico that is snubbing us. It is time we were asking ourselves 'are we a nation?' First Germany snubbed us through Bismark; then England in the O'Donnell case; then Austria kicked Keilley out of the front parlor; then Canada poked us under the ribs. Don't we need some backbone? 'Let us have peace' by whipping somebody. We are that kind of a 'peace society.'"

Keep cool my brother. Let us have peace. Think of the terrible results of a war on part of United States with these countries. "Come, let us reason together." Our fruitful fields now laden with abundant harvests would be untilled and go to waste. Cotton, our monopoly and chief article of exportation, would droop and dwindle. Our sugar, rice and naval stores which now swell our commerce and increase our tonnage would be comparatively unseen and unfelt. All our industrial interests would languish; our commercial facilities would be lost; our magnificent rivers would flow to the ocean unincumbered with machinery and unused by man.

"The waves would break in solitude in the silent magnificence of deserted wharves and shipless harbors." And the precious life blood of the *Oak Leaf's* fighting editor would be continually drawn amid the jungles of some unknown cave by the ever active mosquito. We repeat, sir, "Let us have peace!"

Owing to the fact that a great majority of the colleges open in September, we have the pleasure of acknowledging receipt in this issue of only a very few exchanges. We welcome those that have come and will cheerfully exchange with them. It is our desire to get up

a good list of exchanges among the college and other journals of our country. A little friendly criticism now and then, together with some good natured cross-firing would prove to be of interest, to say nothing of the healthy effects it might produce. We will be glad to exchange with those to whom we send this number of our MAGAZINE. If any are overlooked, just hold up your head and we will see you later. Brethren, let us hear from you.

The September number of the *Phrenological Journal* is up to its usual standard. It contains many articles of interest. We notice especially that on the English Parliamentary leaders.

Of Mr. Gladstone the writer naturally speaks first. Confessedly one of the two or three most distinguished statesmen of the age, and in some respects the greatest man of the time, it is not an easy matter for the phrenologist to express an opinion of him that will be accounted by everybody as strictly impartial. However, we clip from this piece a thoughtful sketch prepared some time ago by Prof. L. N. Fowler, whose residence in England has given him ample opportunities for studying the great Liberal. It is as follows:

Mr. Gladstone's head is large, giving him predominating power; yet he has a strong frame, a vig-

orous muscle, and a tenacious constitution. His strong osseous system has a great regulating and balancing influence, while his muscular system aids to give strength and stamina to his character. He has not a superabundance of arterial and digestive force, so that he does not show an excess of impulsiveness or animal feeling; hence he does not often go beyond his strength. He thinks, talks, walks, and works without much friction. He has more balance of power than most men. He can take average views of subjects, and does not delight in extremes of sensationalism. He has a great amount of force and executive ability, and has pluck to endure hardships and even severe labor. His frame is as well adapted to physical exercise as his brain is to the manifestation of thought and feeling, and he must have a distinct pleasure in work. His head is prominent in the crown and above the ears, giving him an acute sense of character, desire for position, influence and appreciation, joined to a high degree of perseverance and determination.

His frontal lobe is long, and very fully developed, being particularly large in the perceptive faculties, which give him great range of observation, definite and correct perception of things, their qualities, conditions and uses; the order and arrangement of things and ideas, a ready power to estimate numbers, recall places, to acquaint himself with facts, and the results of experiment. His large Language, joined to his great variety of knowledge, enables him to express himself in a free, and

easy, and copious manner. His very large Order, connected with his great discipline of mind, enables him to arrange all his thoughts before utterance; while his large Constructiveness and Ideality aid to give scope to his mental operations, finish to his style of speaking, and ingenuity in the constructing of his sentences. His very large Comparison and Intuition give him great insight, penetration and aptitude in getting at the essence of truth, together with great power of illustration, thus enabling him to make the most of his knowledge and experience.

The strength of Mr. Gladstone's character, however, is in his moral brain. His portraits indicate that all the organs are full or large in development. Probably Hope is the smallest of the group. He is not given to extravagant anticipation, and in making his plans he makes considerable allowance for failure. His hope is greater for the far than the near future. Conscientiousness, Veneration, and Benevolence are all controlling faculties, and must have an abiding influence on character and motive. He could never allow himself to be governed by expediency without doing violence to his nature. There is something of the Hebrew prophet in his moral composition. Naturally slow to adopt innovations and accept new ideas, he is conservative rather than revolutionary; yet once possessed of what appears to be a sense of duty, it is as if he were given a command from above to "go and do this thing." His large Cautiousness, together with his Conscientiousness, makes him hesitate in taking a new posi-

tion or a fresh responsibility; but having taken the step he withholds not his hand from the plow. Duty to God, duty to man, and duty to himself, as regards his allegiance to truth, must have always constituted the ultimate court of appeal in his character, and the decision therein come to, whether arrived at soon or late, compels his obedience, and having accepted a position, few men would more resolutely and steadfastly manifest the courage of their opinions. Mr. Gladstone might have been a more

“popular” man, in the ordinary sense of the term, if he had more affability, suavity and bendingness of mind (if I may coin a phrase), but it is not easy for him to be “all things to all men.” Life to him is “real” and very “earnest,” and though his mental constitution is such that he could have excelled in many spheres, he would not have been in his element save in one that brought him into direct contact with the actual problems of life.



Engraved by J.C. Eutrie from a Daguerre type

J. Johnston Pettigrew

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF GENERAL J. JOHNSTON PETTIGREW.

James Johnston Pettigrew was a son of the Hon. Ebenezer Pettigrew and Ann B. Pettigrew, and a grand-son of the Rev. Charles Pettigrew, the first Bishop Elect of the Diocese of North Carolina. He was born on the 4th of July, 1828, at his father's residence, Bonarva plantation, Lake Scuppernon, in the county of Tyrrell, North Carolina, and died on the 17th of July, 1863, at the residence of a Mr. Boyd, Bunker's Hill, Virginia, a few miles from Martinsburg, about twenty-two miles from Falling Waters, on the Potomac, at which place he had been mortally wounded on the morning of the 14th of July, on

the retreat of General Lee, after the battle of Gettysburg. He was never married.

He was prepared for the University of North Carolina at the preparatory school of the late William J. Bingham, in Hillsboro, North Carolina; and was admitted into the Freshman class of the University in August of 1843, and graduated with the first distinction in June of 1847, in a class of unusual ability.

A few months after having graduated, at the request of Commodore Maury, the Principal of the Naval observatory at Washington City, he accepted a professorship in that institution, at

which he remained about eight months.

He became a student of law in the office of James Mason Campbell in the autumn of 1848, in Baltimore, where he continued until the close of the year. He then became a student of law in the office of his distinguished relative, the Hon. James L. Pettigrew, of Charleston, South Carolina. He obtained license to plead law in Columbia, South Carolina, in December, 1849.

He went to Berlin in Europe, in January, 1850, to study the civil law, and to perfect himself still further in other branches of learning in the German Universities. He devoted two years to these studies, and became thoroughly acquainted with the languages of Germany, France, Italy, and Spain, so that he could speak them fluently. He was also well acquainted with the Arabic language, so as to read and appreciate it; also with the Hebrew. He then traveled over the various countries of Europe, as well as over England, Scotland and Ireland.

In 1852 he became, for a few months, Secretary of Legation to the Hon. Daniel M. Barringer, then Minister of the United States at the Court of Madrid, in Spain. He became especially partial to the Spanish people and their country, and contemplated writing, at

a future day, a History of the Moors in Spain, which subject, he thought, had not been exhausted by the American writers, Irving, Prescott, and Ticknor; for which purpose he collected a large number of Arabic and Spanish books, which were in his library at time of his death. In the winter of 1861, he had printed in Charleston, for private circulation, an octavo volume of 430 pages, entitled "Spain and the Spaniards;" which has been very much admired by everyone who has read it, for its learning, its research; and the elegance of its style.

He returned to Charleston in November, 1852, and entered upon the practice of law with his relative, James L. Pettigrew.

He was chosen a member of the Legislature from the city of Charleston in December, 1856, and was a member of that body in the December of 1856 and the December of 1857. He rose to great distinction in that body by his speech on the organization of a Supreme Court, and by his report against the re-opening of the African slave-trade. He failed to be re-elected to the Legislature in 1858.

For some years he had been looking forward to a rupture between the Northern and Southern States. Even as far back as 1850 he was desirous of becoming an

officer in the Prussian army, and failed to accomplish this wish only because of his being a Republican. He prepared for the struggle that was coming in his own country.

He became Aid to Gov. Robert Alson; and afterwards became Aid to Gov. F. L. Pickens.

He went to Europe in 1859 with the intention of taking part in the war that was then in progress between Sardinia and Austria. His application to Count Cavour for a position in the Sardinian army, under General Marmora was favorably received. His rank would, at least, have been as that of Colonel; but, in consequence of the results of the battle of Salfarino, which took place just before his arrival in Sardinia, the war was closed, and he was thereby prevented from experiencing active military service, and learning its lessons. He then went to Spain and completed the collection of material necessary for the writing of "Spain and the Spaniards."

At the commencement of the war between the States, he was Aid to Gov. Pickens, and took a prominent part in the military operation at Charleston. In 1859 he became Colonel of a rifle regiment that was formed, and that acted a conspicuous part around Charleston in the winter of 1860—1861.

The Convention of the State of South Carolina passed the Secession Ordinance on the 20th of December, 1860.

Colonel Pettigrew, with his rifle regiment, took possession of Castle Pinkney. He was then transferred to Morris Island, where he erected formidable batteries that added greatly to the defences of Charleston harbor. He held himself in readiness to storm Fort Sumpter in case it had not been surrendered by Major Anderson after bombardment.

The State of North Carolina joined the other Southern States on the 20th of May, 1861, by the passage of the Secession Ordinance by her Convention on that memorable day.

Late in the spring of 1861 the rifle regiment was disbanded, finding themselves unable to procure the incorporation of their body into the army of the Confederate States. And Colonel Pettigrew joined Hampton's Legion as a private early in the summer of 1861, and accompanied the Legion into Virginia, where active service was to be met with.

A few days after this he was elected Colonel of the 12th Regiment of "North Carolina Volunteers"—which afterwards became the 22d Regiment of "North Carolina Troops," which election was unsolicited. This regiment was organized in the Camp of Instruc-

tion in Raleigh. He had previously declined the position of Adjutant-General of South Carolina. He accepted the command of the regiment, and repaired to Raleigh, where he assiduously devoted himself to its instruction and discipline. Early in August he was ordered into Virginia with his Regiment.

After remaining about a week in Richmond, he was ordered to report to Major-General Holmes, Brooke Station, on the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad. From thence he was ordered to Evansport on the Potomac, where he spent the fall and winter of 1861 and 1862 in the constructing and guarding the formidable batteries, which, for many months, prevented all communication by water with Washington City. A large portion of these defensive works at Evansport were constructed by Colonel Pettigrew, and were regarded by the highest authority as "master-pieces of military engineering."

While at Evansport he was offered, without solicitation, a promotion to the rank of Brigadier-General. He declined upon the ground that it would separate him from his regiment. But, late in the spring of 1862, an arrangement was made by which his regiment would be embraced in the brigade, and the commission of Brigadier-General was ten-

dered to him again by President Davis, which he accepted, after the earnest importunity that he should do so by his friend, Major-General Holmes. His modesty also prompted him to hesitate in accepting the position of Brigadier-General until he had experienced more active service with his regiment.

Late in the spring of 1862, the Army of the Potomac fell back and proceeded to Yorktown to prevent General McClellan's march on Richmond. Under General Joseph E. Johnston, who was the Commander-in-Chief, General Pettigrew's brigade performed its duties faithfully in the trenches at Yorktown, and during the memorable retreat up the peninsula to Richmond. At Baromsville, his brigade supported General Whiting in the repulse of Franklin's corps near West Point.

He was with his brigade in the sanguinary battle of Seven Pines, which took place on the 1st of June, 1862, under General Joseph E. Johnston, as Commander-in-Chief. In this engagement Gen. Pettigrew was severely wounded by a musket-ball that passed in front of his throat and into the shoulder, cutting the nerves and muscles that strengthen the right arm. The wound was received while he was gallantly leading one of his regiments in a charge upon a strong position of the enemy.

He was left insensible on the field; nor did he return to consciousness until a prisoner in the enemy's camp.

He was in prison about two months, after which time he was exchanged, though quite an invalid from his wound. He was then put in command at Petersburg. In consequence of his absence during his imprisonment, his brigade was placed under General Pender.

He was placed in command of a new brigade composed of the Eleventh, Twenty-sixth, Forty-fourth, Forty-seventh, and Fifty-second regiments of North Carolina Infantry. This brigade was thoroughly disciplined by him, and at the close of the year 1862, he was at the head of a brigade that was unsurpassed for numbers, soldierly bearing, courage, and thorough drill, by any in the Confederate army.

In the autumn of 1862 he was ordered with his brigade to Eastern North Carolina.

He led his brigade in repelling a raid made into the county of Martin, by the Federal forces in the autumn of 1862. Also, he led his brigade against the Federal General Foster, in an expedition made by him against Goldsboro, in December, 1862. By his presence and that of his splendid brigade in that part of North Caro-

lina, the people were inspired with new courage and confidence.

He rendered conspicuous service, with his brigade, in the demonstration made in the spring of 1863 by Major-General D. H. Hill against the town of Washington, North Carolina.

He was solely in command in the brilliant affair at Blount's Creek, in the county of Beaufort, North Carolina, in which he manifested his capacity when unrestrained by the orders of a Superior officer. This was regarded as an unusually brilliant engagement.

He was then, with his brigade, ordered to Virginia, and was in command at Richmond.

He defended the city of Richmond when the Federal General Stoneman made his raid to the north of it.

He soon afterwards took possession at Hanover Junction.

His Brigade subsequently constituted a part of the Army of Northern Virginia, and accompanied General Lee in his memorable advance into Pennsylvania as a part of Major-General Heth's division.

General Pettigrew and his Brigade performed a conspicuous part in the battle of Gettysburg, which was, perhaps, the greatest of all the battles fought during the four years of bloody war between the States, and certainly the most important in its conse-

quences. In consequence of Major-General Heth having been wounded early in the battle, General Pettigrew became the commander of the division during almost the entire battle. "No command that was engaged in this conflict, which continued for three days, distinguished itself more, or penetrated farther into the enemy's lines than Pettigrew's Brigade and Heth's division, which Gen. Pettigrew commanded in the assault upon Cemetery Ridge." Captain Louis G. Young, of Charleston, who was one of General Pettigrew's Aids, who entered the army at the commencement of the war and continued to its close, than whom there was no braver soldier or purer man, thus describes the conduct of Pettigrew's Brigade in the attack on the enemy's position on the 1st of July, 1863: "No troops could have fought better than did Pettigrew's Brigade on this day; and I will testify, on the experience of many hard fought battles, that I never saw any fight so well. Its conduct was the admiration of all who witnessed the engagement; and it was the generally expressed opinion that no brigade had done more effective service, or won greater fame for itself than this had."

The following is a statement of the casualties, which is an evidence of the dauntless determina-

tion with which those brave men encountered the dangers of that terrible assault:

At the commencement of the battle of Gettysburg, Pettigrew's Brigade consisted of three thousand in officers and men, of whom, at the end of the three days' battle, there were remaining but eight hundred and fifty. "This small remnant was brought off the field of battle by Major Jones of the Twenty-sixth Regiment, every other Field Officer, with the exception of one who was captured, being either killed or wounded." General Pettigrew was painfully wounded by a ball that broke one of the bones of his left hand; but he regarded it so little as not to leave the field of battle. When he became the commander of the division, Colonel Marshall, of the Fifty-second Regiment, took command of the brigade. Colonel Marshall was killed, as was Colonel Harry K. Burgwin, of the Twenty-sixth Regiment; also Captain Nicholas Collin Hughes, the Adjutant-General of the brigade; also Captain McCrary of his staff.

General Lee, with the shattered remains of his army, commenced his retreat to Virginia.

On the night of the 13th of July, 1863, General Pettigrew was in command of the rear-guard of General Lee's army as it approached Falling Waters, at which

crossing it was to pass the Potomac. The sadness of that gloomy march none can fully appreciate but the weary soldiers who experienced it. On the morning of the 14th of July (on Tuesday), at about 9 o'clock, General Pettigrew, with the rear-guard, reached Falling Waters, after the wearisome march of the entire night along roads almost impassable. The General, who had been in the saddle all night, and the soldiers, who were foot-sore and weary, threw themselves on the ground to seek some rest from their fatigue. Major-General Heth, who had again taken command of his own division, and, in addition to it, of the division of Major-General Pender, who had been mortally wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, informed General Pettigrew that he (General Heth) had been ordered to cross the river; and he directed him (General Pettigrew) to be a rear-guard with his command, which then consisted of his own brigade and General Archer's Brigade.

While the two Generals were engaged in this conversation, there suddenly came out from a wood, not far distant, a small body of horsemen, about forty in number, with drawn swords and with the Federal flag. General Heth, supposing them to be Confederate troops, forbid our men firing upon them, which they, as well as Gen-

eral Pettigrew, were desirous of doing. These reckless troopers were soon in the midst of our men, firing among them and demanding their surrender. This was attended with a brisk engagement. Gen. Pettigrew, who had mounted his horse at the beginning of it was thrown, his horse being frightened by the discharge of musketry, and the General being unable to hold him, in consequence of his left hand being disabled by the wound of the 3d of July at the battle of Gettysburg, and his right arm not having regained its strength since the wound received at the battle of Seven Pines. Among the Federal troopers there was a Corporal, who was especially active in firing among our men. The General drew near this man to enter into combat with him, when the trooper fired on him with his pistol, the ball passing through the abdomen. The General immediately sank on the ground, and the rash horsemen all paid the penalty of their temerity with their lives.

His men now had to lament the near approach of the end of the life and services to his country of their commander, whom they loved so well, and under whom they had fought so bravely. His race was nearly run. His sorrowing soldiers carried him on a litter across the river, and seven miles farther into Virginia, along the

march of the army on the same day; and on the following day he was carried fifteen miles farther to the house of a Mr. Boyd, at a place called Bunker's Hill, a few miles from Martinsburg. While on the march from Falling Waters to Bunker's Hill, General Lee rode up to the mortally wounded General, as he lay on his litter, and with a soldier's tear in the eye of the great commander of the Confederate army, expressed his grief at the calamity. To which General Pettigrew replied, that it was none other than what he might reasonably expect, and that he was perfectly willing to die for his country. He was visited at Mr. Boyd's by the Rev. Dr. Joseph P. B. Wilmer, of the Episcopal church, who became, some years afterwards, the Bishop of Louisiana, to whom he expressed his firm belief in the truths of the Christian religion; adding that he had, some years before this, made his preparation for death, otherwise he would never have entered the army. On Friday, the 17th of July, 1863, at twenty-five minute after 6 o'clock in the morning, his spirit took its flight quietly and without pain to the God that gave it.

His remains were carried to Raleigh, the capital of the State whose men he had led in battle and upon whose name he had reflected honor. On the morning of Friday, the 24th of July, his coffin wrapped in the Confederate flag, and wreathed with flowers which female patriotism had placed there, lay in the rotunda of the capitol; and later in the day his mortal remains were committed to the earth in the old cemetery amid the highest honors, civic and military, that the State could confer.

In the November of 1865, his remains were removed to the family cemetery at Bonarva, Lake Scuppernong. There, where in years now long since past, was the residence of his parents and the birthplace of their children; there, where he first opened his eyes upon this world; there, where his childhood and youth were passed beneath the shade of the luxurious forests of the Low Country; there, where the waves lash the shores of this beautiful lake as in the days of yore; there the hero sleeps beneath the green hillock, to awake no more to the call of patriotism and human glory.

W. S. PETTIGREW.

OMISSIONS OF HISTORY.

M. MCG. SHIELDS.

In ancient days, long before the time of Caxton and Gutenberg, the bard tuned his lyre and sung to the people the heroic deeds of their ancestors. The minstrel's song was the only record of their grand achievements. One man was chosen as the subject of the lay, while others revolved as dim and feeble satellites around this brilliant luminary. In the desire to make their hero a demigod, truth was discarded, and fiction usurped the throne.

The same defect is seen in the histories of to-day. The world is white with monuments and marble shafts that mark the resting place of our illustrious dead. History has followed, hound-like, the courts and camps of kings, and fed on royal crumbs. Even the follies and vices of fortune's pets are lauded upon her page, while oblivion strews with the poppy's bloom the graves of many nobler and grander than they. Is this just? Do all earth's heroes sleep beneath the marble slab? Is it nobler to "strew the plains with mountains of the dead," to dash the human blood from the glittering point of a flashing sword, than to buffet with an iron muscle the

foaming billows of care, to step beyond the cold confines of selfishness and minister to the wants of suffering humanity? Why should the shifting hand of circumstances guide the pens that trace the life of men?

The little Holland boy, sitting by the leaking dikes and stopping the gap with his own frozen fingers at the peril of being washed to death unhonored and unknown, showed a finer fibre than that of Cambronne at Waterloo, as he shouted to the victorious British, "The guard *dies*; but *never* surrenders."

The soldier at the gates of Pompeii, buried at the post of duty by the waves of burning lava and melted sulphur that were belched from the fiery subterranean caverns of Vesuvius, tells the story of Roman greatness and fortitude in grander language than the rounded periods of Cicero or the flashing tones of Hortensius. Who will say that these do not deserve to have their tents spread on "fame's eternal camping ground?"

'Tis natural to laud success and impute bad motives to failure. The so-called historian loves to sing the praises of favored climes,

while the oppressed, are either calumniated or passed over in silence. *Might is right*, and in her adamant grasp she holds a monopoly of records. Success is too often the measure of merit, and fame and reproach hang upon a feeble balance.

How eloquent the historian grows over the Bruce of Bannockburn, while at the death of Robert Emmett the executioner cried "Behold the traitor's head," and the unworthy recorders join in the shameful chorus. For the same reason Washington was a patriot and Lee was a rebel. Lee, the grandest son that old Virginia ever bore, to whom Coeur de Lion might well have doffed his haughty plume, and to whose military genius impartial time will at length accord the palm.

"Ah Muse, you dare not claim

A nobler man than he :

Nor nobler man had less of blame,

Nor blameless man had purer name,

Nor purer name had grander fame,

Nor fame—another Lee."

Was this stainless christian patriot a rebel? History says so. He who overcame him is placed on an equal with kings. He could lie at the door of Congress and beg for his support. *He* could traffic in the gambling dens of Wall street and scramble with Gould for the sake of filthy lucre. But still *he* is the nation's hero!

O Clio, thou first of the muses,

when wilt thou grasp thy stilts and brain these prating fools who dare insult thy noble gift by dubbing their one-sided scribbling "histories." The lands of the Swiss and Poles call on thee for justice; but where oh where art they heard? The Emerald Isle groans and cries; but force has broken her sinews and torn her records in shreds. No one sings now with the melancholy bard "Erin mavournin, Erin go bragh!"

But how shall we speak of the historical treatment of the Old North State? Does anyone dare say she has been justly ignored? If so, ask him if defence of right and opposition to tyranny should be ignored. Ask him if Independence Hall is justly dear to the American heart, and if the record of Lexington and Bunker Hill should be forgotten. Then tell him that at Charlotte, N. C. May, 1775, was the first Declaration of Independence that was ever hurled by the Americans in the teeth of England's tyrant king. Here were heard the tones of the Liberty Bell that told the world that the fane of Freedom had been rebuilt, and that nations would again bend at her sacred shrine; that the thrones of tyranny *must* quake and tremble, for Liberty's torch had been re-lighted at a living fire, seraph-brought from an altar holy and divine. Tell him that at King's Mountain, N. C.,

the untrained farmer brought the
naughty British low, while the
flash of flint and steel told the
bloody tale. Here the Genius of
Liberty met her ebon foe full tilt
in the shock of battle, and bore
him down amid the wild huzzahs
of the down trodden in every land.
Why are not these the shrines
where Liberty's devotees should
linger, and where pilgrims should
kneel and worship? The soil of
Carolina is holy ground, a true
Mecca for the veneration of the
oppressed. Why is she thus ig-
nored? Ah *who* can tell? How
long, O Justice, wilt thou sleep?
How long O Muse, will thy lyre
remain unstrung!

Should an impartial historian
grasp his pen, the dry old bones
of countless thousands would
shake and rattle in the dusty
tombs, their distorted limbs re-
sume their wonted place, and their
fleshless fingers clatter with accla-
mations. Many of the despised,
injured and slandered dead would
never be recognized in their new
costume. The foul mud of op-
probrium would be washed away,
and they'd stand as pure and spot-
less as the snows on Himalaya's
peak, while hosts of those hon-
ored by history would appear as
they are, with characters black as

the ebon pall of night, black as
perdition's sable badge and pitchy
scowl, whence their inspiration
came.

But the human mind is full of
imperfections. Will the blinding
scales ever fall from the eyes of
mortals, and let them see the
deeds of men and nations without
the gilding colors with which for-
tune and chance paint the picture?
Yes. At that solemn and august
judgment scene, when the one
great blast shall sublimely usher
in the resurrection morn, when all
the armies of the dead shall rise
from their multitudinous graves
to meet their descending God;
when the short-sighted award of
time shall be reversed; *then* will
the kings on earth disguised re-
ceive their golden crowns. *Then*
will the bells in every dome of
heaven echo and re-echo with
sounds of sweetest joy. Then will
the atheist's laugh be exchanged
for a howl of unavailing woe, and
the empyrean ring with the shouts
of the redeemed, while the walls
of the infernal dungeons will roar
with the groans of the damned.
Then will eternal justice be done,
and the garlands here misplaced
be set on heads that *deserve* the
crown.

A SUMMER'S ROMANCE.

Slowly the sun was setting, its last rays lingered lovingly over the moss-covered roofs and vine-clad chimneys of Birch. Birch, as you must know, is a little town in the extreme western part of our State. Owing to the mountains surrounding it and its cool water and pleasant breezes, it has recently come a summer resort of considerable note. At the time of which we write it was crowded with more than its usual number of visitors; and now, as the sun was setting, everybody came out on Main street, the only one in the town, to enjoy the cool evening breeze. A more varied throng could scarcely be found. There was the aged invalid, on whose faded brow death had already set his seal; there was the laughing girl, to whom the world had always been gay, no sorrow had ever dimmed the brightness of her eye or withered the roses on her cheeks; there was the tottering disciple of grief, on whose pale face the rough hand of sorrow had marked lines deep and ghastly; there was the man of business, the man of pleasure—all were mingled in this motley crowd. But passing this throng with a glance, and walking on to the edge of the

town, we might there have found two persons worthy of a more minute description. One was a maiden in the bloom of youth. Her person was above the middle height; her hair was black and glossy, and was held back so as to display a high and beautiful forehead; her eyes were deep dark and lustrous; but her mouth! how shall we describe her mouth?—so meltingly ripe, and yet so delicate, the lips full, even to pouting, and bright as the innermost leaves of a rose, fresh with the dew of the morning; a small round chin, a complexion clear as fair, and cheeks where roses seemed to bloom, completes the picture of as lovely a thing as ever made man miserable. Her companion was a youth, apparently about twenty-two years of age; he was neatly but not flashily dressed; he had auburn hair and dark, brown eyes; there was that indefinable something about him which told you at once that he had been conversant with the best society from his childhood. And now as he listened to the words of his companion a look of dreamy happiness came into his soft, brown eyes.

“Charley is coming to see me

o-night," she was saying, "and having obtained the permission of my father, I feel it my duty to break my engagement with him. But ah!" she continued, and there was a tinge of sadness in her voice, "it would pain me to know that I had ever caused his noble heart a single pang. But how can I marry him, knowing that my heart is irrevocably yours? No, I would wrong him as well as myself."

"Truly, I pity him," answered her companion, "for if he loves you with a love as strong as mine, life without you would become unbearable. But here we are at the hotel. When shall I see you again, to-morrow evening?"

"If you want to," she answered, directing at him a playful glance, as she disappeared within the building. He stood gazing for a moment at the spot where he had seen her last, and then turned aside and sat down to dream of youth and happiness.

Lionel Loyd was the only child of one of the wealthiest and most respected merchants of Columbia, S. C. He had seldom known what it was to have a wish ungratified. At sixteen he had entered the State University, and, unlike most boys who have money, had studied hard, and, at the end of his course graduated with distinction. After graduating he had entered business as his father's partner, and he devoted himself

assiduously to his duties. Many were the laughing eyes that directed at him their deadly artillery, many the rosy lips that gave him their sweetest smiles, and many were the traps planned by anxious mammas, but all to no purpose. He was always polite and gay, but seemed never to think of love. Thus matters were when his health failed, and he was advised by a physician attending him to visit the mountains. After a few weeks' rambling he found himself in the little village of Birch. A few nights after his arrival at the place, he went to a ball at the principal hotel, and being wearied with dancing, he began to examine the crowd. In looking around his eye chanced to light on the face of a young lady standing in a corner of the room talking to an old gentleman. It was not a face to be looked at and then forgotten, so he gazed long and earnestly. Never, he thought, had he seen any one so beautiful; it was exactly the face he had always fancied he could love. Seeking a friend, he inquired who she was; his friend did not know much about her; her name was Thompson; that was her father she was talking to; he was said to be a rich cotton planter; they had been in the mountains two weeks. This was all he could learn that night. He sought, and, in a few days, ob-

tained an introduction ; for weeks he availed himself of every opportunity of being in her company. In short, he was blindly, madly in love. Judge of his surprise and anguish, then, when one morning he accidentally overheard Mr. Thompson speaking to his wife of their daughter's approaching marriage with Mr. Charles Worth, a young lawyer whom he had often seen with the Thompsons. Pale and trembling, he rose and escaped to his room, there to pour out the anguish of his soul. Was she false? Had he been mistaken in the thousand little signs from which one is wont to understand that he is beloved? No, he could accuse her of nothing; she had never treated him more than an intimate friend. Was it possible for him to give up the one sweet hope of his life, and leave all dark and desolate? Yes, he would see her once more and tell her good-bye. And then he asked, with a bitter smile, "Will the flowers bloom again? Will the birds sing to-morrow?" That evening he called to see her and they went to walk; and when he told her, with a husky voice, that he was going to leave on the morrow, the expression of pain on her face made the temptation irresistible; he told her how much he loved her, and, oh raptures! he was loved in return, and—well, kind reader, can't

you imagine the remainder? And now, smiling softly the while, he sat dreaming of these things, while the magic hand of fancy was busy with the future, the future all aglow with love and joy. "Yes," he said dreamily, "the flowers will bloom again and the birds will sing to-morrow."

Meanwhile Grace Thompson was seated in the parlor awaiting her visitor. Her father, knowing no thought save for the happiness of his child, consented, rather reluctantly it is true, to her breaking the engagement with Mr. Worth. He did not conceal from her the fact that it pained him. He had known Charley, as he was called by all the family, ever since he was a child; he had seen him, after a long struggle for an education, graduating at the head of his class; he had seen him, after his admission to the bar, measuring arms with old and experienced champions, and success had nearly always crowned his efforts. Everybody respected him, and no one could deny his ability. It was with no little pleasure, then, that Mr. Thompson had seen him paying attentions to his daughter, which indicated that he felt in her more than a passing interest. And now after they were engaged it was all to end thus. Yes, it pained the old gentleman, but still he loved his daughter too.

well to murmur. Grace herself was grieved when she thought how she was going to pain the heart that had always been true. In childhood he had been her companion upon the play-ground, he was her devoted attendant in youth, and in his young manhood he had given her his heart's deepest love. She respected him, she admired him; but, ah! she did not feel toward him as she did toward Lionel Loyd. While pondering on these things she heard a quick, firm step on the staircase, and, with a sensation of uneasiness, she rose to meet the man whom she had promised to marry. One could easily observe him as he stood there under the glare of the lamp, and truly he was well worth studying. He bore his character on his face; *mind* was plainly written upon every feature. There could be no doubt as to the indications of the high, commanding forehead, the thin, compressed lips and massive chin. His figure, though tall, was well proportioned. Everything about him plainly indicated that he was a *man*. There was a dreamy, or perhaps a weary expression in his eyes as he seated himself and began the conversation.

"The mountain air is certainly beneficial to you, Grace. You are as perfect a specimen of health as one would wish to see; you ought to live up here."

"No," she answered, "I think I prefer our own little village by the sea. I am sorry I can't say you look improved; you look as though you were worrying yourself about something; what is it?"

"Nothing; my health is not very good. As to not looking well, I am sometimes a puzzle even to myself; with everything which seems necessary to make one happy," he looked at her fondly while he spoke, "I am, I confess, sometimes anything but happy. If one would be happy I do not think he should look too deeply into things around him."

There was a pause, and then Grace began with a trembling voice:

"Charley, there is something I wish, something I must say to you. God knows I would do anything in my power for you, but I would be wronging you as well as myself to marry you unless I loved you. Only a few short days ago I learned that I loved another, and—oh! don't look at me in that way," she exclaimed, "or I shall go mad." He had risen from his seat and was leaning against the wall for support, the blood was oozing from his lips, which, in the fierceness of the struggle within, he was savagely gnawing, and his eyes were making a wild appeal for mercy. "I like you, I admire you," she continued, "and with some one who

can love you, you may yet be happy."

"Oh yes! I shall be happy," he almost shouted, as with a wild, bitter laugh he rushed from the room. Down the stairs he rushed, and, reeling across the street, he tottered into his room, and fell lifeless upon the floor.

* * * *

Years have passed. Cheeks that once were smooth are wrinkled now; eyes that were bright with youth's sweet joy are dim with age. It is mid-winter. In a room of one of the finest residences in Columbia are seated an interesting group. The furniture of the room where they are seated is costly and elegant. A bright fire is burning in the fire-place, and around this the family are seated. Grace Loyd, for 'tis she, is sitting near her husband, and her hand rests confidently in his. They have changed since we saw them last, reader, but not as much as might be expected. Their cheeks are not so smooth nor their eyes as bright as they once were, yet there is a tender smile of happiness playing about the lips of each.

Around them are seated their children; fair-haired, lovely girls, bright and manly boys.

In another part of the city there was a different scene. The moon was shining with a cold, weird light upon the earth, wrapt in its sheet of snow. Out in the suburbs of the city a muffled figure was trudging along through the snow. Here and there he met others, one bending forward and scanning his face, appeared to recognize him, for drawing back, he respectfully raised his hat and said, "Good evening, Governor Worth." Still the figure moved on, never heeding the wild solo which the cold wind was singing in his ears. Finally he paused, and, opening a small gate, entered an apparently vacant lot. Turning to the right, he walked on to a corner of the enclosure and stopped by the side of a lonely grave. Colder, brighter grew the light of the moon, sharper, wilder became the song of the wind, as the figure bent sadly over the grave, and, with eyes dimmed with tears, read upon the tombstone the inscription, *A lost hope.*

M. W. E.

EDITORIAL.

E. P. WITHERS.

Charleston should be called The City of Tears.

Only sixty students subscribe to the MAGAZINE.

Our income from College wouldn't pay for one issue.

What a measly thing an anarchist is compared to an earthquake.

Prof. Wiggins is the most unmitigated liar in America in our opinion.

Students are amazingly liberal with abuse, but their liberality doesn't go as far as a subscription.

Give us a rest on that worn out chestnut, the chestnut bell. It has about played out everywhere but in the backwoods.

We have the fast yachts and win the cups, but England has the big ships, and carries the commerce of the world. How about a swap?

Scoffing at the Bible, sneering at Christianity and ridiculing religion, is almost invariably indicative of a fool or a knave, and generally of both.

Rev. Sam Jones goes for the "arm-grip." Now Mr. Jones, just try it once, and your abuse will be turned into enthusiastic praise. It's nice, we tell you.

Mr. Snowden Disney, who lives four miles from Baltimore, is the father of twenty-eight children by two wives. The first wife is dead. We are not surprised. May the Lord have mercy on the other one.

The caste distinction of the middle ages has caused more ignorance, misery, suffering, degradation and woe among the masses of people in Europe than all the other evils of that dark and hapless age.

God has made all the distinctions between men that he deemed necessary, and He knew what was best. Now blot out those made by the assumption, arrogance and cruelty of men, and give the world equality in all things.

It is said that at the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs during a champagne supper, a young married lady, a beauty from Washington, pulled off her slipper and

gave it to a young lawyer, after filling it with champagne, and he drank it down. Lady, ah! Well, we don't think so; and, in addition, we think the young lawyer must be a pitiful fool.

Paris is a wonderful city. Half of its population is illegitimate but yet is the gayest and saddest, the loveliest and meanest, the most learned and most wicked, the highest cultured and the lowest moraled city in the whole world.

The smouldering fires of the Parisian commune, the outbreaks in England, Belgium and Ireland, and the wail of woe from the laboring people of all Europe are but the muttering thunders of Tyranny's impending ruin.

The great Dr. Johnson was once asked to make an epigram on the syllables di, do, dum. Without a moment's hesitation he replied—

"When Dido found Æneas would not come,"

"She wept in silence and was *Dido dumb*."

Many a poor fool has been induced by the persistent urging of a woman at fashionable suppers to take the first drink of the fiery liquid in whose glittering depths lurk the faces of fiends and the tortures of hell.

Mr. Bayard to Mexico (with haughty air and threatening mien):

"Hand over Cutting, you dirty greaser, or I will break your worthless head."

Mr. Bayard to John Bull (on his knee); "I most humbly beg pardon, my Lord, for the offences committed by our ignorant fisherman. I will make any amends you demand."

We have been asked what mugwump meant. Mugwump was used more than a century since in New England to express disgust, contempt. C. A. Dana, of the New York *Sun*, found the word in some old Connecticut papers, and applied it to Geo. Wm. Curtis and his admirers to show his contempt for their political principles. This is the origin of the word.

Rev. Dr. J. E. Edwards, of the Virginia Conference, was once approached in Petersburg by a friend who said: "Doctor, I have seen several of your congregation at balls, theatres and saloons." "Yes sir," replied the doctor, "and I am afraid that one of these days you will meet them in hell." Nothing further was said by the doctor's friend on this subject.

The curse that has crushed more hearts of mothers and wives that has desolated and ruined more homes, that has blasted the lives and hastened the deaths of more people, that has damned

more men's souls to the endless depths of infinite woe than all other curses combined is whiskey, and yet to-day it has its millions of slaves bound by its mighty bonds of passion, ruin and despair.

Henry George and his Principles.

The nomination of Henry George for mayor of New York City by the working men marks a new era in politics. For if he is elected mayor it will be a triumph not only for himself but for his principles, and his are the best of any in this country. He believes in free trade, in bettering the condition of the laboring man and in curbing the power of the monopolies. He has made eloquent pleas for the poor of the cities, of the country, of the nation. He has suffered imprisonment for daring to tell the tale of Ireland's wrongs, and he is known throughout the civilized world as an earnest and able advocate and defender of the rights of the masses.

He has devoted the whole of his life to bettering the condition of mankind. His has been the life of the philanthropist, and to-day the author of "Progress and Poverty" stands for the first time before the people as a candidate for office.

For years the government of the City of New York has been more or less under the control of

the rascally ward politicians, political heelers and party bosses of the Tweed, Sweeny and Johnny O'Brien type. For years stealings, rascalities, fraud, embezzlement and dishonesty have been disclosed to the gaze of the public, but still each year lays bare some new blot of shame, and at last the body of the people have decided to overthrow the rascals and put none but honest men on guard; and in order to accomplish this, they have nominated Henry George to hold the reins of power.

If George is elected, he will be the first mayor that has not been directly or indirectly influenced by the national banks and the stock-jobbers of Wall street since the war, and his will be the first distinctively workingman's administration in the history of the city.

Henry George breathes his soul into his writings he knows no master, fears not social power or moneyed prestige, and dares to express his honest opinions, though hated and cursed by nearly all the mean of wealth and "position" in New York City. His friends seem in earnest, he has been pledged 30,000 votes, and is now conducting his canvass in person, and we hope that this great man, with his greater principles, may be called upon to direct the destinies of the metropolis of the western world.

Our Medals.

The editors have decided to give two medals, one for the best and one for the second best essay that is written for the MAGAZINE on any subject during the present collegiate year.

Every active member of college, including law students and post graduates, is eligible, with the exception of the editors.

There are but two restrictions. You must be a subscriber to the MAGAZINE, and you must be one that pays.

The medals must be decided by a committee; the editors themselves will decide what pieces they shall publish. If anyone desires to conceal his name it will be done, only the editors shall know.

Of course the essays of the gentlemen winning the medals will always be published. Now, we hope all our Humes, Carlyles and Macaulays will enter and give us a live contest.

A Few Evil Tendencies.

The tendency so prevalent among young men of to-day is to become gentlemen of leisure and swells. It is the almost universal desire of young men in our cities to live far beyond their salaries, to "cut a figure" in society, and to bestow much more attention upon their dress than upon their brains.

It may be because they have no brains, but it is a known fact that many men with a salary of \$5 per month spend \$75 or \$100 and with their silk beavers, swallow-tail coats, patent leather shoes, gold-bound spectacles, gold headed canes, and effeminate drawn with their "ah's" and "ahem's" and with a general appearance of a simpering idiot, would cause a stranger to imagine that they were full-fledged English lords or railroad magnate's son, while in reality they are dry goods or grocery clerks. This tendency is the cause of so many tailors being swindled out of so many clothing bills, this is the cause of so many hotel and boarding house keepers being defrauded out of the board bills, this is the cause of so many employers being robbed of thousands of dollars, and this is the cause of many a man filling a convict's cell.

The tendency among so many girls to be fast, flashy and immoral, the desire of young women to wear the finest dresses, to use the worst slang, to swear in a manner to make a man turn green with envy, and to get very drunk at wine suppers. This is the cause of many separations of married people, of numerous divorces and of the fall of many women.

The tendency among our college graduates to be pig-headed donkeys, to quote from must

books, to spin out long Latin and Greek sentences, very often mixing them, to pour forth Milton and Virgil and Shakespeare with no purpose whatever except to show that they have read these authors, and in fine, upon all occasions and under all circumstances to make complete fools of themselves. Some even consider all the knowledge and learning of past ages nonsense, and think that they are the men to teach the world the error of its ways and to instruct it in the way it should go. This is the cause of so much sneering at education, indifference to learning, and of the contempt so often hurled at a man having a college diploma.

The tendency among newspapers to publish under glaring headlines sensational accounts of the escapades, achievements and scandals of actresses, ballet girls, etc., and fast young men. The prominence given to "my Lord" Lonsdale and a variety actress known as Violet Cameron, to Freddie Gebhard and the infamous Lily Langtry, to every disgraceful episode in the life of every insignificant nothing of the stage, is but a free advertisement for women whose only claim to merit is based upon a fine figure and a pretty face and an utter lack of modesty and decency. The paper that is the most sensational is the most sought after, has the largest circulation, the greatest influence and the biggest name.

Column after column of such

slush appears daily in nearly every secular paper of the land. The family scandal, the divorce of a much married "star," the fisticuff in the streets of London of two noblemen about a notorious woman, the painted picture of the dens of sin, the fascinating account of a midnight revel, the sickening story of the suicide of a blasted life in a gambling den, the annals of the police courts with its scenes of misery, degradation and crime, and the tale of the burial of nameless dead, branded with dissipation's curse, in a pauper's grave, are thrust on the first page, and from every printing press there streams a stream of filth to which the morbid nature of mankind rushes and drinks its fill.

The tendency at our summer resorts and watering places to encourage gambling under the shadow of progressive euchre, and nightly orgies under the name of champagne suppers, and the almost universal desire there to plunge headlong into any and every kind of dissipation that can by any possible means be thought of.

And finally the tendency among all classes and conditions of people to try to satisfy their insatiable greed for immense wealth leads to embezzlement, stealing and robbery, and the almost daily occurrence of a flight to Canada by some heretofore trusted official.

These are but a few of the evil tendencies of the day.

COLLEGE RECORD.

STEPHEN B. WEEKS.

Prof. Eben Alexander has gone back into the old Greek room in the S. B. second floor. He occupied a room on the first floor N. E. B. during September. Prof. Alexander was born at Knoxville, Tenn., in 1851, graduated at Yale in 1873; in September of that year, he became instructor in Greek and Latin at the University of Tennessee, where he was made professor of Ancient Languages in 1877. He continued to occupy that position until elected to the chair of Greek in this University last summer.

* *

Dr. Hume is repairing and painting the Swain house and will make it his home sometime during November. He is now at Mrs. Martin's and has been there for a year.

* *

Dr. Mangum is delivering a series of lectures on Practical Morals. The course consists of

six lectures coming once a week. The Freshmen are required to attend. All other classes are invited.

* *

The first year English course was somewhat modified at the beginning of the session. There are now two recitations per week instead of three as last year. The third hour is given to history. Dr. Battle is the teacher and J. R. Green's Shorter History of the English People is the text book.

* *

Prof. W. B. Phillips, Ph. D., was the person to deliver the second of the University Lectures for this year, which took place Oct. 2nd. His subject was, "A Chemist of the Sixteenth Century." This period was the dawn of Chemistry as well as of literature and the drama. He gave brief sketches of some of its leading men and presented in a brief but clear and forcible way the value and defects of their work.

The thoroughness of the law students is increased by their "Quiz Clubs." Each class has one of its own. They elect one of their number chairman, and take a certain amount of work. The chairman prepares questions on the subject and there is a free and easy discussion of it. They meet every Saturday morning. T. N. Hill is president of the first club, and Alexander conducted the second before they applied for their license. They are full fledged lawyers now and may they ever be prosperous and happy.

* *

Since the re-opening, the 22nd of February has been a holiday with us. Some member of the Senior class is chosen to deliver an oration. This year he came from the Di. Society and Mr. R. N. Hackett of the Personal Department was the choice. He is a good speaker and we think that he will reflect no discredit on himself or friends. For two years we have had speeches with the Washington element left out. May he follow closely in the footsteps of these worthy predecessors.

* *

Dr. Hume stole away from us for a little while the last of September and ran down to Cedar Fork, eight miles below Durham, and dedicated a church there. It is a new building and speaks well

for the energy and pluck of our Baptist brethren of that vicinity. The doctor went down on Saturday and through the country, as there was no railroad station near the church, preached there on Sunday, preached in Durham Sunday night and rode back Monday morning in time to meet his classes. He needs an assistant. We cannot see how he stands up under such a constant strain, for it is work with him day in and day out.

* *

Prof. Atkinson has moved from his old quarters in Holmes' Hall and now uses the room in the new east first floor, adjoining Prof. Henry, for his lectures on physiology and zoölogy. This is much more convenient, as the Biological Laboratory is just opposite and the microscope can now be used without loss of time. The light is also better.

* *

Politics has been somewhat warm of late. The Di's had a caucus and staid in until 1 a. m. Then the Phi's tried their hand. "Tammany" had forty men in her caucus. They met at 9; by 12 there were only twenty present; at 1 a. m. there were only seven or eight and a ballot was taken nearly every minute. Some one moved to adjourn. The chairman said it would take two-thirds of the members present; this could

not be obtained and the next hour was spent in going all over college and in awakening sleeping men to get their proxies to adjourn! These were finally obtained and the faithful few were rewarded with a rest from their labors.

* *

The Mitchell Scientific Society has now entered on its fourth year. The meetings are held monthly and questions of importance to the scientific world are discussed. The membership is growing and the outlooks are for a prosperous year. The officers are Dr. Thos. F. Wood, of Wilmington, Pres.; Prof. Jos. A. Holmes, Vice-Pres.; and Prof. F. P. Venable, Secretary and Treasurer. The following is a list of the papers read before the Society, Sept. 14:

1. Examination of N.C. Clays—W. B. Phillips.
2. Treatment of Refractory Phosphates—W. B. Phillips.
3. Report on Last Meeting of American Association for Advancement of Science—J. W. Gore.
4. Note on Recently Discovered Elements—F. P. Venable.
5. Note on Saccharine—F. P. Venable.
6. New Instances of Protective Resemblance in Insects—G. F. Atkinson.
7. Report on a Recent Discovery in Biology—G. F. Atkinson.

* *

Sept. 24th, by invitation of Prof.

Henry, Dr. Shepherd gave an informal talk to the members of the classes in teaching on "Teaching and its Art." All were invited, and a number of ladies, some of the faculty and some students availed themselves of the opportunity offered. He strove to impress on his hearers the need of thoroughness and advocated the doctrine of a "broad, liberal and generous culture" against the new theories of mere expertness. He took up the question of language first and showed that a knowledge of old and historical English was needed even in primary departments in explaining such phrases as *I had rather*, certain uses of the participle and certain uses of the adverb. He also suggested methods of teaching literature, and of history by means of biography, always co-ordinating and associating events, by this means strengthening the memory and enabling one to call up the event more easily.

* *

The Board of Wardens for the Gymnasium for this year are as follows: From the Faculty, Profs. Phillips, chairman, Gore and Venable; from the students, L. M. Bourne, chairman, W. M. Curtis, Secretary, J. W. Alexander, Treasurer, W. E. Headen, O. D. Batchelor, C. F. Smith, H. Parker, L. D. Howell, W. M. Little and Hayne Davis. The Gymnasium

is entirely under the management of these gentlemen. They have drawn up a series of regulations which govern all persons using it as follows: A fine shall be imposed for the following offences: acting or being on the mats, the horse, the horizontal and parallel bars with shoes, boots or heeled slippers on, smoking in the building and sitting in the windows, 25 cents for each offence.

Any abuse or injury to the apparatus or building, from 10 cents to one dollar, at option of the committee.

All apparatus carelessly broken must be paid for.

All fines must be paid within two weeks after they have been imposed, or the offender will be excluded from the Gymnasium.

* *

We were much pleased to hear a lecture from Dr. Henry E. Shepherd on Sir Walter Raleigh, Sept. 11th. He took this person as a central figure around whom all of the important events of the time could be gathered. He sketched very rapidly his life and gave some account of his literary efforts. With this we begin the second year of our series of "University Lectures." One is delivered every month. Last year we were addressed by a number of the most cultivated men in the State and hope that we shall have

the same good fortune this year. Henry E. Shepherd, LL. D. was born and reared in Cumberland county, N. C., and is now about 44 years of age. He was the son of Jesse G. Shepherd, class '41, who was Speaker of the House of Commons 1856-'57, and Judge of the Superior Court in 1858, and a nephew of James C. Dobbin, class '32, who was speaker of the House of Commons in 1850 and Secretary of the U. S. Navy 1853-'57. He was educated at the University of Va., and has made teaching his profession. For a number of years he was Superintendent of the public schools of the city of Baltimore and is now President of Charleston College, Charleston, S. C. He has made the English Language and Literature his specialty and has written a very valuable and popular history of our language, and is also the author of an Historical Reader. He is a pleasant speaker, earnest and enthusiastic. It does us good to hear such a man talk, for it inspires us and makes us work the more. The University regrets that she cannot claim him as her son. His duties will not allow him to be with us much, but when he does come his welcome will be all the warmer.

* *

Our Methodist brethren are making efforts to build a new church here. Their present one

is too small and its situation is not good. The new one will be on Franklin street, between Dr. Roberson's hotel and the residence of Mr. Seaton Barbee and north of the N. W. B. Its dimensions will be 52x72. The main auditorium will be about 48 feet square and the pulpit will face Mr. Barbee's. At the end of the auditorium will be the infant class room and the Sunday school room. This last will seat 150 people, will be separated from the main hall by folding doors, and in case of need the two can be thrown into one.

The design is by Benjamin D. Price, of Philadelphia. The building committee is composed of Dr. T. W. Harris, Foster Utley, John H. Watson, J. W. Carr and Vernon W. Long. They are now at work burning the brick and hope to have 130,000 ready by the first of winter.

Rev. R. B. John, class of 1880, has been engaged for some months in the work of raising funds and has secured about \$2,000, besides two donations of \$500 each, one from Julian S. Carr, Esq., of Durham, and the other from the late Walter Scarboro, Esq., of Appleton, Wis., brother of Mrs. J. B. Martin of this place. The Methodists, like the other denominations, are at a serious disadvantage here for lack of numbers. The church

has about eighty members in all but they have to provide for many more. Methodist boys come here from all over the State. Their parents cannot afford for them to be without religious training and how can we meet this demand unless we have assistance from without? It becomes the duty then, of all Methodist parents who have sons here, and indeed of all persons who have an interest in the spiritual welfare of young men, to aid us in providing a more convenient and more commodious place of worship. Do this and it will be as bread cast upon the waters. It will make the boys better, and through them the State and Nation.

* *

Since the consolidation of the Libraries, the following series of regulations have been adopted by the Societies. They make the laws of each society the same and allow all the books to be used as if belonging to the same body:

LIBRARY REGULATIONS.

ARTICLE I.

Sec. 1. The Library shall be open only to persons who are members of the University and of one of the two Library Societies, with exceptions hereinafter provided.

Sec. 2. All resident ex-members may use the Library on payment of the library fees of their society

and depositing with the bursar a contingent fee of \$5.00 to cover damages or loss of books, fines, etc.

Sec. 3. Any student of the University not a member of either society may use the Library on payment of a Library fee of \$1.25 per term (or half session), to each society and depositing with the bursar a contingent fee of \$5.00 to cover damages or losses of books, fines, etc.

Sec. 4. Receipts from the proper persons for all fees must be presented to the Librarian in charge before books may be taken out by any person.

Sec. 5. No member shall be allowed to take out a book on any name but his own except with written or oral permission to the Librarian from the person to whom the book is to be charged.

Sec. 6. No student who is not a member of one of the two societies shall take out a book on any name but his own.

ARTICLE II.

Sec. 1. Books may be kept out two weeks and may then be renewed once.

Sec. 2. No person shall be allowed to have out more than three volumes at one time.

Sec. 3. A fine of 5c. per day shall be imposed for each volume over due.

Sec. 3. All members when fined shall pay the fine in their own society.

ARTICLE III.

Sec. 1. Loud talking, wearing of hats, lack of proper apparel, spitting on floor, putting feet on furniture, heavy walking, smoking and eating are strictly forbidden, and for each offence a fine of 25c. shall be imposed, and every member shall pay the fine in his own society. Fines imposed on non-members shall be divided equally between the two, and the Librarians shall be judges of all violations of this rule.

Sec. 2. All members losing or damaging books shall pay for the same in their own society, the Librarians being judges of the amount of the damage or value of book lost.

Sec. 3. All books shall be returned one week before the end of the session, and for violations of this rule all persons shall be fined \$1.00 for each volume and shall in addition pay 5c. per day for each volume until returned.

ARTICLE IV.

Sec. 1. No persons except members of the Faculty shall be allowed to visit the Library without a Librarian, unless at Library hours.

Sec. 2. When a book is taken out it must be charged to the proper person by the Librarian or his substitute, and must be returned to him, and for a violation of this section a fine of \$2.00 shall be imposed.

Sec. 3. It shall be the duty of the Librarians to enforce these regulations and report all violations to the Societies, and all previous society regulations not in-

validated by these rules shall be considered still in force.

Sec. 4. The hours for opening the Libraries shall be fixed by the Library committees.

PERSONAL DEPARTMENT.

R. N. HACKETT.

—James Thomas, class '86, is teaching in the Newbern Graded school.

—C. T. Grandy, class '86, is teaching in Elizabeth City.

—We will be favored on anniversary day with an address by Prof. Ed. Alderman, of Goldsboro. Those who attend the exercises may expect to be well entertained.

—P. B. Manning, class '86, is teaching in Wilmington.

—L. B. Grandy, class '86, is attending the University of Virginia. We suppose, to take a course in law.

—Five students from the University Law school will apply for license at the October session of the Supreme Court. We wish them success.

—S. P. Graves, who was at the University in '84, is attending the Law school.

—E. B. Cline, class '86, and formerly editor of the MAGAZINE, is teaching in Hickory.

—N. H. D. Wilson, valedictorian of class '86, is teaching.

—Mr. S. to his younger brother who is a freshman: Say bud! A fellow told me that you had *too* sedentary habits, and that it would ruin your health. Younger brother. What *two* habits was he talking about.

—G. B. Patterson, class '86, is teaching.

—F. M. Little left us a few days ago to take charge of his school.

—F. Dixon, class '86, and C. C. Gidney, class '88, are principals of the Shelby High School. "Dick" will make an excellent teacher if he don't get to playing knucks next Spring. They have a good number of pupils.

—Most of the boys who graduated last year are now teaching. This fact is an evidence of the good that the chair of Pedagogics is doing.

—The University is now enabled to send out men who are in every way fitted to carry on a school as it should be. Prof. Henry takes a great deal of interest in his work. He will take his class to Durham soon to show them the workings of a Graded School.

—Of the nine men who have been nominated for Congress by the Democrats in this State, six are Alumni of the University, viz: Latham, McClammy, Rowland, Graham, Henderson and Johnson.

—J. W. Hayes, who some years ago entered the Soph. class, continued with it till his senior year, and left in that to take a position on the Geological survey, is attaining notoriety as a story writer. He writes stories for the *Youth's Companion* and like periodicals, which stories are very interesting. Spending his time during the Summer months in the mountains of North Carolina, he has good opportunities to collect material for these stories.

—The Senior class has done the graceful thing by adopting black silk hats as a class hat. They

have also changed the song of the dude so as to read thus:

"I'm a dude, Senior dude,
You can tell by my hat that I'm in fashion,
Bang my hair, Beaver wear,
I'm a dandy, a Senior, a dude."

—H. G. Osborne, who has a position in the department of the interior, has lately been promoted, and his salary considerably increased.

—A freshman a few evenings ago called on a young lady in the village and the following part of the conversation carried on by him was overheard. As the one who overheard it would not tell us the freshman's name, we will not be held responsible for it. The conversation was as follows:

Freshman: La! You ought to have seen a big worm I caught for Prof. Atkinson the other day." (Young lady looks abashed and remains silent.) After silent for 30 minutes the freshman resumes: "I've got a brother that won't eat butter. My pa beat him nearly to death one day and he just wouldn't eat no butter at all."

Tableaux.

—Lost, strayed or stolen. A freshman. He left on short notice at the rate of 3 miles a minute. The last that was seen of him was his coat-tail as it flapped high in the air when he jumped the wall. Thus his college hopes have all been *dissipate-ed*. The boys should erect a stone to com-

memorate this event bearing the following inscription:

Sacred to the memory of freshman Pate,
Who left Chapel Hill at a terrible rate,
This ne'er would have happened had he not
been believer

In the deceitful tales of Bob Sapp and Mc-Iver.

—Julius Johnson, a former student of the University, has been nominated for the House by the democrats of Caswell.

—O. C. Odell, class '87, is studying medicine in New York city.

—E. P. Mangum, class '85, is teaching in Kinston.

—We were favored a few days ago by a visit from Judge Connor. Every one who met the Judge seemed highly pleased with him.

—George Mallett, who studied medicine at the University in '83 and '84, is back again, a full fledged M. D. It is his intention to stay awhile and practice with his uncle.

—A few weeks ago there was a ball in Gymnasium Hall given complimentary to the Misses Phillips from Washington, D. C., who are here on a visit. There was another one on the 1st of October. The music was furnished by the Chapel Hill colored string band.

—CHRONICLES OF THE GRAPE STEALERS.—And in the latter days of September, which is the

ninth month, were the vines loaded with grapes which were pleasant to the taste. So six reasoned among themselves, saying there are grapes in great abundance but we have none. Let us meet at the third watch of the night and let each man take him a sack, that he may take it to his room filled with the fruit of the vine, and there eat his fill? And two apart from the others talked with one another saying: There be two damsels afar off who are destitute of these luxuries. As Jacob labored 14 years for a woman, should not we labor one hour? This being decided on, they took each man a sack and went their way into the vineyard. And after they had filled their sacks they congratulated themselves that they had filled them without having been seen by the owner of the vineyard. As they were leaving, lo, from the house came a great dog and as the last man climbed over the fence, the dog seized him by the tail of his coat, and as he contended with the dog the owner of the vineyard came upon him and endeavored to smite him, but the young man being very agile eluded him. Verily this young man was one who gathered grapes for his girl, and having lost them and part of his pants in the affray he went away sorrowful.—*Selah.*

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTES.

V. W. LONG.

Barbara's Vagaries (Harper & Bros., N. Y.) is the story of a summer spent at what the authoress (M. L. Tidball) calls a North Carolina sea-shore resort.

I think she should have called it a Virginia resort,—the scene evidently being at Old Point, Virginia.

The heroine, a very interesting and sprightly girl from the mountains of Western North Carolina, blossoms out as the belle of the season and captivates numerous beaux,—Dennis Ainsworth in particular. Finally, without saying good bye to her friends, she sets out in a boat and is picked up by a steamer and carried to Norfolk. She is mourned as dead, but years afterwards she and her admirer meet, and the merry wedding bells ring out, and the curtain drops upon a happy couple. The story, although apparently a first effort, is breezily told, and serves as a very pleasant companion for an idle hour.

King Solomon's Mines (Cassell & Co., N. Y.), is a book out of the usual order. It is a kind of compromise between Robinson Crusoe and the Arabian Nights.

The author takes an Englishman to South Africa in search of a lost brother, supplies him with guides, and starts him across the desert in search of diamond mines. They find the diamonds, are shut up in the mines by an old witch, finally escape (with a pocket full of gems) and return to civilization. The statements are Münchhausen-like, and all the while it appears that the author hasn't the slightest idea of your believing them, but simply wants to entertain you with his marvellous yarns. There is a vein of humor that continues through the whole book and makes it highly agreeable. Even when the most astounded by the magnitude of the statements, you can't help laughing with the author at his bland way of putting them. For originality it is much above the average novel of the day, and makes a first rate addition to Messrs. Cassell & Co's Rainbow Series (25 cents each).

Whatever Frank R. Stockton writes the American people will buy. A few years ago he was known as an occasional contributor to the *Youth's Companion*, and

similar publications. That lucky hit, "The Lady or The Tiger?" published in *The Century Magazine* set the world talking about him, and every story since written by him has been very favorably received by the reading public.

There is something so original in his stories that they form a separate group in our literature, as do the prose tales of Poe. The situations are so unexpected and oftentimes so humorous, the style so simple and easy, that it is next to an impossibility to dislike them.

The Century Magazine for July, 1886, contains a biographical sketch, accompanied by two en-

gravings of the author, and is exceedingly interesting.

Messrs. Chas. Scribner's Sons (N. Y.) have recently collected his stories in two volumes, and they certainly ought to find a place in every well selected library. The volume before us,—*"The Christmas Wreck and Other Stories"* (price \$1.25) contains among others, "The Remarkable Wreck of the Thomas Hyke," "My Bull Calf," and "The Discourager of Hesitancy," (a sequel to "The Lady or The Tiger?"—each of which has received wide praise, and each a literary curiosity in itself.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

CLAUDIUS DOCKERY.

Pay your subscription.—*Ex.*

"The wages of sin are death."

* *

Jefferson Davis is writing a new book.—*Ex.*

One more straw to be placed upon the backs of the yet unborn.

* *

The innocence of the intention abates nothing of the mischief of the example.—*Ex.*

* * *

An exchange in advocating severe discipline in Colleges, says;

"Indeed the absence of government in Michigan University was so notorious that some was tempted to say that the University had but two rules:

(1). No student shall set on fire any of the College buildings.

(2). Under no circumstance shall any student kill a member of the faculty."

How are they on hazing?

* *

Of the last class of Yale numbering 149, 57 intend to become

lawyers, 27 go into business, 11 study medicine, 19 teach, 5 become engineers, and only 6 have the ministry in view.

This leads an exchange to remark that the College must have lost the idea which its President in 1864 had, that "Colleges are societies of ministers for training up persons for the work of the ministry."

* *

With pleasure do we acknowledge receipt of the *Muhlenburg Monthly* of Muhlenburg College, Allentown, Pennsylvania. It is handsomely gotten up, and is one of the representative journals of the College World.

* *

The Argus of the University of Wisconsin is spicy and cheerful. Although it has just been established, yet we predict for it a long and prosperous life. Its editors mean business, and are not waiting for "something to turn up," but they are "turning something up." They send us a very readable journal, well printed and sightly.

Success to you, gentlemen.

* *

The Niagara Index is one of the old exchanges of our Magazine, and we welcome it still. It is a pleasure to receive such well gotten up exchanges from the distant parts of our land.

The Academy of Salem, N. C., is another proof of the vim and push of the young ladies of our female colleges. It is a lively, entertaining journal, well edited and neatly gotten up in every respect. If the colleges are in any way to be judged by their representative journals, North Carolinians have just cause to feel proud.

* *

The *College Message*, of Greensboro Female College, comes to us as sweet and sprightly as usual. The two young ladies, who have control, certainly place the friends and supporters of the institution under heavy obligations by their admirable management of the *Message*.

Whenever we receive one of these exchanges, the old editors heart swells with pride and he feels like going out amid the last shades of evening, when "all the air a solemn stillness holds" and joining—with the sweet voices of "Pullet" and "Star" in singing to the tune of Sweet Violets that familiar piece:

"All her (N. C.) girls are charming

Graceful too and gay,

Happy as the blue birds in the month of
May;

And they steal your heart, too

By their magic powers,

O, there are no girls on earth

That can compare with ours."

CHESTNUTS.

The October number of the *Southern Bivouac* is out with its usual variety of interesting and entertaining articles. Dr. Felix L. Oswald closes the summer season with a delightful paper on some of the out-of-the-way watering-places. A northern soldier draws a striking comparison between the campaigns of Gen. Lee and Gen. Grant. Col. Robt. H. Woolley has an important paper relating to Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston's purposes in fighting the battle of Shiloh, and Col. W. Allen reviews Gen. Longstreet's account of Lee's invasion of Maryland. As a war issue the October *Bivouac* is excellent.

But aside from these war papers the Magazine has much to interest the general reader. The poets are well represented and the reader, whatever he may seek, will be apt to find it in this issue of the *Bivouac*.

* *

For the benefit of those who are in the clutches of the "terrible disease" spoken of in the editorial columns of our last issue and especially for the junior who has control of the Editorial Department—drunken men, you know, always think other people are not sober—we have clipped the following table which exhibits the popular names of the day. Let each one preserve a copy of this issue of our MAGAZINE and in

after life, if he has any cause for knowing the different names he can refer to this table. It is based on the first or leading names of 100,000 children—50,000 males and 50,000 females registered in England in 1882:

ORDER.	NAMES.	NUMBER.
1	Mary	6,818
2	William	6,590
3	John	6,230
4	Elizabeth	4,617
5	Thpmas	3,876
6	George	3,620
7	Sarah	3,602
8	James	3,060
9	Charles	2,323
10	Henry	2,060
11	Alice	1,925
12	Joseph	1,780
13	Ann	1,718
14	Jane	1,697
15	Ellen	1,621
16	Emily	1,615
17	Frederick	1,604
18	Annie	1,580
19	Margaret	1,546
20	Emma	1,540
21	Eliza	1,507
22	Robert	1,323
23	Arthur	1,237
24	Alfred	1,232
25	Edward	1,180

Total number of children (out of 100,000) registered under the above twenty-five names... 65,895

It will be observed that these twenty-five titles belong to about two-thirds of the 100,000 children. It is also evident on examination, that, however great the variety of the names divided among the remaining third, there was but one name to every 26.35 persons.

There is good reason for supposing that the table affords a fair sample of the proportions in which personal titles are distributed among our own population. Preserve this table. But I would suggest that, before using any name herein contained, you remember the confusion that often arises in large classes, as in our public schools, on account of so many children bearing the same name.

Prof. Fasolt was never so popular among the girls as the night of the shock. They really clung to him.—*G. F. C. Message.*

We are sorry for you, Professor. We always sympathize with suffering humanity, and after reading the above account of your trouble, we almost wish we could have been present to help bear your burdens.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

—Cornell gets Jumbo's heart.

—Yale is happy over its new president.

—A Catholic college has been established at Detroit, Mich.

—There are more colleges in Ohio than in all Europe put together.

—Wookstock College, Md., has a library of thirty-eight thousand volumes.

—Compulsory attendance at religious services has been abolished at Harvard.

—The botanical collection of Columbia College approximates 75,000 specimens and includes about half of the forms of plants known to exist.

—Chicago University goes. The trustees despair; they have given up the attempt to maintain the institution longer.

—The University of Michigan has turned out 20 presidents of colleges and 74 college professors.

—"The Higher Education of woman a crime against nature and a sin against God," is the subject of a sermon preached a few years since by Dean Baurgan of Oxford, England.

—James Russell Lowell will deliver the oration at the two hundred and fifteenth anniversary of Harvard, which will be observed with unusual honors early in November.

—The Connecticut public school fund is said to be still the largest in America.

—The schools of Austria have been forbidden to use paper, ruled in square or diagonal lines, as such paper has been found to injure the eyesight.

—Trinity College, Hartford, is under the control of the Episcopal church. Yale is congregational in its tendencies, Princeton Presbyterian and Harvard's exercises (religious) are conducted by a number of pastors representing a variety of beliefs. The Holy Cross College at Worcester, is one of the largest under Roman Catholic control.

—The President of Bowdoin is the youngest college president in the country. He is a Harvard graduate of the class of '79.

—In an address at the last commencement of Williams College, with which he has been connected for fifty-six years, the venerable Rev. Dr. Mark Hopkins stated that it had graduated in that time 1,736 students, all but thirty-one of whom had been taught by him.

—The Egyptian University at Cairo had an attendance of over 4,000 students in 1886 and ten years ago had a faculty of 231 professors and an attendance of 7,698 students. Its library contains many old and valuable manuscripts.



HON. T. C. MANNING.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF HON. T. C. MANNING.

Thomas Courtland Manning, now minister of the United States to the Republic of Mexico, was born in Edenton, N. C. He came at an early age to the University of the State, but was compelled by ill health to leave before his graduation.

He was principal of the Edenton Academy for several years before he had attained his majority and soon impressed all who were brought in contact with him as a young gentleman of fine promise.

He was licensed to practice law by the Supreme Court of the State, and followed his profession in his native town until December,

1855, when he moved to Louisiana and located at Alexandria. His manly presence, his scholarly and professional acquirements and his high character soon won for him numerous friends and a lucrative business, and in 1861 he was the acknowledged leader of the bar in his section of the State.

In 1861 he was elected to the State Convention from Rapides parish, and was made aide-de-camp to Gov. Moore. In 1863 he was appointed Adjutant General with the rank of Brigadier General.

In January, 1864, General Manning was appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court,

and this position he held until the close of the war.

At the close of the war Judge Manning returned to Alexandria and resumed his practice which very soon became extensive and highly remunerative.

In 1872 he was elected a delegate to the conventions of the "Reform" and "Liberal" parties, at the latter of which McEnery was nominated for Governor. In the same year he was Presidential elector for the State at large on the Democratic ticket, and in 1876 was selected as a delegate for the State at large to the National Democratic Convention which met at St. Louis.

In 1877 he was appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court by Gov. Nichols.

"The installation of the Supreme Judges appointed by Governor Nichols, was probably one of the most dramatic events that has ever occurred in any court room of this country," and in this drama the Chief Justice was the most conspicuous figure.

When the commission appointed by President Hayes, composed of McFeigh, Harlan and others, arrived in New Orleans they invited the Supreme Court to meet them. The judges made the visit not in a body or officially, but individually and informally. Judge Lawrence of the commission remarked that they had heard an

argument from the Packard Court and would now listen to an argument from them in support of the Nichols Court. "The Chief Justice informed the commission that neither he nor his associates had come there to argue or to defend, or even to discuss their status. They constituted the Supreme Court of Louisiana, they were the arbiters of others' causes. They had none to plead of their own." "Let it be known," said the Chief Justice, "that argument is wanted by the commission, and from John A. Campbell to the youngest person at the bar, the argument will be presently forthcoming."

In 1878 the University of North Carolina conferred upon Judge Manning the degree of LL. D. He had been theretofore appointed one of the trustees of the Peabody Fund. Judge Manning remained on the Supreme bench as Chief Justice or Associate Justice until a short time before his appointment as Minister by President Cleveland.

Judge Manning's opinion in the "Returning Board cases" closes with this sentence: "Rather let it be known of all men that a court can consider neither expediency nor policy—that it cannot shape its judgments either to realize the hopes of friends or quiet the fears of foes—and that judges may abhor a malefactor and yet

refuse to condemn him contrary to the law."

Of this opinion Professor Moore of the University of Virginia writes as follows: "Pray accept my thanks for having afforded me the satisfaction of reading Chief Justice Manning's vigorous opinion in Anderson's case, an opinion which reflects no less credit on his judicial acumen, than the circumstances under which it was delivered do upon the stubborn honor which can no more be tamed by the fierce cry of the multitude, than by the threats. The judge who shows himself thus worthy of Horace's lofty ascription to the *justum ac tenacem propositi virum* ought to be highly appreciated by his country-

men, especially at a time when modest and courageous virtue is so little the characteristic of public functionaries."

In 1883, Judge Manning delivered the address before the two literary societies of this University, a most scholarly and timely appeal to the young men of the State to discharge faithfully their political duties.

The friends of Judge Manning in North Carolina and Louisiana believe that their distinguished fellow-citizen will carry into his new position the dignity, courage, and lofty patriotism that has hitherto marked his career, and that in his case neither the President nor the republic will be disappointed in their expectations.

THE OCEAN.

Calm was the sky, and not a fleecy cloud
Obscured the face of Heaven. The starry host
Gleamed in the azure vault, and the pale moon,
Her course majestic trailed along the sky
Unshadowed and sublime; and as she rode
Profusely shimmering her borrowed beams
Upon the placid deep, her image fair
Danced on its gently undulating bosom.
The proud ship glided smoothly with the breeze
From the far west that intermittent rushed,
Swelled the full sail, and sighing, passed away.

No distant headland limited the gaze,
Far as the straining vision could extend,
The mighty ocean stretched his broad expanse.
The Heaven and water met. Sublime the view,
Yet fairer than sublime. Thus smiled the scene,
But Ah! how brief that smile!
I looked again, 'twas changed. The rising blast,
Low murmuring, swept along the troubled deep,
And mossy clouds, scarce visible at first,
But fast increasing, from the horizon rose,
And veiled the lowering sky. Such portents marked
The tempest's swift approach. The wearied watch,
As thoughtfully and slow he paced the deck,
Wrapped in the memory of departed joys,
Shook off his dreams, and on the sombre veil
Fixed his arrested gaze as if to pierce
Its gloomy depths. Nature before was fair,
Now, changing to terrific; hitherto
The scene was marked by awful, silent beauty,
But now the thunder muttered from afar,
The distant lightnings glared, the angry wind
Rushed fierce across the billow, and the ocean
Heaved his broad bosom to the passing blast.
I looked—again 'twas changed. Deluging rain,
The lightning's flashes thro' the impervious gloom,
Ruled the tremendous scene; and from his lair
Within the dark rolling cloud with dissonance harsh,
The thunder howled exulting. Fearful below,
The foaming waters dashed with lawless rage,
Above, the heaps, of cloud obscured the sky,
And veiled the lustre of the stars.

The ship appeared,
Her rent sails gleaming white amid the gloom,
A small bright, speck, amid the fierce encounter,
Of warring elements. Nature's every power,
Seemed in the storm exerted to destroy
The only beings that could feel its rage.
The yawning sea disclosed its inmost depths,
And ope'd his horrid entrails to engulf

The reeling bark. The blast in vengeance swept,
And soon the rigging rent—the masts upturn,
Its violence attested. Angry lightning
Played dreadfully around her and the thunder,
Straining his awful lungs with deafening roar,
Stunned the shocked brain. A sudden flash
Disclosed the frail bark slowly rising on a wave
High in the troubled air—another saw
Her tremble on its crest—then swiftly sink
Into the gulf profound—until again,
On an enormous billow's back upraised,
Another bright glare dissipates the gloom,
And by its lurid light she's seen to reach
The topmost ridge—then dashed the wave
Her body from beneath, and in the abyss,
Again she headlong plunged.

But now afar,

Its bright crest sparkling in the beamless gloom,
Appears a ridge of foam. Swiftly it comes
Upon the wings of fate. Destruction lurks
Within its liquid bosom. Nearer and nearer,
High rearing its dark volume toward the heaven,
The fatal wave approaches. Now the bark
Is lifted on its back, slowly she mounts
Toward the fatal crest, she reaches it,
A moment hesitates, then reeling round,
Down in the fathomless abyss precipitate,
She plunged—and plunged alas! no more to rise.
And now naught animate witnesses the strife,
The storm resounds and wild winds moan, and flash
The lightning's liquid flames—and roll the thunder
In solitary grandeur. Nothing hears,
Or sees, or feels, the howling tempest's rage.
I looked, 'twas changed again. No murky cloud
Volleyed tremendous the electric charge
From its dark, heaving breast. Far, far above,
Unsullied stretched the cloudless firmament.
Bright was the scene, and for ascending Sol,
The hastening morn with rosy fingers ope'd

The portals of the east. Mute was the scene ;
 No northern blast resounded ; but the Zephyr
 Skimmed soft the surface of the sleeping sea,
 Which smiled in tranquil beauty. Faithless Ocean !
 Such is thy fickle nature ; petulant,
 Inconstant too as woman. For a moment
 Thou art as lovely, but oh ! what a change
 Can an hour's space effect ! Horrid thou art
 When thy dark billows open to the blast,
 When clouds obscure the ardent atmosphere,
 And o'er thy agitated bosom howls,
 The demon of the winds. As beauteous, when
 No wars disturb the smoothness of thy face,
 Nor tempests veil the sky.

PHILLIP W. ALSTON.

(The above poem was delivered in the Dialectic Society in 1828, by Phillip W. Alston, and having found it among some old papers in the archives of that society, we concluded to publish it, thinking that such gems should no longer remain hidden from the world.—ED.)

A DEVELOPED MAN IN A DEVELOPED AGE.

When we look around us in this beauteous world made to promote man's happiness and usefulness, we see numberless resources undeveloped and lost to humanity. One looks upon the block of marble untouched by the sculptor's hand and sees an image as exquisite in beauty, as perfect in symmetry as ever was polished by the chisel of a Phidias ; and yet the block remains an unseemly, life-

less mass. He turns his mind to the gems that sleep beneath the ocean's wave and sees there hoarded treasures that would adorn the brightest diadem of earth. There is the wrecked wealth of merchantships and sea-buried cities that would enrich the emporium of the world ; but those treasures still lie beyond his grasp. There repose in the secret recesses of earth jewels and metals of every cast

sufficient to decorate the royal palaces of man and rear the most splendid cities of gold; but alas! its geological formation did not place them on the surface and mankind is no richer for their existence. Whenever you look in the broad field of space or the earth's remotest bounds, you will see powers not called into action, resources untouched by the hand of utility.

But when I turn my mind to our own beloved country, the "Old North State," crowned by nature with beauty and majesty fortified on the west by fir-capped mountains as eternal monuments of her stability, whose wave-beaten shores on the east are the constant auditors of that ocean's voice whose measureless depths are a type of our own glorious and exhaustless resources, traversed by sparkling rivers as beautiful as the fabled waters of Grecian story, a land altogether fitted by God to be the most blessed habitation for humanity, I here see buried treasures more valuable than the gold which glitters in the bosom of the earth, more priceless than the gems which sparkle under the ocean's wave. It is the jewels of mind, the diamonds of undeveloped character. The immortal mind of man! Who can estimate its value? Who can delineate the possibilities of its nature, the powers of its expan-

sion, the endlessness of its duration! Here in the heart of our own commonwealth lie dormant faculties of intellect, which developed, might astonish the world with their brilliance and the true Promethean fire which might light up a continent with the full-orbed splendor of thought. Here sleeps the latent power of genius which when awakened is

"Ordained to fire the adoring sun of earth
With every charm of wisdom and of worth;
Ordained to light with intellectual day
The mazy wheels of nature as they play!"

It is a pitiable sight to see the potentialities of an immortal nature borne down by an evergrowing weight which debars their freedom and expansion. And if their liberation is an enterprise in which we are not interested, it is a work in which God and angels are profoundly concerned. No fetters are so binding as those that chain down the faculties which would grapple with the contending forces of the world; no prison bars so enslaving as those that cage up the genius which would spread her wings and soar into the empyrean of thought. Our profoundest sympathies are called forth for the youth in whose bosom the first impulses of ambition are felt, impelling him on to a glorious destiny, to the highest and noblest ends of his being. "To feel that thirst and hunger of the soul he

cannot still; that longing, that wild impulse and struggle after something he has not," these are evidences of a desire to reign in a sphere more exalted than the proudest monarchies of earth. He yearns for those attainments which will extend his dominion over the material world, he grasps for those powers with which he can strive more nobly for the elevation of his race, he struggles to wrest himself from those forces which contract the faculties of his nature and to place himself on an eminence for which his God-given endowments have fitted him; but alas! how many times his proudest hopes are blighted and genius cramped, and at the close of an unsuccessful career "drops into the grave unpitied and unknown." As we look upon his last resting place we enter into the spirit of Gray's immortal Elegy and give utterance to the feeling in that matchless verse:

"Perhaps there lies in that neglected spot
A heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have
swayed
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre!"

This love seems more enormous, this sympathy is more profound since such abundant means are afforded for satisfying these longings of the youthful mind and for drawing out the faculties and susceptibilities which are yet dormant in the palace of the soul. A

stream of knowledge which would refresh our minds with the satisfying draught still flows on down the ages of the world. The Attic shore is yet resounding with the teachings of its ancient ages and philosophers. The city on the Tiber will enrich humanity for unborn centuries with her intellectual treasures. The learning of modern Europe is sweeping with resistless tide over the stablest fortification of superstition and demolishing the strongest citadels of ignorance. America has a literature and system of philosophy which will blend mankind as long as the English language shall exist, as long as her name shall be cherished in the hearts of her sons. The present with all its store of science and philosophy calls to partake of the offering. Unlock the resources of the past and you find a collection exhaustless in the provision to satisfy the thirst of the mind and the hunger of the soul. And this priceless heritage is lost to the man of this age if he does not appropriate its riches to the development of his Heaven-born endowments; if by access to the vast libraries of our country his mind is not enkindled by the fire which glows in those volumes, if his soul does not catch the inspiration of those authors.

But when we emerge from beneath the murky clouds which overhang our intellectual horizon

and walk in the light of intelligence whose beams flood our country with a halo of glory and drink from the fountains that stimulate our zeal and metamorphize our nature, a transformation is wrought in our lives more wonderful than the most clearly marked changes in the natural world. It is as the cold, bleak research of winter devoid of life and denuded of the rich garments of summer, wreathing on his brow the garlands of an immortal spring. The change is first wrought in ourselves and through us is extended in revolutionizing the principles and systems of the world. A few centuries ago the intellectual wealth of the east was buried in the wreck of the ages; the brilliancy of ancient empires shone only in the past; the peaceful dominions over which thought once reigned in supremacy, were overrun by hordes of barbarians; clouds of superstition were hovering over the broad realms of humanity; and the brazen-crested tide of ignorance was sweeping with majestic surge over the empire of thought and religion. Look upon the chart of the centuries and see whose hands are employed in driving back the advancing tide of oppression. You see the votaries of learning, the advocates of a developed manhood, coming from the monasteries, the cloisters of knowledge with their

minds sharpened and invigorated, with the sceptre of thought glittering and drawn for the conquest of their foes. There have been revolutions in learning, revolutions in morals as well as revolutions in politics, and each has had its heroes. And those who have triumphed in these enterprises have drunk deeply from the streams of knowledge, having their minds empowered with the vigor of its draught and their hearts aglow with zeal for the amelioration of mankind.

There has been a Bacon in philosophy, a Newton in science, a Luther in ethics, as well as a Napoleon in politics; and these have wielded the sceptre with a monarch's grasp over their respective empires. The aphorism "knowledge is power" has become too trite for repetition. But its truthfulness will exist when the system of philosophy of its immortal author shall expire. This factor in the world rules with a firmer rod than the mightiest monarch that sits on his throne, forming the character of men and shaping the destinies of nations. It stands at the helm and guides the ship of nations over the stormy waves of international life. No heritage is so great as the treasure of a developed mind. Physical force may be mighty in its accomplishments, but mind is infinitely more powerful. Under its bosom the

hero in life's battle triumphs himself and leads on to victory the advancing army of his countrymen.

Weighty as may be these reflections, there are obligations from which man cannot be absolved. To himself he owes a duty from which no earthly power can release him. The elementals of his individuality are susceptible of an endless progression. Were his craft destined to sail only on the straits of this life, the obligation would not be so binding; but his bark is launched for a never ending voyage on the broad expanse of duration's shoreless ocean. In his bosom is a spark of celestial fire which shall glow with untold splendor when the bright Sirine shall have faded from his throne, a germ of immortality which shall brighten with accession to its glory when systems and worlds shall be hurled into ruin. With this the mightiest of all arguments, appealing to the strongest elements of his nature, no man is insensible to the voice within struggling for utterance; and aside from unfolding the attributes of his own personality, he owes to a common humanity a debt which naught but his full-developed services can pay. The same eternal hand which grouped the Pleiades in their glittering sisterhood, has woven ties between human hearts as indissolu-

ble as the union of Heaven itself. Individual man can release himself from them no more than he can break the forces of nature which hold together in harmonious action the plants of a universe. But with them he can draw other hearts around him and lift immortal minds from the sinks of earthly ruin, and thus perform exploits whose magnitude the Omniscient alone can estimate. There may be in him latent powers of influence and dormant forces of magnetism which he might send out as a powerful cable and draw in to the shores of light and honor and piety, a storm-beaten craft of a hundred souls, or a state, or a nation! These, developed and exerted, would blend the world for unborn generations. Oh, the blindness of a life devoted to humanity and to God! That is a commendable spirit which yearns for the elevation of the common brotherhood of mankind. It bears the most heroic and God-like impulse that ever thrilled the heart of man. And there are few more powerful lives at work in the world's amelioration than a strong arm raised by the impulse of a warm and liberal heart and extended out to lift up mankind to a more exalted plane of existence. Who cannot extend such an arm? Who will not develop those internal springs of action which increase its strength and elasticity?

and give to it something like omnipotence. This means you. The combined voices of the ages are calling for the exercise and employment of those diviner attributes which make you an essential factor in this system of races. Don't think that you are too unimportant to be the object of so much concern. There is a kind of modesty admirable in itself, but there is also a quality equally inconsistent. The young man ought to feel that the world and humanity need his services, and modestly expect and courageously dare to accomplish a work whose praise shall reverberate through the cycle of the centuries. In the little sphere of every individual soul is going on a work of evolution sublimer than the assumed evolution of the material world. The product of the one is but the craft on which a race of beings sails across the narrow strait of time to the shores of the infinite age; the product of the other is a developed immortal whose existence is co-eternal with the Infinite himself.

If the choral voices of the receding centuries do not charm you; if the rythmical tones of the celestial orchestra in the sanctuary of your being do not arouse you; if the claims of country and the illustrious examples of heroic leaders in building the temple of a grand nationality do

not inspire you; may then the resounding invocation of *this age*, in which the greatest act in the drama of humanity is entering upon the stage, call out those attributes which shall display themselves in the sublimest heroism for man and for God. "We are living in a grand and awful time, in an age on ages telling; to be living is sublime!" This is the age transcendent in the hoary register of time; "the age in which wealth and happiness and wisdom have been reflected back from a new continent to the world that spreads them here; in which philosophy has unrolled the function of the human mind; physics has armed the hand of man with new powers; chemistry has torn asunder the component parts of those substances which ignorance called elements; the engines of astronomy have drawn down the heavenly bodies from their orbit to lay them in the hand of man"; the whole state of the world is progressive; and the higher and better and more heroic elements of man are leading on to universal empire!

To live in the meridian splendor of the nineteenth century with its inspiration and man-building operation is more blessed than to have worn the diadems of the Cæsars and been heir to the empire of the Ptolemies. This age is electrical. The spirit of man is

more completely magnetized by the upheaving from the silent dominion of eternal truth. The pulse of time is throbbing more vigorously and communicating its life to the heart of man. The fathomless sea of Heaven-inspired emotion has broken up her rest; stirred to her profoundest depths by the almighty hand of a developed and creative century, she is swelling her waves and deluging the race in a flood of inspiration immortal!

Young man, if there has ever been a period since the chariot of time began its course that you could fulfil a great mission and bear off in triumph imperishable trophies won on the battlements of life, that time is now. It is now that you can go forth under the banner whose motto is, "Our God, our Country and Truth," and win the sublimest victories that the world ever applauds—victories that will add a new song to that choir which sings the anthems of eternity. There you may stamp the imprint of thought and character on the tablets of

the age and leave the memory of a noble life in the throbbing heart of your countrymen. This will enshrine you for immortality. Who cares for the gorgeous marble soleum and the sculptured marble when "the noblest monuments of art the world has ever seen are now covered with the soil of twenty centuries." These cannot give us immortality. These cannot reveal the lineaments of the spirit to pilgrims of other ages. We must live in the hearts of grateful posterity. To live thus is more blessed than to wield the sceptre of empire over the millions of earth. After a life honorable, developed and consecrated, we shall live with the

"Immortal dead who still live on
In minds made better by their presence; in
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude; in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self;
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like
stars
And with their wild persistence urge mankind
search
To vaster issues."

P.

THE GRADED SCHOOL OF DURHAM.

On October 13th, Prof. Henry and his class in the "Science and Art of Teaching," derived much benefit as well as pleasure, from their visit to the Durham Graded School. It is now generally admitted that the graded school system, is far superior to all others; for it cultivates promptness and many other essential qualities, in both teacher and pupil. The school at Durham may be selected as a good specimen of such schools. As to Prof. Kennedy, its principal, we need say nothing, for his merits are too well known to need mention, and judging from the thoroughness of work, his corps of teachers are as good as the best.

We were very much impressed with the good order so plainly visible in every department of the school, and also the promptness in going to and from recitation.

The pupils exhibited the highest respect for their teachers, and a respect too that was natural and not forced. In the primary department, the perceptive powers were appealed to and the mind of the pupil developed according to Psychological principles—nature's methods. Nothing was more striking than the lightning-like rapidity and the accuracy with

which the little experts (they all seemed to be experts) could perform addition and subtraction.

The reading in concert, in the primary department, was excellent and was indicative of a fine teacher.

In the study of Geography, the topical method was used. Maps of the principal countries were drawn on the boards, and were thoroughly discussed and understood during recitation. The drill in calisthenics was *very* good, and was followed by singing. Such a drill keeps the physical development in harmony with the mental.

We cannot go into all the details; but in every department there seemed to be harmony and system, and every duty seemed to be well performed. It is sufficient to say, that the teachers exhibited ability, energy and vigilance, while the pupils showed a very marked respect for their teachers, and a thoroughness rarely equaled.

School was dismissed at 1:36, and we spent the rest of the evening visiting places of interest among which were Blackwell's and Duke's tobacco factories where we were very kindly received.

We return many thanks to Prof.

Kennedy for the kind and pleasant manner in which he received us, and for his kindness in showing us the various departments of

the school. We think the people of Durham ought to congratulate themselves on having such a school. M.

A VISIT TO ARLINGTON.

It was on a bright day in October, 1883, one of those mellow, hazy autumn days when the forests are all golden and red, that the present writer, with a college friend, L——, stood on the capitol steps at Washington, gazing quietly at the picturesque avenues which radiate from the capitol, and at the beautiful hills away in the distance. Two strangers standing near were chatting away briskly, and we chanced to hear one of them remark: "There, on that ridge, is Arlington Heights, once the home of Gen. Robert E. Lee." As he said this, he pointed to a noble-looking stone structure, about three miles distant from Washington, away across the Potomac on the Virginia hills. The magnificent Grecian columns of the front porch at once caught our attention; and as one gazes on them as they stand there in their massive strength, typifying the grand character of the hero who made his home there, he will, if a true lover of the South, of its

history and heroes, find a desire awakened in him to make a pilgrimage to the famous shrine. Aside from mere curiosity, he wishes to show his love and respect for the man whom the whole South idolized while living, and whose memory she delights to cherish.

L—— and I quickly made up our minds to visit Arlington. Away to Georgetown we went, rumbling along in a street car. At Georgetown we crossed the Potomac at the famous long bridge on which the Federal armies repeatedly crossed when going out from Washington to the campaigns in Virginia. Then we had a pleasant walk of about two miles on the ordinary country road. This soon led us to the huge iron gates which give entrance to the magnificent park surrounding the old mansion. This park contains several hundred acres of oak and hickory which have stood there for centuries. This property is a part of the large Custis estate.

having been the home of Washington's adopted son (the own son of Martha Washington), G. W. Parks Custis, whose daughter, Mary, married Gen. R. E. Lee while he was a young officer in the U. S. Army. The mansion is situated only a few miles from Mt. Vernon. The drive leading from the outer gate to the residence lies principally through this grand old forest, in which semi-wild squirrels gambol without restraint or danger. The dwelling itself is situated on an eminence overlooking the Potomac, and the city of Washington seems nestled down just on the other side of the river. The open plots of ground immediately in front of the house are in a high state of floral cultivation. The building is a two-story stone structure, four rooms up stairs and four down, with two wings. The front porch, with its huge columns and stone floor and clinging ivy, lend to the building a substantial but antiquated look. One wing is occupied by a gentleman who is appointed by the government to keep the estate in order. The property is owned by the government, having been bought from the Lee heirs just after the war. It was used during the war as a burying ground for both Northern and Southern soldiers; and, in the rear of the dwelling, thousands and thousands of those who wore the blue

and the gray sleep quietly together, their resting places being marked by miles and miles of marble slabs. Those grand old ancestral oaks now sing the requiem of both friend and foe. Nature is no respecter of persons, but honors all her brave sons alike. We wandered aimlessly about these marble slabs for some time, half awake and half in a dream, and ever and anon Gray's immortal words—"all the paths of glory lead but to the grave"—would force themselves upon us. Off in one flowery nook we espied a board on which were painted in black letters the following lines from O'Hara, the gifted and gallant Southern soldier :

The muffled drum's sad roll
Has beat the soldier's last tattoo ;
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and daring few.

And again :

On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread ;
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the Dead.

Here, within sound of the musical waters of the Potomac, the blue and the gray bivouac together on the field of Glory. Our bond of union is thus cemented by this common heritage of valor, and to both friend and foe a fraternal chant is sung by the old Potomac as it rolls on to mingle its currents with the sea.

After wandering among the shrubbery and marble slabs till

weary, and after inspecting to our hearts' content the well, garden, observatory, and old negro quarters, we returned to the mansion in order to examine its interior more carefully. We passed through the broad hall-way, which once was adorned, no doubt, with the antlers of noble bucks and with other ancestral bric-a-brac, and found the large rooms (excepting the wing occupied by the superintendent and his family) entirely destitute of any furniture save a few old family chairs. We seated ourselves, each in a big rocker, and fell to dreaming of "ye ancient days"—days when Lord Fairfax and Col. Geo. Washington, a young Indian fighter, chased the festive fox over these hills, and shot the savory canvas-back in the numerous inlets along the banks of the river, and who, like George Eliot's "Old Leisure," fingered complacently the guineas in their pockets, ate their big dinners with satisfaction, and slept the sweet sleep of the irresponsible. But just then our dreams were disturbed by a blast from the bugle which is sounded just

before sun-set, and which serves as a warning to all visitors that the huge iron gates will be closed. We hastily retraced our steps by the same country road towards Washington.

As we passed on the long bridge that spans the Potomac at Georgetown, we were charmed by our peculiar surroundings. The sun was just sinking to rest, and as the river flows east and west at this point, the lingering rays cast a long purplish shadow up and down the stream for several hundred yards. Add to this the still pensiveness of a mellow October sunset, together with the rainbow—tinted foliage that fringed both banks of the river, and you have a picture whose loveliness you cannot easily forget. And as I stood there on that bridge, allowing the shadows of night to gather about me, still pondering over the life of the great chieftian, his grand and noble words seemed to come up as voices of the twilight: "There is a true glory and a true honor; the glory of duty done, the honor of the integrity of principle." A. W. L.

EDITORIAL.

E. P. WITHERS.

We have had a live time at college this year.

Prof. Holmes is the most engaged man in the faculty.

The flow of wit in the Salem *Academy* under the head of "Splinters" is simply overpowering.

The personal editor has pegged out, and a new man goes in, Hackett couldn't survive, that poetical effusion.

"Copey's" girl has gone back on him, but he says "she is trying to play the indifferent, but I understand her little game."

A certain young lady has "Toyed" with one of the faculty until he has become but a plaything in her hands. Wonder if he won't Mar(r)y soon?

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary is generally considered to be very accurate and correct, but Mr. Caleb Cushing found 5,000 mistakes in a volume of the first edition.

The class of "90" takes the cake over any thing we are acquainted with. It is the richest, rarest and raciest class we have seen here. The faculty will back our assertion.

The Exchange editor accuses us of being in love and then gives the names given to 100,000 babies by their parents. We would like to know what the naming of other people's babies has to do with our being in love.

Ain't it a strange thing that the length of a man's arm is just equal to the circumference of a girl's waist? How do we know? Because we've been there and measured it. Ask your lady friend to let you prove this to be a falsehood.

Mr. Grover Cleveland met with a magnificent welcome at the Virginia State Fair in Richmond, 30,000 people cheered him to the echo. It must have thrilled his heart with pride to know that he had as friends and countrymen such grand people as those Virginians are.

We congratulate the Exchange editor upon the fact that the *Niagara Index* has toned down wonderfully. No more red-hot articles adorn its pages and hurl streams of sulphurous fury upon luckless editors of other magazines. But where in the world is its "spanked baby"? He's quit howling.

What can be the matter? Some great calamity is impending. For two months no one has attempted to prove in our columns that Napoleon's was not true greatness, that oratory is not dead, that North Carolina is the greatest state in the Confederation and not even a Soph. offers a class exercise on Tacitus, Homer, etc.

When Jefferson Davis was released he was required to give \$100,000 bond. • The following were his bondsmen: Horace Greeley and Augustus Schell, New York; A. Welsh and D. K. Jackman, Philadelphia; and R. B. Haxall, W. H. McFarland, I. Davenport, A. Warwick, G. A. Myers, W. W. Crump, J. Lyons, W. H. Lyons, J. A. Meredith, J. M. Botts, T. W. Doswell and Jas. Thomas, Va.

Cornell University recognizes the ability of ladies in a marked manner. The class of '87 has elected for class essayist, Miss Lois M. Oteis and for poet, Miss Kate E. Selmsier. This is right and proper. The prejudice existing in the South against sending young ladies to our universities is nonsense. Why not give them the benefit of our best schools and colleges?

Notes on the Fair.

The Fair was mighty slim.

But Peace and its girls were glorious.

Peace girls call a tête-a-tête a tety-air-tety.

Punch and Judy was the best thing on the grounds.

How about Virginia? Perfectly represented. Enough said.

The editors were dead-heads and as usual were very cheeky.

Gill, McKinnon and McRae all "alumni" of the University were there.

Jim Wilson's friend on the train was a dandy fellow. Wasn't he Jim?

And the man from Winston was there too. That's a *Gray* horse of another color.

There was an endless stream of pretty girls. We got mashed twenty-three times.

Moore's Lalla Rookh was lovely and beautiful but Charlotte's Lalla Rookh is divine.

And that "Knox the sox" off anything you've heard lately, doesn't it? Well it do.

Mr. Chas. D. McIver an alumnus of the University is a professor at Peace Institute.

Phillips's Pa was in Raleigh and he had to behave himself. We mean Phillips of course.

The Fair was poor, very poor, worse than poor. Too much like a one horse, "side-shanked" country concern.

Don't call our President "Doc-

tor" any more. It's too common. He won't recognize it. Call him Pres i-dent Battle.

Ask Kirby H. to whom did he give the cane with the boy's head on it and what did she say. Ah! what did she say?

H. A. Latham the able and successful editor of the *Washington Gazette*, took in the Fair and at least three girls, and got taken in.

We return many thanks to Mr. Josephus Daniels for his kindness. There's not a more genial gentleman nor a better editor in the State.

The defunct personal editor says he is at war with Peace. What is the matter? Two months since it was the centre of the universe. What a change!

At the banquet. B. to J. "Old horse pass me (hic) down the wine. It's (hic) fine. J. to B. "B—old boy (hic) by thunder I'll (hic) do it, and take (hic) some myself.

The business manager's stomach is "cosmopolitan" so he says. Cosmopolitan means embracing everything. His stomach certainly embraced every thing that was eatable.

The Fair and all things connected with it are now but a thing of the past. They have come and gone, and lingers in our memories as a pleasant dream. We bid the things connected with it a sad adieu.

Immigration, Stop It.

It is time to call a halt upon the mighty stream that annually pours upon our shores a horde of socialists, cut-throats, anarchists and nihilists of every type from the sneaking assassin of the slums of Paris and London to the outlawed dynamiter of Russia or Germany, whose sole aim and purpose is to create disorder and riot, and to incite others to acts of lawlessness and crime.

These men come here because they think they can accomplish their murderous designs without the interference of the law. Their religion is to overthrow all existing forms of government no matter how liberal they may be, and to substitute in their places *anarchy*, a time when there will be no restrictions upon the fury of the mob, when every man will have the right to murder, assassinate and kill; when woman's virtue shall be thrown away and man's manhood be a thing of the past; when the whole country shall be plunged into one wild revel of lust, debauchery and sin which will far surpass the palmiest days of decaying, falling Rome.

These are the hopes and aspirations of these men. We know this and still we receive them with open arms, and our reward ought to be that of the fool who took the viper into his bosom and

warmed it into life only to be bitten and killed by it. And we are nourishing a mighty viper whose terrible coils will some day crush us into hopeless ruin. Not all of our immigrants are men of this stamp; the Irish love America and are a noble, brave and patriotic people; sometimes among the exiles a Schurz lands, but where we get one good man from these exiles and malcontents, we receive ten bar-room bummers, escaped convicts or roughs of the worst and most dangerous type. These people enter as a tremendous factor in politics. There are 8,000,000 of them here, 2,000,000 of whom are voters, ignorant, many of them, of the right of suffrage and easily led by political tricksters. In Ohio they hold the balance of power. When the Republicans dare to put a high license on saloons the 40,000 German voters of that State flock, almost to a man, over to the Democrats and turn the scale in their favor; and as soon as the Democrats fail to do their bidding they make a deal with the Republicans and go back in an unbroken mass. In New York city it is the same way, in '80 there were 478,670 foreigners there and they constituted the saloon-liquor element of both parties. Who are New York's aldermen? The answer is Jaehne, Wendel, Fullgraff, Sayles, Farley, Waite, etc., foreigners or

born from foreign-born parents, and leaders of the very worst elements in the city, now indicted for receiving bribes and their leader is even now washing dirty linen under the shelter of Sing Sing. Who tried to put in the "Hon." Thomas P. Walsh, better known as "Fatty," for Congress over the eloquent and able Fellows from the seventh New York city district? Why the Germans and other foreigners were for him almost to a man and Walsh is an ex-Bowery saloon-keeper and gambler and withal a very accomplished and consummate scoundrel. Who tried to elect Timothy J. Campbell from the eighth congressional district, whose sole recommendations are histrickery and whiskey? Answer, the low foreign-born people of his district associated with Americans for leaders who were a little worse, if possible, than they.

These are instances which serve to show the tendency of these people. These immigrants are exceedingly obliging about stirring up strikes, boycotts, riots and mobs. These are the same people who made up the Theiss, Landgraf and Gray boycotters, that invariably try to tempt honest workmen to violence and disorder. When the Theiss boycotters were tried not one of them was able to give any testimony in English and the majority could not speak Eng-

lish at all. Some of them had been here only ten weeks and the first thing to do was to get employment in order to boycott somebody and the next thing was to strike, boycott and raise a riot. And after these ruffians were tried and convicted, the anarchists had a big meeting in Clarendon hall and denounced the prosecuting attorney, judge and jury as hired tools of the monopolists, and murderers; and the leaders on this occasion were Germans, the speaker was Johann Most, and the audience was the foreign riff-raff of the city. Who lead the mob in the great Cleveland riots of a year ago? Who caused property to be burned, prominent men to be threatened and lives to be lost? These same socialistic tramps and vagabonds did it, these were the same cowardly curs that would rouse the passions of the mob to fury, and when danger was near, ran to hide their precious carcasses in dark cellars or unknown dives. These are the "patriots" of whom the Hon. Mr. Glauch is a shining example. This gentleman was addressing a great crowd of strikers and anarchists in Cleveland, was making a red-hot, blood and thunder speech, hurling curses and streams of envenomed, virulent abuse upon every man who dared own property, and was swearing that he would kill any policeman who dared try to stop

him and would take pleasure in murdering in cold blood any man who dared to interfere with him, when a policeman walking up and tapping him on the shoulder with his club, ordered him to come to the station house with him. The boasting braggart instantly subsided, and with curled tail, clipped wings, and hanging head followed the officer to police headquarters as meekly, humbly and submissively as a whipped cur grovels in the dirt at its master's feet.

These are the same men who cause the trouble in the great railroad strikes, in the Pennsylvania coal mines and who were the leaders and participators in the great Chicago riots. These are the same men—seven of whom are under sentence of death now in Chicago—who attacked the Chicago police and advocated burning the city; and did you know that in all the list of killed and wounded anarchists in that unfortunate affair not an American name appears, all were foreigners; and did you know, furthermore, that Parsons, Fielden, Spies and the other four that are to hang next month are all foreigners and that one of them was so unacquainted with the English language that his evidence had to be given through an interpreter? It is so, whether you know it or not, and we would like to know if the people of this

country propose to let these cut-throats take possession?

These immigrants are the people that cause the Sabbath to be a day of rioting and pleasure; these immigrants are the people that have made our great western cities so turbulent and wicked, these immigrants are the people that cause all our trouble in nearly all of our mining and manufacturing communities, these are the people that want to burn, destroy and kill; in fine these people are the inciters, leaders and participants in nearly every species of deviltry throughout the land.

And still the ranting roar of the political demagogue is heard throughout the length and breadth of our country seeking to damn the man who would take away "this Asylum for the oppressed people of Europe," and still the

mass of people is deceived by the frenzied ravings of the knavish rascal whose only motive is self advancement.

We admit that this country is an asylum but we contend that the asylum should be closed. Charity that destroys the giver is not charity but idiocy. It is the history of the ancient nations that immigration has been a potent factor of ruin. Shall we repeat their histories? Shall we listen to the demagogue's outbursts, or the statesman's warning, shall we obey prejudice and passion or be governed by argument and reason, shall we, through false sympathy, take into our system the poisoned virus of a fatal disease or shall we throw it aside and escape its certain effects? By all means avoid it and its consequences.

COLLEGE RECORD.

STEPHEN B. WEEKS.

Base ball went with the summer and foot ball now reigns supreme as the king of winter sports.

* *

Two horses, a wagon, a load of wood, a nigger and an axe is the way it stands now.

* *

The old laboratory under Smith Hall has been turned into a store-room for wood and coal.

* *

"Judge" and his S. S. meet every Sunday night. Attendance large. For terms of admission apply to the "Jedge."

* *

PROFESSIONAL CARD. Bradham & Boothe, Butters, Walls and doors demolished at shortest notice. Work done in any part of college, motto: "Good work and low prices."

* *

Major Graham and Mr. Strudwick gave us specimens of their eloquence in October. They are clear expounders of Jeffersonian Democracy. Later the candidates for the General Assembly spoke here also.

There was a match game of foot ball, October 30th, between the Seniors and Fresh on one side, the Sophs and Juniors on the other and resulted in the total discomfiture of the latter. The game was interesting and exciting and was witnessed by a number of ladies.

* *

A slight shock of earthquake was felt here on October 22nd, about 2:45 p. m.

* *

A large wood-stove has been put up in the library. For beauty and elegance it could hardly be surpassed. It looks like a "precious stone set in the silver sea."

* *

Prof. Alexander has repaired and repainted the Bodrè house. His family have been here some time and will make this their home.

* *

Our Baptist brethren have invested in an organ. As a large part of the congregation is made up of country people they resisted its fascination up to this

time. With Prof. Toy as organist, and with their elegant and accomplished young pastor, Rev. Edward S. Alderman, they will surely deserve a large attendance.

* *

Barnum and his circus drew some away from the quiet routine of a student life in October. Then the Fair came on and claimed its share of visitors and along with it the fair ones were by no means unconsequential.

* *

The Di. Society recently put new window curtains in its hall. They are tastefully decorated and improve the hall very much. The Phi. put in new ones last spring. We always hail such things with delight and it is our boast that these are the finest literary halls in the State.

* *

Prof. Henry has introduced a new feature into his Senior class in pedagogics. Some subject is assigned and one member of the class is appointed to present his remarks in the form of a paper. Then this and all other points are discussed at length, in a free and easy, colloquial style. They commenced with the first chapter in Herbert Spencer's essay on Education: "What knowledge is of most worth?" The discussions are held every Monday night and will be public as soon as fully or-

ganized. We like the idea and think the young men can derive much benefit from such a course if they work.

* *

Prof. Winston now requires the Freshmen to read the Latin Testament. A member of that class was purchasing his book at the drug store when he asked in a confidential way: "Mr. McRae, can't you get me a 'trans' to this?" This is an actual fact.

* *

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.—At the regular meeting of the Mitchell Scientific Society for October, the following papers were presented:

1. On the Parameters of a Plane—Profs. Graves and Phillips.
2. Arsenic as a Poison—Prof. Venable.
3. Description of a New Glow-worm—Prof. Atkinson.
4. A Singular Occurrence of Crussite—Prof. Phillips.
5. Prof. Holmes read a list of Earthquakes occurring at Charleston from 17th century to present time, prepared by Dr. Gibbes.

* *

BACK NUMBERS WANTED.—The Philanthropic Society wishes to complete its sets of the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. The sets since the re-opening are complete, but those for earlier dates are very incomplete, any one having any or all of the copies mentioned

below and mailing them to the editor of this department will confer a great favor upon the Society and the act will be gratefully appreciated by all who feel an interest in making the records of our past history full and complete. All the numbers for 1844 are wanting; Nos. 5 and 7, Vol. I., June and September, 1852; all of Vol. II., 1853; all of Vol. III., 1854; all of Vol. V., 1856; all of Vol. VI., 1857; of Vol. VII., Nos. 8, 9 and 10, April, May and June, 1858; of Vol. VIII., Nos. 1, 7, 8, 9, 10, August, 1858, March, April, May, June, 1859; all numbers after April, 1861.

* *

Hon. John Goode, of Virginia, ex-Solicitor General of the U. S., will be the orator next commencement. With him as the orator, with a fine minister and Memorial Hall there is nothing to prevent us from having a grand time.

* *

Prof. Chas. L. Wilson, of Winston paid us a visit during the last days of October and taught a singing class. It met every evening in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, and had some twenty members. He gave them twelve lessons commencing with the rudiments of music, for \$2.50. Prof. Wilson taught in the Summer Normals at this place for several years and is recommended very highly by President Battle.

Died in Raleigh, N. C., October 13th, Mrs. Dr. R. H. Lewis, only daughter of Hon. K. P. Battle, aged 29. Our hearts go out in sympathy to our President in this his time of deep distress. It must be a hard lot to bear when a loved one is taken away to a better world. We cannot think of it as something sent us by an all-wise One and we are apt to weep and complain at His doings, but: "Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted."

* *

Prof. Winston, ever ready and ever eager to make a boy more thorough on Latin, has introduced sight reading into his classes. Each class devotes one hour to this under his direction and two hours to it at their rooms. The Fresh read easy extracts and Bezar's Latin version of the Testament; the Sophs use Tomlinson's extracts and the Testament; the Juniors, Tomlinson, Testament and Cornelius Nepos, the fourth year students, Tomlinson, Testament and Sallust's Catiline's Conspiracy. The course has been made more valuable also by the introduction of a work on philology and one on Greek and Latin etymology into the Soph class.

* *

UNIVERSITY DAY was celebrated this year at night and Girard Hall was lighted up in memory of a day it never saw.

The speaker for the occasion was Prof. E. A. Alderman, a member of the class of 1882, and Mangum medalist for that year. He was an editor of this MAGAZINE during the first volume of the new series. Since graduation he has been engaged in teaching and is now principal of the Graded school in Goldsboro. This is said by competent judges, by men who have examined many schools of the kind, to be one of the best in the Union. Last summer the teachers of the State showed their appreciation of his energy and ability by making him President of the N. C. Teachers' Assembly.

Dr. Battle in introducing him gave a hasty view of the early days of the University. It was in 1776 that the Halifax convention drew up a constitution for the revolted province and although it was then the darkest hour of the Revolution commanded the Legislature to establish one or more Universities. Owing to the war the charter was not given until 1789 and it was not until October 12th, 1793, that William Richardson Davie, in all the gorgeous paraphernalia of a Master Mason laid the corner stone of the Old East. The doors were opened in February, 1795, and for two weeks Hinton James, of Wilmington composed the whole Freshman, Soph, Junior, Senior, Post Graduate and Law classes.

Mr. Alderman spoke for nearly an hour on old times in North Carolina; of the vanished and almost forgotten town of Brunswick on the Cape Fear; of pre-revolutionary nabobs, their times, manners, customs, loves, marriages and revels; of the early days of our own institution, its struggles and trials, and finished by exhorting all to hold on to these good old times, to keep the memory of them green in their hearts, and to cultivate a pride in the glorious history of their native State.

* * *

THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB is another help in studying the works of the greatest man in literature. Some members of the Senior class feeling the need of such an organization met and formed it. Dr. Hume was requested to furnish a constitution, which, after undergoing some modifications, was adopted. It now has most of the Senior and Post Graduate classes as active members while others are admitted from time to time. Room No. 25 S. B. will be fitted up as the library room and it will also be used as a study, each member having a key and using it at pleasure. For the present they hold their meetings in the Y. M. C. A. Hall. The subject discussed at the last meeting was the character of Harry Hotspur as seen in First Henry IV. If the mem-

ers will continue with the same energy as they have begun much good can be derived from it. The discussions partake somewhat of the nature of a debate, there being none of that stilted formalism so generally seen in the class room.

The officers for the present session are: Dr. Thos. Hume, Jr., President; Prof. Geo. T. Winston, Vice-President; Robert G. Grisom, Secretary; Joseph A. Morris, Treasurer. These, together with Prof. W. D. Toy, L. P. McGehee and Stephen B. Weeks, compose the Executive Committee and to them is intrusted the general care and management of the Club.

We annex a list of members and the Constitution:

LIST OF MEMBERS.

Dr. Thos. Hume, R. G. Grisom, C. F. Smith, R. T. Burwell, L. P. McGehee, W. S. Wilkinson, Paul Jones, L. M. Bourne, J. H. Baker, W. R. Tucker, R. N. Lockett, H. F. Shaffner, C. Dockery, H. R. Starbuck, A. M. Simons, Jas. McGuire, H. Parker, J. H. McDonald, J. C. Johnson, T. T. Wilson, V. W. Long, St. Clair Hester, J. A. Morris, S. B. Weeks, Thos. Wade, W. H. McNeil, A. W. McAlister, T. W. Valentine, J. F. McIver, P. B. Cox, W. Borden, T. N. Hill, Jr., McIver, F. M. Harper, Profs. F. P.

Venable, J. A. Holmes, W. D. Toy, G. T. Winston, and J. W. Gore.

CONSTITUTION.

ART. 1. This Society shall be called the "University Shakespeare Club." Its object shall be to promote the study of Shakespeare.

ART. 2. It shall be the object furthermore of the Club to collect such books and materials as may best contribute to this end. The books and materials so collected, should the Club ever cease to exist, to go to the English Department of the University.

ART. 3. The active membership shall be composed of the Senior and Post Graduate classes and such other persons connected with the University as may, by training and tastes, be qualified to further its object. Active members alone shall have the privilege of voting and holding office. Honorary members may be chosen on the recommendation of the Executive Committee.

ART. 4. The initiation fee shall be one dollar. An additional fee of fifty cents per term shall be paid by each member. This term fee to begin with the Spring term of '87. The term fee shall be due on the first day of October and of February. The initiation fee immediately upon joining. Names of members, not paying fees in

one month from the time when due, shall be dropped from the roll.

ART. 5. The officers shall be a President, a Vice-President, a Secretary and a Treasurer, chosen by ballot at the beginning of each term and their duties shall be such as are generally performed by such officers. Three others, chosen as above, shall be added to their number from the active membership to form an Executive Committee, who shall attend to the interests of the Club. This Committee shall judge of books to be bought and acknowledge the receipt of all books donated to the Club and have the same properly labelled. It shall also be the duty of this committee to report on the qualifications, according to Art. 3, of persons desiring to become members of the Club and such report may be rejected by a two-thirds majority of the Club.

ART. 6. The Club shall hold its regular meetings twice a month on the first and third Wednesday nights at such time and place as shall be designated by the Executive Committee. The length of the meetings shall be limited to two hours.

ART. 7. A two-thirds majority shall be necessary to alter or amend this Constitution.

THE KILLING OF FREEZE.—Between one and two o'clock Sunday morning, October 10th, Jacob A. Freeze, a member of the Freshman class, from Rowan Co. was basely murdered by a gang of desperate negroes. He was about twenty-one years old and the only son of fond and doting parents who were making every effort in their power to educate him.

Early in the night some of the boys got into a difficulty with some negroes, the President heard of it, came up to college, found the boys and persuaded them to go to bed. Later, two other students while passing down the street were cursed and stoned by a crowd of half drunken negroes led by Pat Brewer who is a scoundrel of the deepest dye. He has had a grudge against the students for two or three years and has on various occasions threatened to kill some of them. These boys came to the college and aroused some of their companions saying they had been insulted and asked them to help them make the negroes make amends. They got up as any other brave boys would have done under the circumstance and went, seven in number, to the house of Jack Barbee which is near the Baptist church. They knocked at the door and asked if the men were there who had insulted them, but made no demonstration of violence, while the

were parleying with some negroes at the door, others rushed up stairs and began firing shots from the second story windows, they were scattering at first but soon thickened into a volley, at the end of the first volley Freeze was shot through the heart. He staggered toward the gate and fell dead just as he reached it. Flemming was slightly wounded in the abdomen, Woodson had a part of his shoe shot away, but was unhurt. No others were hurt.

The students went down in force to get the body but the negroes had already decamped. It was brought up to the college, various members of the faculty were summoned and they did everything in their power under the circumstances. That Sunday was the dreariest day we ever saw in Chapel Hill. The Di. Society met, passed resolutions of respect and draped its hall in black. The Phi. met, extended sympathy to her sister and appointed Mr. Woodson to accompany the remains home. Mr. Flemming represented the Di. Funeral services were conducted by Dr. Mangum in the chapel. The coffin occupied the quadrangle and on it was a wreath of white roses interwoven by woman's loving hand. The exercises were short but impressive. The procession was formed two and two, headed by the faculty, with the students in

the middle, the hearse and carriages in the rear. As the body was to be carried to University Station by private conveyance the procession passed out the east gate of the campus and down Hillsboro street as far as Dr. Mangum's where it opened and allowed the carriages to pass through. The old college bell was all the while sounding its solemn dirge of death. Once before have we heard that bell ring forth its deep rolling knell but how different from that scene was this! Then an aged man, full of years and good works, one whom we all knew, and knew but to love, had gone to that reward which fadeth not away, but now one who had been with us only a few weeks at most, whom we had not yet had time to learn to love, one in the very bloom of youth and hope, is taken from us by one fell blow of some ruthless hand. May his grief-stricken parents and sisters look for help and consolation to a Power which is higher than man and which giveth freely unto every one that asketh and upbraideth not.

The negroes had gone to this house it seems and in force, there being about twenty of them, were all heavily armed, and had been drinking. The students had not been drinking, only two of them had pistols, made no show of violence and did not fire a shot until

Freeze was dead. The negroes had formed a conspiracy, not for self defence but for murder. The students are not to be wholly excused for what they did but their action was what that of any other high born chivalrous boy, anxious to see his own race defended against that of the negroes, would have been. People who know all the circumstances do not condemn them, it is only those who

have had the misfortune to have lying newspapers as their guides. Feeling against the negroes ran very high, but the students are to be much commended for the way, the almost filial way, in which they allowed themselves to be guided by the wider experience of the faculty and this has possibly kept us out of still more dangers.

PERSONAL DEPARTMENT.

J. C. JOHNSON.

—Seniors and Freshmen won the match game of foot-ball against the Sophs and Juniors. The present Senior class is as well adapted to a few other things as it is to wearing stove-pipe hats.

—H. A. Latham class '85, editor of the *Washington Gazette*, spent a day on the Hill during Fair week. His business here was strictly private.

—The MAGAZINE was represented at the Fair by Messrs. Long, Withers and Hackett.

—The latest invention in the way of "*booting*." A modest student walks up to a Prof. before class and,—“Prof. have an apple

with my compliments.” Prof. Thank you, sir.” *Please copy.* (Inserted by the Professors.)

—First student. “Of what denomination is M.?”

Second student. “I guess he’s a Pharisee.”

First student. “Why do you think so?”

Second student. “Because he prays like the Pharisee did.”

—Junior to Fresh. ironically: “Freshman you have got entirely too much ability. I don’t like to see Nature so lavish in bestowing gifts as she has been with you.”

Fresh. innocently. “Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor’s

goods, nor any thing which is his."

—F. N. Skinner, class '82, is at the Theological Seminary, N. Y. and led his class there last year making a very high average.

—James A. Bryan, class '85 is studying Theology at Princeton.

—Horace Williams is studying theology at Yale and will visit us for the purpose of making a lecture at an early date.

—When last heard from Fred Thomas had a severe case of the "blues" but will probably survive and re-enter college next year.

—Ham C. Long is raising water-melons and fine stock in Buncombe, and is rapidly becoming a bloated capitalist.

—One of the editors was pleased to see two of the old students at the Fair, Jim Vance and Sidney Bobbitt.

—We learn that Sterling Rufin a member of the class of '86 has a position under the government in Washington City.

—George L. Patrick, another member of class '86 is now in Durham in the interest of the survey of the road between Petersburg and Durham.

—Freshman to Soph. "I Love mathematics." Soph. "You will find it a very *Graves* subject next year."

—One of our students has become famous for his credulity. Here is a conversation that will justify this remark. Student who has been to Barnum's show, to H. the credulous. "H. I saw a man at the show that had four faces perfectly formed." H. the credulous. "Did you"!! Student f-s. "Yes, and he could speak four different languages at the same time." H. the c. "Goodness gracious! Gen-tle-men!! I'd like to have seen that sight"!!!

—1st Fresh. "Have you ever called on the Misses——"?

2nd Fresh. "No."

1st Fresh. "Well you certainly ought to meet them. They are charming ladies. They bring out cake and confectionaries every time I call."

—C. L. Riddle, class '83, known in college as "Tubby" received license to practice law from the last session of the Supreme Court, and has gone east. He has settled down in Elizabeth City and will practice with E. F. Lamb, Esq. "Tubby" likes the east, taught one year in Camden county and one in Perquimans and we feel sure that its people will like him.

—Edmund Alexander, law student 1885-'86 has settled down in his native county and now hangs out his shingle at Columbia. He was a hard working fellow while

here and led his class in his final examination under Dr. Manning, is a pleasant and forcible speaker and will manage with skill and address all cases entrusted to him.

—A letter comes to us from N. A. Sinclair formerly an '86er saying that he is longing for the happy moments of his Freshman days at the U. N. C. He is now teaching in the Fayetteville Graded school, and is taking a course in law in addition.

—W. S. Dunston, class '86, is in charge of the Academy at Columbia, Tyrrell county. He will make a good teacher undoubtedly. He has only one failing and that is from the fact that he writes too many letters. If he had kept on writing he would have had *Liens* on half the property in Dakota by this time. He must also cease signing himself Minnie Welling-ton and so give poor old Mewborn a rest. He will perhaps adorn his study with portraits of his correspondents with Mewborn and Lien leading the van.

—Senator Ransom spent a Sunday on the Hill not long since.

—Among the visitors on the Hill at present we may mention the names of Mrs. W. C. Kerr and daughter, Miss Lizzie. They intend spending several months here we believe and some one suggested that the heart of one of our Professors is thus made glad,

but we do not venture it as an insinuation of our own.

—Also Miss Sallie Lunsford, of Granville county and Miss Myra Alderman, of Greensboro, are visiting the family of Dr. Mangum.

—Prof. of Astronomy (to M. who is momentarily expecting the bell to ring.) "Mr. M. Can we determine the masses of all the planets?"

Mr. M. "Yes sir."

P. of A. "Well, how can we do this Mr. M.?" Mr. M. "Prof. I—I'm not prepared to-day." Bell (not chestnut) rings. M. soliloquizes. "Just my luck."

—Some one told us that Politics is dead. (Of course we mean college politics.) We could scarcely believe it, and while we turned our head away to drop a silent tear, our informer poured into our ears an account of the touching scenes of his death. He is the tyrant in whose service the honor of so many fair and virtuous youths has been wrecked, and the news of his death will fall heavily on many ears. The last scenes of his mortal life were full of tender pathos. Around the bed of the ghostly tyrant were gathered his choicest friends, and everything that mustard plaster, mustang liniment, cayenne pepper, and St. Jacob's Oil could do was done to check the ebb of his life. It was

in vain. His hour had approached. The dull, hollow depths of his eye, his cold extremities, and the nervous twitchings of his massive, cruel chin were unmistakable signs. The last half hour had arrived, then the last ten minutes, then the last minute, and finally the last second. And then there was sorrow pathetic to see. A very tall and very eloquent Sophomore poured forth the wildness of his grief in soft and mellow eloquence. A small and fair-haired Freshman bewailed in a very declamatory style, his loss, which exceeded in greatness his own size by at least one-half. Indeed his loss was considerable. Through the influence of his deceased patron, he had, in fancy, stretched forth his tender hand and plucked a shining de-laimor's medal, even as young Moses of old reached out his chubby fingers for the glittering crown of Pharaoh. And there were many others too who had just "so dear a loss." But our heart grieves to recount their sorrows, and we long to veil from the unsympathetic eyes of the world these sad mournings. The tyrant dead, and however kind he may have been to some, and however unkind to others, we will not say, let history determine when it can be impartial. That he had mourners we cannot deny in force the lamentations sore and loud his death, that any one rejoiced

at his death we are not certain. That he will be resurrected is not impossible. Such things have been. However, we long to take his mourning friends by the hand and lead them to something nobler and higher and worthier their loyalty and devotion.

The following was found in the room of a student without a name attached and the hand-writing has not been identified. We suppose it is an Apostrophe to some book of Mathematics:

Oh thou book, thou modest unpretending book !

No fancy binding compasseth thy sides
All stuffed with Involution, Evolution dire,
That convolutes and dissolutes my brain—
Thou war'st against my better nature ; fillest
My soul with chilling fears and doubts im-mense,

Ay e'en the alphabet, that simple, harm-less thing,

By thy fell skill permuted into hordes.

I ne'er had dreamed they could have thus assumed,

And now come trooping on me with such force

They have my poor weak self all over-whelmed—

Oh, book I wist not of the power that digit

Deep in thy pages puffed with callous pride
And there unearths the treasures that thou hold'st,

By partial nature, veiled from common eyes—

My fancy cannot circumscribe such bounds
Imagination, mind that roamist so free
Through realms material and through rimless space,

At thy great portal standest sore abashed.
As on her full thy vastness quickly grows,
'Tis much as I have heard of some one who,

On entering first that old Cathedral grand
Whose matchless dome still spans in wondrous Rome,

Could not at first conceive that it was
much

Beyond dimensions he had viewed before,
But soon the size grew on him and he felt
That he was lost in labarinthian space
And sculptured magnificence—so I,

Poor mortal, in thy pages feel that I
Have swam beyond my natural depth
And so must sink in utter, lasting ruin.

Farewell old book I'll study thee no more,
I fear that thou'lt most certainly disperse

The easeful tenets of my youthful brain
And make me galley-slave to studiousness
To the illwarping of my liberal mind.

Dec. '79.

The editor of this department is not responsible for anything which may appear in its columns and absolutely refuses to explain any joke which may seem obscure. He has no office hours and cannot be found in his room on such business.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

CLAUDIUS DOCKERY.

In the last number of the MAGAZINE we made a departure from the regular course heretofore pursued by the different exchange managers. A sub-department, *The College World*, was added to our Exchange Department. In this we propose to give in as condensed a form as possible all the news and items of interest, that we can collect in regard to the other colleges of our own country and of the world at large. The sources of information in this line are so few and our time for searching after such information is so limited that we, at present, are

not assured of the success we could otherwise expect in such a departure. The Exchange Department certainly needs something of the kind to give variety to it. The dry, monotonous criticism of a dozen or more college journals does not interest a majority of the reading people of our country. What do they care for our writing about the covering of the *Wake Forest Student*, or the kind of material that makes up the *Oakleaf* or the color of the dress the Greensboro *Message* wears? Nor do they care for us to describe the different jewels that

sparkle and beautify the Salem Academy. We are certain we could not interest any people by commenting upon the different county papers of our State. Many of them have just heard of the earthquake and have not yet recovered from the fright caused by the shock that had occurred several weeks previous. We'll wager five dollars that the Cherokee Times has not yet heard of it unless by this time Cooper has reached home and informed the editor of the shock. We assert this because we have no doubt but that both the quill-driver and the devil were at some mountain-hoosier break-down at the time and could not possibly have felt the shock even of an exploding keg of dynamite under the house. We could certainly get no information from such sources as these.

Now, if we had the time and space and the mental agility of an experienced quill-driver and the descriptive powers of a MacCaulay or Carlyle, we *could* interest our readers. The Pacific Pharos has discovered up in New York a very strangely-shaped fossil which, it is thought by scientific men, was probably brought to light by the recent earthquake. The Pharos gives a good description of it, especially of its brain cavity. It may turn out that this is the missing link. If so, old man Darwin will turn over in his grave and

Huxley exclaim, Eureka! Eureka!! This strange fossil may now be found in the Exchange Department of the Niagara Index and will be on exhibition *monthly*. We may be able to give a full account of this fossil in our next number. We are not yet fully informed as to its characteristics. From the account in the Pacific Pharos, (we will give this later) we can come to no conclusion as to the probability of its being the missing link. We rather incline to the belief that it is related to the African animal *Simia Troglodytes* or *Troglodytes niger*. Probably it can be satisfactorily classified by our next issue. The Pacific Pharos is busy at that work now. We will keep our readers fully informed.

A description of this rare animal will certainly be of interest to our readers, especially those of a scientific turn of mind. But all of our readers will not take on to this, and in order to please as nearly all as possible we propose to give a little information from time to time about the College World.

* *

We are indeed very sorry and even pained at the fact that some of our exchanges have misinterpreted our criticisms on the *Message* and *Academy* in our last issue. It was not our purpose to equivocate in the least. We can't

see to save our life how any one could infer from those remarks that we to any extent favored woman suffrages. We can't believe the ladies inferred as much. We will leave our remarks for them to interpret and report upon. Now while they are getting ready to report, let us tell these gentlemen where we stand on this subject. And there is no better way of expressing our views than in the language of Panactius, the Roman philosopher: "I would that woman should rule, not indeed in civil jurisdiction, for that would unsphere her, but in her vast natural domain—the heart of man." "Them's our sentiments." What do you think of our position, ladies?

* *

How do you do? That's English and American. How do you carry yourself? That's French. How do you stand? That's Italian. How do you find yourself? That's German. How do you fare? That's Dutch. How can you? That's Swedish. How do you perspire? That's Egyptian. How is your stomach? Have you eaten rice? That's Chinese. How have yourself? That's Polish. How do you live on? That's Russian. May your shadow never be less. That's Persian—and all mean much the same thing.—*Ex.*

* *

Here is what the South Caro-

lina *Collegian* has to say about us: "The UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, from Chapel Hill, has frontispiced the September issue with a steel engraving of the Hon. Augustus Van Wyck, who recently made an address before the two Literary Societies of the University. The MAGAZINE is under control of a new board of editors, and they have made by no means a bad beginning. The promises made in the Salutory will doubtless soon be fulfilled." You are right we mean business this time.

* *

We clip the following from the Pacific *Pharos* which is very good in unearthing and describing the old fossil remains of former geological epochs:

"The Niagara *Index* man cannot forget the trouble he got into by neglecting the old adage that

'Children and ——

Should not play with edged tools,'

And takes the occasion to ring in his little joke about Cutting (exchange editor on the *Hatchet*) and his troubles in Mexico. For the benefit of this old nondescript we will state that the *Hatchet* had taken the necessary steps to scalp him, but thought better of the matter and consolidated with the *Epoch* instead. The age of the *Index* man will probably never be known, but we have been informed that there is such a striking

resemblance between him and the lately discovered mummy of Rameses III, that they are in all probability twins. The only difference is that Rameses had sense enough to die when he had outlived his usefulness. History does not relate all the deeds of the *Index* man, if it did it would be more profane than is generally conceded. His greatest exploit, and the one by which he is best known, was the founding of the "Ancient Order of Niagara Hackmen." As grand marshal of this order he acquired cheek and ducats, until on one unfortunate day his royal toughness, while endeavoring to wash off a coat of tar and feathers with which he had been adorned by admiring citizens, was swept over the falls and sustained a fracture of the skull. Two skilful surgeons who fished him out, carefully trepanned him, and the space where his alleged brains were supposed to exist was filled with soft soap. He gradually revived and was presented to the museum of the adjacent institution of learning where he has since been employed as exchange editor." Si-c-c-ck him Tige. It may be the missing link.

* *
*

The *Richmond Message* says this: "Although the exchange editor last year highly complimented the *South Carolina Collegian*, we feel that we must give it

one of the first places among College journals. Now, don't get proud and stuck up, Mr. *Collegian*, at so much praise. Yours is a fine paper."

And in answer hear what the *Collegian* says: "No danger friend. Modesty was always our leading characteristic. We saw, besides that, some fine articles. The *Messenger* is to have a new corps of editors for October. We can wish no more than that they be as successful as their predecessors."

"You kill my dog, I'll kill your cat."

* *
*

The *North Carolina Teacher* in its September number has an excellent sketch of the life of our President, Hon. Kemp P. Battle, LL. D. It is also frontispiced with, the *Teacher* says, "a most excellent portrait of Hon. Kemp P. Battle (engraved expressly for the *Teacher*)." We really must say that it was an excellent idea in the *Teacher* to mention this, because if it had not we could scarcely have told whom the engraving was intended to represent. The President ought to sue you for damages for telling it, tho'.

* *
*

Miss Davenport has assumed the additional role of an author and has in the October *Brooklyn Magazine* a very interesting article with the "catching title," "Is the Stage Immoral?" She warmly de-

fends the morals of the stage and certainly does herself great credit as a writer. Edith H. Thomas has contributed a particularly beautiful poem, "Autumn Peace." This is deservedly given the place of honor in the number. Mrs. Flora Adams Darling's novel, "A Social Diplomat," a story of Washington life is commenced and promises to be interesting reading. Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher's letter from England is devoted to "Seeing the Sights in London." Besides these, the *Magazine* contains sermons by Mr. Beecher in England and by Mr. Talmage at home.

* *

As usual the Southern *Bivouac* for November is exceedingly interesting. It is full of articles of general and varied interest. The article by Hugh N. Stornes, on the "Rice Fields of Carolina,"

describes very graphically one of the most picturesque features of Southern agriculture. It is fully illustrated, and from either a literary or industrial point of view is of more than passing value. Thomas M. Boyd who was a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute when Gen. Stonewall Jackson was professor of Natural Philosophy and instructor in artillery tactics gives some personal reminiscences of the great soldier, which are of more than usual value in forming an estimate of his character. O. B. Mayor has a story of the Revolutionary war entitled "The two marksmen of Ruff's Mountain," the scene of which, is in South Carolina. It is a vivid picture of life in the hill-country at that time. The piece will be concluded in December. The *Bivouac* is a valuable journal.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

—Delaware College has abolished co-education.

—At Princeton the Fresh class will have compulsory gymnastic exercises throughout the year.

—Lafayette's disorderly spirit has again revived. It manifested itself in a cane-rush and several hours of midnight noise.

—The annual cane-rush at Yale was witnessed by 2,000 people.

—Foot-ball has taken the place of cane-rush at Cornell.

—Muhlenberg has 25 Freshmen; Dickinson, 26; Haverford, 28; Franklin & Marshall, 29; Gettysburg, 35; Rutgers, 40; Wake Forest, 55; N. C. University, 90; Amherst, 80; Williams, 95; Smith, 100; Willisby, 166; Princeton, 191; Cornell, 230.

—Statistics show that the attendance at the German Universities for the summer sessions just closed was 28,021, divided as follows: Berlin, 4,434; Leipzig, 3,960; Munich, 3,035; Hall, 1,518; Breslau, 1,425; Turbinger, 1,403; Wuerzburg, 1,369; Freiburg, 1,319; Bonn, 1,293; Goettengin, 1,076; Heidelberg, 1,036; Greifswald, 1,016; Marburg, 939; Earlangen, 909; Komegsberg, 876; Strassburg, 846; Jena, 655; Kiel, 42; Giessen, 513; Rostock, 313.

The increase over previous years is remarkable. In 1880 the total number was 20,988, an increase of 7,033 in half a decade. The principle increase has been in both theological and medical departments. The number of law students has decreased.

—Base ball seems to have undisputed sway at Muhlenburg College.

—A mock parliament, patterned after the English parliament is successfully carried on at Johns Hopkins. They have a similar institution, tho' on style of the American Congress, at Cornell.

—Williams College is taking lead of all other colleges, except Harvard and Yale, in forming an athletic league.

—Harvard is still the largest college in the country; Oberlin comes second, and Columbia has fallen to third place; Michigan is fourth and Yale fifth.

—James Russell Lowell has resumed his position as professor of Modern Languages and Belles Letters at Harvard. He is conducting two courses; one in Italian, *Dante*, and the other in Spanish *Cervantes*.

—The topical system has been adopted in the study of American

History at Cornell. Each number of the class is assigned a topic, in the preparation of which he is expected to engage in original investigation. The report is to be in the form of an essay and handed to the Professor.

—The *Syracusan* says: Were there as many ladies in each of the other classes as there are in the Freshman class, a stranger might think ours a female college that had opened its doors to gentlemen.

—The students at the University of Pennsylvania will reproduce the Greek play entitled, "The Acharnians" at the Academy of Music in New York, on Friday evening November 19th.

—Harvard, Yale, Cornell and Princeton have daily papers.

—It is said that Georgia chartered the first female college that was ever built in the world.

—An interesting coincidence it is that Yale should confer LL. D. upon Oliver W. Holmes, Jr., while Oxford was doing much the same for Oliver W. Holmes, Sr.

—Of the 307,804 teachers in the public schools of the United States and Territories, 198,000 or nearly two thirds are women.

—Forty-one books written by the members of the Yale Faculty have been published in the last six years.

—Of the 380 Senators, Representatives and Delegates catalogued in the Congressional Directory, 208 received only an ordinary or academic education, 151 went through college, 4 were West Pointers and 6 are self-educated. Harvard has 8 graduates enrolled; University of Virginia 7; University of North Carolina 7; Princeton 6; Yale, Miami and Michigan 5 each; Union 4; Bowdoin 4; Dartmouth, Hamilton, Amherst, Williams and Trinity 2 each.

—It is said that of every one hundred freshman that enter Yale seventy-five graduate, and at Harvard seventy-four.

—A gentleman from Chicago has sued Harvard College for \$50,000 damages for injuries received by the explosion of chemicals which he was using under the directions of a professor.

—It is reported that the alumni of Yale are raising a fund of \$100,000 for the purpose of building for her the finest gymnasium in the world.

—The new President of Yale is the third Dwight that has been elected to that position. The first one entered upon his duties about 100 years ago and the President Dwight of to-day is in a direct line of descent from him.

—In this country it has been discovered that the distinctively

scientific schools number 92; Manual schools, 255; Medical colleges, 145; Institutions for the higher education of women, 236; Law schools, 57; There are 370 universities and colleges in the United States with an attendance of 65,522 students.

—The following story of President Hopkins is told in one of the college journals: The President meeting on a car a student whose character of sobriety was not good and whose appearance was an evidence of a recent debauch, approached him and solemnly and reproachfully said, "Been on a drunk." "So have I," was the immediate reply.

—Ex-President Noah Porter, of Yale College, assisted by one hundred associate editors and clerks getting out a revised edition of Webster's dictionary.

—Gen. Francis A. Walker at

the instance of Senator Stanford will soon visit Europe to inspect some of the colleges of England, France and Germany; for the benefit, if any can be derived of the proposed Stanford University of California.

—The German government has ordered the establishment of chairs in Hygiene in all the Universities of the Empire.

—Of the late ex-President McLean it is stated that he was born in Princeton, the son of a Princeton Professor; graduated from the college in 1816, and immediately became a tutor in the institution. He was made professor of Mathematics in 1823 and President in 1854. After 1868, when he was succeeded by Dr. McCosh, he continued to live in Princeton, his whole life thus being passed under the shadow of the college.

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CHARLOTTE, N. C.

 Visits Chapel Hill on the 15th of March and October.

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Paul C. Cameron

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF HON. P. C. CAMERON.

BY MRS. C. P. SPENCER.

PAUL CARRINGTON CAMERON whose portrait graces this No. of our UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, was the second son of the late Judge Duncan Cameron and his wife Rebecca Bennehan. He was born September 25th, 1808, at Stagville, Orange Co., the residence of his grand-father, Richard Bennehan.

A few words as to the Cameron family so well and widely known in this and other States may be of interest to our readers of the present date, and of value to the historian hereafter. The study of genealogy is yet in its infancy

among us and the interest excited by its details may possibly be but languid. That they are of importance however is undeniable. The taste for such inquiries should be cultivated, and family records should be carefully made and preserved.

The Camerons are, of course, of Scotch descent. Their immediate ancestor in this country was an Episcopalian clergyman, the Rev. John Cameron, D. D., a native of Scotland, born in the village of Farintosh in the Highlands, a lineal descendant of Sir Ewen Cameron, chief of the clan, of

whom it was written that he was "a man of loyal heart, who obeyed his king and adored his God."

The Rev. John Cameron came to America equipped with an excellent classical education. He was a graduate of an Edinburg College, and had been admitted to orders in the Church of England. He landed at Newport News in Virginia during the colonial government, and had his first charge in Mecklenburg county on the Roanoke river, not far from Alexander's Ferry. While here he married Anne Owen, a daughter of Col. Thomas Nash, elder brother of Gov. Abner and Gen. Francis Nash, both distinguished in the Revolutionary history of North Carolina. These brothers were all born in Prince Edward county, Va., their father having come from Wales; and all three settled in North Carolina and became identified with her history.

It was during the residence of Dr. Cameron in Mecklenburg county, that his eldest child Duncan, was born in 1777. Subsequently Dr. Cameron was called to the old Blandford church near Petersburg, where for years he ministered to a large congregation of intelligent planters, merchants and professional men. The church and parsonage occupied by him are still standing and in good preservation. There for many years he was a prominent figure in the

community, a useful parish priest celebrating the marriages and funerals of all classes far and near in town and country.

Declining health induced him to resign his extensive charge to his son-in-law, Rev. Andrew Syme and he then took the oversight of two country churches in Lunenburg county, and opened a select classical school where many bright boys were educated who afterwards became well-known and honored citizens of Virginia. Dr. Cameron left behind him at his death the reputation of a good man, a good scholar, a successful preacher and teacher, who went in for law and order in church and school. Very many of his pupils had no other schooling than his. His son Duncan was never at college and never had any other teacher than his father.

Two brothers of Dr. Cameron followed him to America. His brother William, like himself an educated Scotchman, and an Episcopalian clergyman, spent most of his life at William and Mary College. He was the friend and travelling companion of Bishop Madison, and descending the Sweet Spring Mountain with the Bishop, he was thrown from the carriage and so injured that he never recovered from it. His other brother, Duncan, who was a merchant, came to America with his family in a merchant-m-

with a cargo of linen. Landing at City Point, he went to Petersburg with his family, but was so disgusted with a short view of slavery—its aspects and results, that he would not unload his ship, but returned forthwith with family and effects to Scotland. Another brother, Ewen, not so well educated—engaged in business as a mill-builder, went to Kentucky or Tennessee, where he married, and his children removed to Texas, where some success attended them, Cameron county being named for some of them. William E. Cameron the able and distinguished Ex-Governor of Virginia is a great grand-son of Dr. John Cameron.

At a very early age Duncan Cameron was allowed to accept an invitation from Judge Paul Carrington, of Prince Edward county, to read law in his office and become an inmate of his family. When he was nineteen years old Judge Carrington advised him to apply for a license at once, and in North Carolina, since in Virginia he could not obtain one till he was twenty-one, while in North Carolina no such requirement was then necessary. The young man took this advice and came direct to the residence of Gov. James Turner, of Warren, the only person in the State whom he knew. Gov. Turner received him very kindly, and sent him on with a

letter of introduction to Judge John Haywood then living in Franklin county. Arriving in Franklin, he found the Judge out in a swamp duck shooting, and making known his business and presenting Gov. Turner's letter, the examination commenced as they walked back to the house. It was continued after supper that evening, and the license was granted, the embryo lawyer writing his own license at the order of the Judge, who signed it with many words of encouragement, and advised the young stranger to settle in Guilford county, giving him a letter of introduction to Col. Hamilton, Clerk of the Court.

It was when going over to attend Granville court that Duncan Cameron first met, at the residence of Walter Alves on Little river, his future wife Miss Rebecca, only daughter of Richard Bennehan then a wealthy planter and merchant at Stagville in Granville. His marriage and further success in North Carolina, induced his brothers, John, William and Dr. Thomas Cameron, and his sister Mrs. W. Anderson, to follow him to this State. John graduated at Chapel Hill in 1806, with the first honors of his class, and afterwards practiced law in the Fayetteville district with success; was made President of the Branch U. S. Bank, and afterwards Judge of U. S. District

Court of Florida. He was lost at sea in the ship-wreck of the steamer Pulaski, outside Charleston harbor. Dr. Thomas practiced his profession of medicine in Fayetteville, was a member of the Legislature and of the State Council and enjoyed the confidence of the community where he lived and died. William was a man of delicate health—a planter and tanner. His grand-son is now Governor of Virginia.

Duncan Cameron rose early and rapidly to reputation as a lawyer and man of affairs. In 1800 he was Clerk of Supreme Court. In 1806-'7-'12 and 13 he was member of the House of Commons from Orange. In 1814 was made Judge Superior Court, which office he resigned in '16. In 1819-'22-'23 he was State Senator from Orange. In 1829 he was made President of the old State Bank of North Carolina, which he retained till his resignation in '49. His death occurred at his residence in Raleigh in 1853.

In all these various offices of public trust, Judge Cameron proved himself a man of signal ability, force of character and integrity, an excellent and successful lawyer as long as he remained at the Bar;—on the Bench his learning, his strong convictions and his elevated character gave him great influence and authority, while as a financier his

shrewd sense and skilful management were unsurpassed. On his marriage he had settled in Orange county, where in a quiet and unostentatious manner he exercised an ample hospitality, entertaining all comers with unaffected and cheerful cordiality. It is largely to the influence and example of such citizens as he that North Carolina owes her character and reputation abroad for steadiness, honesty and solid worth.

Mr. Cameron has presented this year to the Dialectic Society, a fine portrait of his father by the artist Wm. G. Brown.

In compliment to his early friend and benefactor, Judge Cameron named his second son Paul Carrington, and his youngest daughter for Mrs. Carrington—Mildred Coles. He had six daughters and two sons: Mary, Margaret, Rebecca, Jean, Ann Owen, Mildred, Thomas and Paul. Margaret married the late Gen. Mordecai, of Raleigh, surviving him a few years and dying childless. Paul Carrington is the sole survivor of his father's children and his children are the only descendants of the Judge. He married December 20th, 1832. Ann, second daughter of Chief Justice Ruffin, at the Ruffin residence Alamance county. This union has now for fifty-four years secured Mr. Cameron's domestic happiness. Seven of their children

ren have lived to maturity: Rebecca, wife of Major John W. Graham who died leaving a family of six children; Anne R., wife of Maj. Geo. P. Collins; Margaret B., wife of Robert B. Peebles; Pauline C., wife of Wm. B. Shepard; Mildred Coles, unmarried; * Duncan, who married Mary Short; Bennehan, unmarried.

Mr. Cameron received his education partly at the University of North Carolina, (1825-'26) and partly at what is now Trinity College, Hartford, at which latter institution he graduated July, 1829. He read law in Raleigh in the office of his father, Judge Cameron, looking forward to the practice of that profession with eager ambition. Like many other Southern gentlemen however, he was heavily weighted at the start by responsibilities and duties which could neither be ignored, nor delegated to others. A large landed interest and the guardianship of numerous slaves demanded his care, and he became of necessity a planter, managing not only his own estate, but his father's and those of various near relatives committed to his charge in the States of North Carolina, Alabama and Mississippi.

In the conduct of these responsibilities Mr. Cameron has exhibited for more than fifty years

an administrative and financial ability, an energy and an integrity which would have secured him high honors on any field of action. His career has been characterized by a simple straight-forward devotion to what he conceived to be duty in every relation of life. As a son, as the head of a family, as a citizen, and as the guardian of nineteen hundred slaves, his course may challenge inquiry and would no doubt repay it. The very mistakes of such men are instructive. That Mr. Cameron has never erred no one will affirm; that he has been able to please everybody in the conduct of his extensive and multifarious interests is equally doubtful; but his strict sense of honor, of justice, and his unflinching adherence to what appeared to him *right*, at the time, have never been called in question.

He engaged with great earnestness in all agricultural improvement, advocated the early introduction of labor-saving machines, and the adoption of the best and most intelligent systems of farming. He was president of the first agricultural society organized in North Carolina, and his address at its first meeting is a model of practical suggestion and sagacious forecast. He has always been an ardent supporter of internal improvements, and though incurring losses occasionally, as all pioneers in such work do, he has always

* Since the above was written we regret to learn of the death of Mr. Duncan Cameron at his father's residence in Hillsboro, Nov. 27th.

been a large contractor and stockholder on our railroads. On the building of the N. C. Road he was the first man to enter on the work, and the first to complete his section. Subsequently he succeeded Col. Fisher as its President and was for years one of its Directors. A Director also for the last ten years of the R. & G. and of the R. & A. Air-Line. In 1856 he was a member of the State Senate. Whenever an important committee could procure Mr. Cameron as its chairman, the public have long felt that the business in hand would be done, and well done.

Mr. Cameron has never sought office and never has accepted it but at the call of duty, and when he felt that he could serve the State. The successful management of his large estates, the performance of his duty to his own family and wide circle of friends and the exercise of a genial and truly Southern hospitality at his plantation of Farintosh, or his home in Hillsboro, have sufficiently employed his energies. He was one of the very few Southern planters whom emancipation found free from debt, so that he retained his landed property and re-established his fortunes on the new basis with undiminished credit and success. His conservative principles have always been moderated by an intelligent liberality, and this fine spirit keeps

him now in advanced life still fresh and indomitable, *en rapport* with all around him, and making the best of the inevitable with judgment and sagacity unimpaired. His army of slaves had ever received strictly humane treatment. He took pride in the knowledge that all his dependants were well fed, clothed and housed, and that their condition might challenge comparison with that of any in the fifteen slave States of the Union. When freed at the close of the civil war, they parted from their master with kindly feeling, and the elder ones greet him yet wherever they chance to meet him, North or South, with the same exhibition of attachment. He has really a right to be as proud of this record as of any other of his life's work, and it is probable that he is, for he tells with some zest in these latter days of a family of negroes devised to him by a friend "*for emancipation*," whom he settled in Liberia under the care of the American Colonization Society providing them with house and food for twelve months, and one thousand dollars in gold as an outfit. They all returned from Africa and presented themselves at the door of his house in Orange county, *begging him to take them back as slaves*.

Reviewing his life in a recent letter to a friend Mr. Cameron writes: "If I deserve *credit* for any work of my life it is for the

part I have taken in discharge of my office as a Trustee of the University; steadfast and true to its interests at all times, and anxious how to make it in future the best ornament of the State. I am glad to recall that I was able to save the Trustees in 1859-'60 from the humiliation of seeing the new East and West Building left standing incompleted for the want of funds,—and that Memorial Hall in '84-'85 would have stood uncovered and unfinished if I had not willingly advanced the necessary sum."

He has been in truth the central figure in University affairs since its restoration and re-organization in 1875. Its speedy rehabilitation then was due to his energetic oversight, and he has ever since been an active and influential and most judicious member of the Executive Committee to which is entrusted the practical conduct of the affairs of the institution. One striking evidence of the public estimation of the value of Mr. Cameron's services is seen in the fact that he was unanimously elected chairman of the Alumni Association and continued for a succession of years against his earnest protest as not being a graduate.

Mr. Cameron is a capital public speaker. He goes to the point, commands attention and is always effective. Those who have been

so fortunate as to hear his singularly neat, elegant, and animated short speeches on various occasions at the University commencements will remember them long as models of their kind. His most elaborate performance here was the address delivered at the Inauguration of Memorial Hall at the commencement of '85. With great propriety he had been invoked by the authorities as the orator of the occasion, for to him more than to any other man this beautiful and interesting building owes its erection. Without at all detracting from the merits of such co-workers as Gov. Jarvis and President Battle we may say this much; its first conception was his, and to his untiring energy, activity, enthusiasm and timely pecuniary advances, it was mainly due that in less than two years from the making the first brick, the building was completed and handed over to the Trustees of the Institution. Memorial Hall is in truth Mr. Cameron's own best monument. Several of the tablets within its walls were placed at his expense. To him is due that the founder of the University, General Davie, has his place there—a most graceful tribute from the latest powerful friend of the college to the earliest.

His address was an extremely interesting *resumé* of his connection with Chapel Hill, and asso-

ciation with the many distinguished men whose names are linked with its history. His tribute to each of these old friends was generous and discriminating. It was precisely such an address as the occasion demanded and though written amid a rush of business and family cares and anxieties, is a fine specimen of good writing, good taste, and the clearest English.

Mr. Cameron's frequent visits to Chapel Hill within the past few years have placed him before us in a most amiable and prepossessing light. His ruddy complexion and bright dark eyes surrounded by an aureole of snow-white curling hair, his air of habitual command conjoined with the fine courtesy of a thoroughbred gentleman of the old school afford a picture that our young people will do well to keep in mind.

One aspect of Mr. Cameron's character should not be omitted in any delineation of him, and that is his benignant interest in young people, and in their pleasures. For years he has made a point of being present at the Commencement dances, and the Senior Reception, giving them dignity, and endorsing their claims to public respect by his presence.

Our venerable friend stands now representative to the rising generation of a class of men the

like of whom will never again be seen in our country. Their faults as well as their virtues have been the product of a system of life now passed away forever. The Southern slave-holder will figure in History, will adorn the pages of Romance, and will be held up alternately to the admiration or to the scorn of mankind, as tyrant or as patriarch according as friend or foe shall depict him. We who know them well, who recall the high-toned chivalrous gentleman, the ardent patriotic citizen, the generous friend and neighbor, the tender husband and father, the just and humane master—we take courage when we reflect that the final Judge of all is not a man. God alone knows through what difficulties the Southern planter went forward to his duty, how fearfully weighted by his inheritance, how blinded, how hampered, how weakened by circumstances which neither he nor his fathers could control.

With these remembrances, we look with reverence and affection on those who remain. Their failings have vanished from our vision, and we bid our young men take courage from the example of their virtues to go on in the path of duty without fear and without reproach.

Mr. Cameron rejoices at present in the possession of eighteen promising grand-children. We may be permitted to express the hope that he may live to see many more around him, and that not one of all the number may fail to cheer his heart, or to do honor to a worthy lineage.

THE GREEK'S VISION.

From cloudless firmament, the moon
 O'er the lone site of Delphi shone,
 As on her cliffs, with toil oppress,
 The young Greek laid him down to rest :—
 But rested not. For who could sleep
 Upon that consecrated steep ?—
 Who see unmoved Parnassus' height,
 Still with the latest sunbeams bright,
 Or stand upon the sacred sod
 Where from his temple spoke the god,
 And, by his oracle, of old
 The coming fate of empires told,
 And sink untroubled into rest,
 With mournful visions unoppress ?
 What rudest stranger could have viewed
 Unawed, this holy solitude—
 This spot, by memory hallowed
 Of by-gone days, forever fled ?
 What tyrant could have rested here,
 Nor dropped for hapless Greece a tear ?
 Then deeper far must he have felt—
 The solitary Greek—who knelt
 With reverence on that sacred ground,
 To meditate the scene around.
 The silvery moonbeams' mellow hue
 Softened the rude spot to the view ;
 Behind, Parnassus' double height,
 Defying still the shades of night,
 High-lifted its sunlighted brow
 Majestic o'er the cliff's below.
 The pines, which on its sides reclined,
 Sighed mournful to the rushing wind—
 The sickly, melancholy glow
 Which o'er the gloom the moonbeams
 throw,—
 The distant cataract's deadened noise—
 The moaning breeze's stilly voice—
 The sad scene which before him lay,
 Glad in the twilight's mantle gray ;
 Silent, and desolate, and lone,
 With here and there a shivered stone,—
 The only relics that remain,

To mark the site of that proud fane,
 Within which erst Apollo dwelt,
 And trembling kings by proxy knelt :—
 All these in mournful accents speak
 Of desolation to the Greek,
 As on the earth his frame he throws
 To muse upon his country's woes.

At intervals his eye he raised
 To view the scene ; and as he gazed
 Before his mind the figures flit
 To which it erst was consecrate.
 Fancied, but vivid not the less,
 The figure of the Pythoness,
 Her face the lines of passion graving,
 Her long white hair around her waving,
 The lifted hand—the bloodshot eye—
 The smothered shout of ecstasy—
 As her mind penetrated through,
 Time's vista opening to its view,
 And, in the trance of prophecy,
 The future passed before his eye,—
 Seemed faint to stand before his sight,
 Half-hidden, half-disclosed in night.

But suddenly he starts with fear,
 As sounds unearthly greet his ear ;
 Now as the lute, heard from afar,
 Now swelling to the trump of war,
 Now sinking into funeral wail—
 Now rushing like the stormy gale,
 Unable or to stand or flee,
 Trembling, he sank upon his knee,
 As voices from the holy ground
 Arose, and mingled with the sound.

“Awake, Hellenian ! sleep'st thou now !
 In Morpheus' mantle wrapped art thou
 When Greece aroused is Greece again,
 And rushes to the battle-plain ?
 Once more aspiring to be free,
 She rouses from her lethargy—

Casts off the ignominious yoke,
 Ne'er to be riveted, once broke !
 Her youths are crowding to her ranks,
 Shout high, and form the firm phalanx ;
 The flame that erst illumed the land,
 That led to death the Spartan band,
 With Philopœmen that expired,
 Their renovated souls hath fired :—
 And Freedom's banner waves on high,
 O'er spirits that prevail or die.
 Greece starts, and buckling on the sword
 Defies her proud barbarian lord—;
 Wake ! roused from sleep not only be,
 Wake, oh awake—to liberty !

' Rise, Grecian, at thy country's voice,
 And at the glorious call rejoice !
 Alas for her ! Her silent shore,
 To Freedom's chant resounds no more !
 A stranger tyrant rules the land,
 Where rest the Lacedemonian band.
 And where in death they still are free,
 Their sepulchre, Thermopylæ.
 Those seas, whose briny waters lave
 The bones of her departed brave ;
 Seas, with her heroes' blood oft red—;
 Where oft the Persian turned and fled
 Before her fleets—those glorious seas,
 The Libyan pirate ravages !
 And Greece is now a slave to slaves
 Of those she conquered on their waves !
 But to the upstart Turcoman,
 The work of ruin has begun,—
 Burst into action Freedom's cause ;
 Greece the keen-edged sabre draws,
 Which long has rusted in repose,
 And the cursed yoke from round her throws ;
 Tho' past are her meridian days,
 Expired her pristine glory's blaze,
 Clotted with rust her battle brand,
 And foreign tyrants rule the land ;
 Though Freedom's banner now is furled,
 The goddess from her temple hurled,
 Her former race of heroes dead,
 And all her gathered glories fled,
 Some ne'er to be recovered—yet,
 Her sun has not forever set :—
 Restored that glory soon shall be,
 Like to its pristine brilliancy ;

That banner soon be spread, and wave
 Over a band of warriors brave,
 Sons, worthy their extinguished sires,
 Whom Liberty returns and fires ;
 Who, at her trumpet call shall spring
 And back to life her laurels bring :
 The mists which now her sky o'ercast,
 Her rising sun disperse at last ;
 That rusted brand leap from its sheath,
 And brighten in the work of death :
 And horrible shall be its work ;
 Dreadful its flashings to the Turk !
 I say, who never said in vain,
 Your country shall be Greece again !
 Again a voice from Delphi speaks,
 To promise liberty to Greeks.

' Grecian, arise !—rouse thee from sleep—
 The sleep of slavery—more deep
 Than stagnant Stygian pool—far worse
 Than all the pangs of Tantalus !
 Degenerate tho' thy lips to lave
 In servitude's Lethæan wave ;
 Tho' sunk so low to bow the knee
 To stranger lords, themselves not free—
 Slave tho' thou art—I say arise !
 Gird, gird thy limbs—thy country cries—
 She wakes to liberty again—
 Go, hie thee to the battle-plain !
 Say, pin'st thou not for freedom's dawn,
 Condemned a slave to roam forlorn,
 O'er wilds, whose every spot displays
 The mouldering wrecks of happier days !
 Darest thou, a slave, to tread the sod,
 Where fearless once your fathers trod ?
 Darest thou, a slave, the spot to eye,
 Where the far-famed three hundred lie ?
 Nor fear the presence of a slave,
 Would rouse them from their hallow
 grave ?

No ! to the consecrated spot,
 Where rest their ashes, go thou not !
 Each phantom from the tomb would rise,
 And curse thee for thy cowardice !
 Call thee, dishonor to their race,
 And drive thee from their resting-place.

' Warrior, if ever flushed thy cheek,
 At the harsh term, *degenerate Greek*—

E'er thou'st known a patriot's flame—
 E'er, at mention of thy shame,
 Thou'st felt but one indignant glow
 Suffuse thy face—I tell thee, go!
 To battle, and redeem thy fame—
 Rescue from infamy thy name!—
 And that fair name on Glory's scroll
 With thy illustrious sires enroll.
 And if it be thy glorious lot
 To fall—thou shalt not fall forgot!
 Live, thou shalt acquire renown;—
 Success all thy endeavors crown;—
 Say, who never said in vain;—
 O, seek it on the battle-plain!
 Tell thee, go! by all the woes
 Thy country's annals can disclose;
 Thy every wound that mangled Greece
 Her felt from Othman's cruel race;
 Thy that band of glorious dead,
 That erst to rescue Hellas bled,
 And suffered at Thermopylæ—
 Thy yon consecrated sea—
 Thy all your torpid soul can move—
 Thy all you hate, and all you love;—
 O!—nerve your arm in Freedom's cause—
 Give Greece her liberty and laws;—
 Leave not the struggle, but with breath—
 Yield to no conqueror but death!

But if thy coward soul refuse
 Such a cause, e'en life to lose;
 Thou art callous to the flame
 That gave thine ancestors their fame—
 Not the spark thy bosom warms
 That calls thy countrymen to arms—
 Rests thy scymetar in peace
 Whilst for her freedom battles Greece—

Go!—in some corner hide your head,
 Whilst in the cause your brethren bleed—
 Thro' lingering years revolving slow,
 Live on in infamy and woe—
 Then in some nameless grave be flung,
 Justly despised—unknown to song!"

The voices ceased: the youth still kneeled,
 His heart with holy reverence filled,
 As thoughts that burn successive roll
 Across his renovated soul.
 E'er from the sacred soil he rose
 He swore, by all his country's woes,
 To listen to the phantom's call,
 And with her fortunes stand or fall;—
 Never to cease the glorious strife,
 Or yield, if requisite, his life.
 And after, e'er the radiant sun
 Its daily journey thrice had run,
 He mingled in the battle's roar,
 And stained his sword with Turkish gore;
 Unfaltering, still his course pursued
 Thro' each adverse vicissitude,
 Till, his high part accomplished well,
 Fighting in Freedom's ranks he fell,
 Loud uttering, with his latest breath,
 His war-cry, "Liberty or Death!"
 And many a sympathetic tear
 Has trickled on his honored bier;—
 The grateful Grecian bards rehearse
 His glorious deeds, in simple verse;—
 And the delivered Grecian fair
 With sorrowing bosoms oft repair,
 Mid the descending evening gloom,
 To scatter flowers upon his tomb.

P. W. ALSTON.

THE HOLY GRAIL MYTH.

The sources of great works of art must ever be of the deepest interest to us. To see a rude old story, which for ages has lain lifeless amid the rubbish of time, transmuted by a Shakespeare into a new form of life and beauty enlarges our conception of human powers. Here is the work of genius to bring forth a new soul whether from the carcass of another age or not. No richer storehouse of such transmutable material can be found than the national legends of a country, breathed forth in an age of spontaneous faith. Such are the legends of Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, the fountain and inspiration of so much English poetry. In our own day the greatest of living poets has fashioned anew the old stories; and it is with the growth of the material used in one of the most exquisite of the "Idyls of the King" that we now have to do.

The Arthurian cycle of legends were centuries in maturing. That enchanted world of noble Knights and fair ladies, of joists and quests and adventurous deeds grew only with time from their rude beginnings of the sixth century. In

that century the little island of Britain was the scene of a great race struggle. Our anglo-saxon fore-fathers were slowly but surely pushing back the blue-eyed Britons to their western wilds. But the conquered Britains loved to look back at the days when they were masters, and their vivacious fancy and joyous brightness wove around that last great struggle a gorgeous web of myth. In this myth Arthur became the representative British chieftain and expanded from century to century, till he outgrew this petty struggle, and became the hero of England, the conquerer of the world.

In this state we find the Arthurian cycle in the early part of the twelfth century, just before it received a living soul from another myth that was born about that time, and grew to it—that of the *Holy Grail* or *Sangreal*, the dish from which our Saviour ate the paschal lamb at the last supper.

The origin of the *Sangreal* myth has been a subject of great dispute among scholars, but so much seems at least to be certain that it first received a literary expression in the latter part of the

welfth century at the hands of Walter Map or Mapes, an English ecclesiastic of Welsh descent.

The story of the Grail was embodied by May in two Latin volumes; the *Romance of the Holy Grail*, sometimes called the *Romance of Joseph of Arimathea*, and the *Romance of the Quest of the Holy Grail*, which was probably a later conception. The Latin originals of these romances are both lost, but the old French prose translations of Robert de Borron, a poet of the court of Montbeliard in the region of the Vosages, still remain.

The Romance of the Sangreal is supposed to be related by a hermit, to whom, in the year 717 A. D., "was shown by an angel a wonderful vision of the noble decurion Joseph, who took down the body of our Lord from the cross, and of that dish from which our Lord supped with his disciples." In substance it is as follows:

After Christ's death Joseph was imprisoned by the Jews, in a windowless dungeon, where he remained for forty-two years, till released by Vespasian. During these long years, which seemed to him but as three days, he was sustained in a wonderful manner by the Holy Grail, which had been given to him by Pilate and had been doubly consecrated by receiving some of the blood from

Christ's wounds. (By God's command, he then proceeds with his son Joseph and a numerous company to Sarras, the city of King Evalach, whom he converts and presents with a wonderful shield, white, with a cross of red upon it. Joseph and his company then journey to the apostle Philip in Gaul, and thence to England. Here he carefully deposits the Sangreal in the treasury of a British King.) The History of the Holy Grail contains in its earlier forms scarcely anything of the wonderful adventures and spiritual meaning which we associate with it from Tennyson's beautiful Idyl, and is only connected with the Arthurian cycle by a prophesy of the coming of Galahad and the quest.

The material of the story as we know it is found in Map's second romance, the *Quest of the Holy Grail*. Here the myth is first interwoven with the legends of the Round Table. Here we first find that spiritual knighthood which transcends mere worldly knighthood. Sir Launcelot, the type of worldly chivalry, becomes father of Galahad, the type of spiritual chivalry by Elama the daughter of King Relles, a descendant of Joseph of Arimathea, in whose castle the Holy Grail appears. On his arrival at manhood the young knight Galahad is presented at Arthur's court and

sits in the Siege Perilous, the seat where none but the pure can sit.

The Holy Grail, accompanied by a mysterious beam of light, appears in the hall, and the Knights swear to undertake the quest. But this is a quest in which none but the pure can succeed, and though many start forth, only three are successful, Galahad, Percival and Bors. These three, guided by Percival's holy sister, reach the city of Sarras, where they at last see the Holy Grail, and receive the sacrament from it at the hands of Joseph, sent again to earth for this purpose. Here Galahad and Percival die, and Bors alone struggles back to Camelot to relate their adventures to the thinned remnant of Arthur's Knights. The Holy Grail is the type of God's glory upon earth, a full revelation of which can only be attained by purity of life. The noble Launcelot, tainted by his deadly sin, obtains only a dim vision of the Grail after deep, humble repentance. The light, worldly Gawaine soon turns back wearied with the quest.

We will best understand the feelings which led Map to develop the legend, after examining the man and his environment.

The twelfth century was an age of the darkest superstition and ignorance. Nothing was too preposterous for men's belief.

The world was peopled with dragons and fabulous beings. Eclipses threw all Europe into terror. Religion had degenerated into the wildest fanaticism. The clergy was sunk in corruption and debauchery. The profligacy of the priests was a byword. Relics were the objects of the highest reverence, and were believed to possess the most potent virtues. The crusades, the maddest of fanatical wars, contributed not a little to this right of superstition. The noblest blood of Europe was poured out in the far east and kings left their realms, and the duties of their kingdoms to lead on frenzied armies to gain the Holy sepulchre.

Living in this period, himself an ecclesiastic, Map was in many respects far in advance of his age. He saw clearly the corruption of the church and the evils of the crusades, and made it the high object of his life to oppose these abuses. The former he satirized in the person of the fictitious bishop Golias a name from Goliath the appetite. The latter he attacked openly and by producing the legend of the Holy Grail. This struck at the spirit of the crusades by hallowing England itself by the immediate presence of Christ's own followers, and building around it a glorious spiritualism which well might vie

in the far West with that of the crusades in the far East.

The chief source on which Map drew in his story was the legend of Joseph of Arimathea. The legend of Joseph was of early growth. In the Apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus, supposed to belong to the second century, it is related how Joseph was imprisoned by the Jews, how he was miraculously delivered by Christ, and sent to his own city of Arimathea. But it is not until several hundred years later, in the early part of the twelfth century, that we find that version of the story which was used by Map. It is then related by William of Malmesburg in his *De Antiquitate Glastoniensis Ecclesiæ*. He relates how Joseph, after his return to Arimathea, on the dispersal of the disciples, came to the apostle Philip in Gaul and was sent by him along with twelve holy men to preach the gospel in Britain; how Joseph came to Glastonburg, and there built of wattled twigs the first church on British soil; how the heathen king Arviragus gave him and his companions the marshy island of Avallon (Welsh, *Yfallwyn*, an orchard) and the district called the twelve wides of Glastonburg; and how the holy men who came after him constantly strove to preserve the number of twelve. We here find

nothing but the story of a saint invented by some monk who was zealous for the honor of his native church, and who, unwilling that it should owe its origin to Rome, localized the legend probably for the sake of drawing pilgrims to Glastonburg. We must look too to another source for some of the incidents of the marvelous allegorical story. He is much indebted to certain old Welsh legends of which the legend of Pheredur in the *Mabinogion* or *Red Book of Hergist* is a representative. The *Mabinogion* in the form in which we possess it belongs to the fourteenth century and though it cannot represent the earliest form of the legend, the substitution of a salver containing a bloody head for the Holy Grail and of the personal enmity of the "sorceresses of Glouster" for the grand spiritual truths of the Grail, compel us to believe it the remains of earlier British legend.

Pheredur is the Welsh Percival, the Knight of the Bad Arms, and through all the story the resemblances to the Grail myth are most striking. In both the young Percival is recognized as a great Knight on his arrival at Arthur's court by dumb persons speaking. In the story of Pheredur the salver containing the bleeding head is associated with a bleeding

spear, just as the Holy Grail is associated with the spear with which Christ's side was pierced.

Map must have been well acquainted with both these sources of the legend. Living in the counties adjoining Glastonburg, he could not fail to be familiar with its wonderful history; and to have had pointed out to him the thorn blossoming at Christmas, which sprung from St. Joseph's staff, and there too he must have seen the wonderful altar "sapphirus" brought to St. David from Palestine by angel hands and only rediscovered in his own life-time—a striking symbol of the Grail taken up into heaven and at length returned to earth. For the story was that the Grail was received into heaven in seasons of wickedness, and was only suffered to descend when purity returned to the earth.

Himself a Welshman and chaplain to Henry II., he must often have heard the bards of the Welsh nobles who came to court rehearse the legend of Pheredur among those stories of Arthur's times they loved so well.

The idea of centering the materials and the different forms of such a legend around the cup used by our Saviour at the last supper, was probably suggested to Map by the discovery at the sacking of Cesarea by the crusaders of a dish, made of a single

emerald, supposed to have been the identical one used by Christ. This cup is now preserved in Genoa in the treasury of the cathedral of San Lorenzo, and is really a hexagonal dish of greenish glass. The lance associated with it had even earlier become a subject of legend, and William of Malmestury tells us that it was among the presents sent to King Athelstan by Hugh King of the Franks in 926, A. D.

For the shield and arms of Galahad, Map was indebted to the order of the Templars, and it is at least a curious coincidence when viewed in connection with the salver and bloody head of the Mabinogion, that the Templars were accused of worshipping idols particularly a head before which the novitiates were compelled to prostrate themselves.

We have seen that the connection between the Grail legend and the Arthurian cycle in Joseph of Arimathea was very faint, and that it was only in the later quest of the Sangreal that this connection is brought forward and perfected. The legends were at first separate and their connection was an after thought, growing most naturally from the association of each of them with the Abbey of Glastonburg, the scene of Joseph's life-work and of Arthur's burial.

Though we may trace the various sources to which Map was

indebted for his materials, the form and the spirit of the Sangrean myth are his own. Nowhere else do we find the same spiritual allegory, which treats the Grail as the type of God's grace, the quest as man's struggle on earth for glory in heaven. These are Map's own work. Here we may attribute the authorship not to vague traditions but to the glorious genius of one man.

The Holy Grail legend was well suited to the spirit of the twelfth century. The mysticism of the myth sank deep into the hearts of men already frenzied by the fanaticism of the crusades, and Map's work found imitators and rivals in the French poets Guiot de Provencal, Robert de Borron, and Chrestien de Troyes, and the German Wolfram von Eschenbach. The works of Chrestien de Troyes were mainly metrical translations of those of Map, but he expanded the part of Percival, making him the hero of another romance *Parcival le Gallois*. The works of Guiot are lost, but those of Wolfram, which are avowedly founded on them, still survive. Wolfram seized fully on the allegorical idea of the myth, and his *Parcival* is the story of a man striving toward the light, at first wavering, trusting to his own strength, afterwards learning true humility and attaining his object with lowly repentance.

In Wolfram's story the spiritual idea of the Grail has become differentiated farther from the worldly idea of the Round Table. The Grail has become the center of a spiritual chivalry, which has its own seat on Mount Salvor in Northern Spain, where the Sangrean is guarded in a splendid palace by a holy order of Knights. The likeness of Percival to the story of Pheredur is minute and striking, and may be accounted for on the supposition that Guiot, whom Wolfram followed, modified the story as he received it on the basis of similar legends among the cells of Northern France, who retained some intercourse with their Welsh cousins.

After the subsiding of the religious enthusiasm to which it owed its popularity, the vitality of the Grail myth passed away. It was no longer carried from mouth to mouth, from country to country, sweeping men's feelings with it. It became simply a beautiful story of the olden time—evidence of an intellectual life that had passed away. But its antique beauty was not always to be dead; at the touch of genius in our own day it starts up to new life. With deeper meaning, teaching higher, purer truths, the Holy Grail of Alfred Tennyson embalms the same old story for many a succeeding generation.

M.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR AND FALSTAFF— AN ECHO FROM THE UNIVERSITY SHAKESPEARE CLUB.

The Merry Wives of Windsor is generally accepted as a good comedy. Warton calls it "the most complete specimen of Shakespeare's comic powers."

Johnson says: "This comedy is remarkable for the number and variety of personages, who exhibit more characters appropriated and discriminated than perhaps can be found in any other play. Its general power, that power by which all works of genius shall finally be tried, is such that perhaps it never yet had reader or spectator who did not think it too soon at an end."

The Welsh parson, the French doctor, the jovial Host, swaggering Pistol, humorous Nym, justice Shallow, fool Slender, the merry wives and pretty Mistress Anne Page are all characters worthy of being classed high on the Shakesperian roll.

The queen desired Shakespeare to show Falstaff in love. Modern criticism—perhaps the same that desires to prove Lord Bacon the author of Shakespeare's works—doubts that the Merry Wives was written at the queen's request.

Rowe receives this from Betterton who was old enough to have received it from contemporary authority. Dennis, Gildon, Pope, Theobald, Furnival, Dowden and Hudson accept this as true.

Such authorities we cannot dispute.

Here was a task.

Falstaff in love! Why we imagine him say as Richard III did:

"And this word—love, which graybeards call divine,

Be resident in men like one another
And not in me; I am myself alone."

But a man that had written Romeo and Juliet, a Merchant of Venice, a Henry IV, a Richard III, could prove equal to almost any task.

Not to write the play would be discourteous,—to represent Falstaff truly in love with any save himself would be impossible,—to represent him feigning love, overtaken and "made an ass of" impracticable.

He must disobey the queen or throw a shadow over his hero whose wit had become proverbial. His all-seeing eye could well discern that the queen desired a

poistrous play full of life. So love must be feigned. He might have made lust victorious, but this would not have been consistent with this greatest of all moral teachers. What should he do?

There was but one way out of this difficulty: to take some one with a few of Falstaff's traits, much of his build and his whole name to counterfeit the knight.

This statement will of course be doubted. This we do know however. Many of the best critics, in their criticisms of Falstaff, leave out the Merry Wives of Windsor altogether. Why is this? Simply because they did not consider the hero of this play the same Falstaff.

But it may be said that his jovial wit is similar. No—we can't stand such an assertion, for we all know that the best example of wit in this play does not compare with any of those flashes in Henry V. Still we have proof (they say) of the same Falstaff in his old associates. This is extremely doubtful. Mistress Quickly is by no means the same person for she does not know Falstaff, while our hostess of Henry IV had known him "forty years come peascod time."

Bardolph the soldier transformed into a saloon tender, surely he is not the same. Pistol and Nym, though, are the same old characters? Why beyond a shadow of

a doubt. Here is an *evident object*. Our author was making his counterfeiting hero so unlike the real one and was even giving him such different surroundings that it might be detected.

So some characters exactly one and the same must be introduced. They are the same servants but not to the same master. Where in the other plays in which Falstaff figures did his hirelings show any sign of disobedience, and much more, of betraying their lord?

Shallow is the same fool-justice as in the former plays, but we do not understand why he should have left his seat in Gloucestershire; and he does not show the same intimacy with Falstaff as in the other plays,—does not refer to the wild tricks of their youth, when at the Inns of court, the more proof that Falstaff was the same only in name. As this play was written for the nobility, Shakespeare takes the opportunity of teaching them a moral lesson. He shows that the lowly cottage is the home of virtue.

He shows the nobility that they much overrate themselves to think that the commons' wives are but to subserve their lustful ends.

Here he makes this Falstaff of far higher rank than the plain knight Sir John and causes him to speak as if he were familiarly known at court. "If this should

get to court, they would sweat my grease out of me drop by drop." In this also, as throughout, Falstaff is a different man. Critics have been much puzzled where in Falstaff's career to place the Windsor adventure. Few or none place it before his acquaintance with Prince Hal. If so placed, there are many stumbling blocks. How could he speak of himself as familiarly known at court before he knew the Prince or even before Henry V. came to the throne?

How could he have had Nym for a servant who joined them many years later?

It seems more probable that this adventure should be placed somewhere during the time occupied by the two parts of Henry IV. Fenton is spoken of as having associated with "the wild Prince and with Poins," who was one of this lewd set of the Prince's associates. But the Falstaff of the Merry Wives cannot be placed at this time and still be the original Falstaff.

Could he have figured through a whole play and have made no reference to his Eastcheap adventures or his associations with Prince Hal? Impossible. Besides, our Hostess of Eastcheap is at this very time a serving-woman. Neither of these periods can be chosen as the setting of the play.

There is but one time left to

place it—after Henry V. has ascended the throne.

Here we are deeper in the mire than ever. For from this time on we are told that Falstaff is a totally different man. "The king hath killed his heart." Besides, we should have had some reference to the king by Falstaff and England's model monarch would never have still been called "the wild Prince." Moreover, we have evidence that Falstaff was on his good behaviour and was constantly watched.

Not here, then, shall we place it.

Then we cannot place this adventure before his acquaintance with the Prince, or during their intimacy, or after Prince Hal became king.

Where shall it be placed? How shall we make the connection between Falstaff of the Merry Wives of Windsor and the Falstaff of King Henry IV.? How shall we account for the fat knight in two such irreconcilable positions? Why, the adventure is to be placed alone, with no connection with the many others. The connection between the two Falstaffs cannot be drawn, as our author never intended that it should be. The irreconcilable positions are to be accounted for by the characters being two separate and distinct men in two separate and distinct plays and times.

Shakspeare, as far as was possible, obeyed the queen, but to regal old Jack he did much injustice in allowing the impostor of the Merry Wives to assume his form,

more in allowing him to assume part of his "inimitable wit," and most in allowing him to assume the true Falstaff's name.

G.

E. P. ROE.

It is a good thing—a most excellent thing—for humanity that ghosts are invisible, intangible things. Indeed, it would be insufferable otherwise. Just to think of one kind of ghosts, to-wit: the literary, that are now wandering, or rather lying still, all over the world. Let us be thankful that they are only ghosts—not things capable longer of occupying our room or of claiming our attention. Every neighborhood in every age has some literary genius, who is, in the eyes of his admiring fellow-citizens, destined to turn the world topsy-turvy. Sometimes the genius hits upon a popular theme and does a little attract the world's eye, but soon, thank goodness, very soon, he is lost to sight—he wanes slowly, makes a few futile attempts to regain his footing, then vanishes into thin air—into ghosthood—into nothingness.

A few years ago, just after the burning of Chicago, a new novel claimed the attention of novel-

reading Americans. It was "Barriers Burned Away." The author, as announced in glaring, gilt letters, was Rev. E. P. Roe. At once a storm of applause went up from all over our land. It was in vain that critics said otherwise—the new novel was beyond question the grandest literary product of modern times. Its writer must be the best man since John the Baptist; he certainly had written the best book since John the Disciple narrated his famous vision on Patmos. So said the preacher, and "Barriers Burned Away" lay between the Bible and the Prayer-Book on his table; so said the good deacon, and he gave it instead of a blue-and-red cravat to each of his sons as a Christmas present; so said the goody-goody young man who thinks that it is a sin to read Shakspeare and a crime equivalent to highway robbery to admire the matchless beauty of Byron's eloquent verse, and he gives to his best girl a copy of it

elegantly bound in "yaller" paper, with "Mizpah" written on the fly-leaf; so said the angelic mother, the God-fearing mother, and as she offers her evening prayer, she prays God that her boy may be like Dennis Fleet. Vain prayer! When her boy becomes like Dennis Fleet he'll be in such a position as mortal never reached. He'll be entitled to a seat with the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Why, Dennis Fleet would be contaminated if he were to have any intercourse whatever with the purest angel in heaven. Compare him with Shakespeare and Shakespeare suffers; compare him with Michael Angelo and Michael suffers; compare him with Martin Luther, and he seems brighter by the contrast; compare him with the only perfect One, and, without meaning to be irreverent, he would suffer but little.

The end of a novel that purports to be a novel from life should represent truly some phase of human life. Dickens is a great novelist, because he truly pictures life among the lowly. Bulwer is a great novelist, because he truly pictures life among England's upper classes. George Eliot and Hawthorne are great novelists, because of their skill in dissecting

the human heart. E. P. Roe is a poor—a miserable novelist, because he draws a picture in which there is not a shade, not a single color, not a single portion that is true. Because if the sphere of the novelist is to give human nature in some form or phase, then "Barriers Burned Away" is a colossal lie from beginning to end.

There are some writers who, simply because of the force or beauty of their style, may be termed great. I purposely designate these as writers, for they are not novelists in the highest, the true sense, although they may tell tales. Roe certainly cannot claim a place among these. His style is dry, insipid in the extreme. Roe has been so unkind to the American people as to throw off several more of his novels, all of which are about on a par with his first. But he's nearly through. His day is about done. The dust has begun to collect on his books. The worms are already gnawing at the margin. His body is becoming thinner and thinner—soon it will disappear; he will be what he has deserved to be from the beginning—a ghost, a nothing.

Verily, "when, good easy man, he thinks full sure his greatness is a-ripening, there comes a frost."

P.

EDITORIAL.

E. P. WITHERS.

The socialists of New York have met and denounced Henry George. Wonder what certain State newspapers will say to this. Denounce the socialists we suppose.

We notice that in New York it is becoming the custom at fashionable marriages to admit no one to the church unless in full dress. Another indication of society's rottenness.

Lord Lonsdale's opera company has gone, not being supported by the decent people of this country. If New Yorkers had tied "my lord" and Miss Cameron together and then attached an hundred ton weight to them and pitched them into East river, it would have been just the thing.

The expressions "he's from one of the best families in the State" is much more common in North Carolina than he's an "F. F. V." in Virginia. Both expressions are equally contemptible, for they indicate that we have snobs and snobbery in our midst, and still worse, fools who are trying to make capital out of their family name.

The citizens of Richmond are

said to be much mortified at Mrs. Cleveland's not coming to their fair after accepting their invitation and then going to Boston without one. This is utterly ridiculous. Mrs. Cleveland's visit would have conferred no honor whatever upon Richmond, and if the assigned reason for her not coming is the true one, the incident ought to be treated with the contempt it deserves.

DIED.—At 4 a. m., Nov. 26th, Robert Ernest Copeland departed this life. His death was not unexpected. Mental overwork and *Grave(s)* troubles had undermined his constitution, and while his friends had hopes, still they were prepared for the worst, and to them we tender our heartfelt sympathies. To his memory we drop a tear. *Requiescat in pace.*

The editors intend having a new feature in the MAGAZINE if possible, viz: pieces by our alumni, reminiscences of the past, interesting incidents of our college in the olden time, and anything that will prove of interest to our readers. We hope to improve the MAGAZINE in many ways, and ask that our fellow students sustain us. Gentlemen, will you not do so?

An Explanation.

In the October number of the *MAGAZINE* we published an editorial warmly approving the theories of Mr. Henry George. We failed to state in this article that we referred mainly to his theories on the Labor Question. We were severely criticised and a certain newspaper said that we must be an "iconoclast" to hold the views maintained by Mr. George in regard to the proprietorship of land. We confess that we are not sufficiently acquainted with Mr. George's land theory to form a perfectly intelligent opinion concerning it, and we immediately wrote to Mr. George for an article for publication in the *MAGAZINE*. In reply we received the following:

"NEW YORK, Nov. 16th, 1886.

My Dear Sir:—It is utterly impossible for me to write anything for you, but you are at liberty to publish anything of mine already printed, provided you give credit for it.

Yours truly,

HENRY GEORGE.

Eugene P. Withers, Esq.

University North Carolina."

This article, we wish every one to distinctly understand, is an explanation and not an apology. We apologize to no man for our opinions, and with all due respect to our critics, we beg leave to re-

mark, that their criticism has made no sensible impression upon us. We still believe that Henry George's principles will bring us nearer to that perfect political and social status of government that philosophers and statesmen of all ages have dreamed of and hoped for than those of any other living man, and while not infallible in his theories—and this is not strange, for never yet has there been a perfect man—Henry George comes nearer expounding a perfect system of political economy than either his predecessors or cotemporaries. We admire Henry George for the greatness of his intellect, the skill of his dialectics and the elegance of his rhetoric for the purity of his character, the disinterestedness of his purpose and the nobleness of his doctrine.

The Pest.

The following was given to us for publication. It's a satire and is a dandy thing. But we wish every one to know that we are not responsible, and if there's to be any challenges, affairs of honor, or duels before day-break that we are out.—ED.

Of all the pests in town or out,

The pest is "Cope" without a doubt.

2.

This young man "Cope" in his own estimation

Is the biggest man in the Lord's creation.

When asked a question, he opens his eyes and attempts to appear exceedingly wise.

3.

This man Mr. "Cope" is so infernally lazy that if he don't get to work I am sure he'll go crazy ;

as a blackguard and hacker he has no equal

as you will see in the following sequel.

4.

He walks the streets in a dignified way as much as to say "get out of my way" or "I am the Lord of all I survey."

5.

So wonder he scares the Fresh and causes their eyes to tear Sophs, Juniors and Seniors too, are seized with sudden fear, When they see "Copey" drawing near.

6.

Can any one tell what "Copey" can be ? He isn't a Fresh or a Soph I'm sure

and he can't be a Junior,—Let me see,

Let me see,

Not a Senior, though he's dignified enough all will agree,

Eureka ! I have found it ! a "half-year" is he.

Z. M. L.

The Labor Question.

In each day's paper some new phase of the great struggle between Capital and Labor appears. Some very incident, telling, perhaps, of discontent and murmurings at work, of complaints and mutterings of the poor, of strikes and disturbances, mobs, riots, and of death. And each day the discontent and trouble grows later and greater, each day Cap-

ital is more and more denounced and Labor becomes more and more united and better organized, and each day both Capital and Labor become more and more antagonistic to each other.

Are there just grounds for complaint on the part of Labor? Is there no remedy for this growing antagonism between these two great forces, each of which without the other is useless? And are there no means by which their differences can be adjusted, that they may harmoniously work together for the promotion of their own and their country's good? The learned political economists of the day advance each their own opinion as to what the remedy is, but it is our intention to try and find out, not what the remedy is, but whether the complaints of the laboring men are just or unjust. We can adopt only one way of ascertaining this, namely: by comparing the profits of Capital with the wages of Labor, and thus to see whether they are equally proportioned and justly divided. By this we mean that if a manufacturing company makes large profits and pays small wages, the complaints of its employees are just; they have a right to demand higher wages, and if their demands are not granted, to strike and thus enforce them. If wages and profits are proportionate, they have no grounds for complaints, and if the

profits are small and wages high, the capitalist has a right to demand that they be lowered.

We first make the comparison by the profits made and wages paid by the great railroad corporations throughout the country, and we subjoin a table which shows it briefly and concisely:

	<i>Capital.</i>	<i>Net Earnings.</i>	<i>Laborers.</i>	<i>Wages.</i>	<i>Average per Month.</i>
Pennsylvania	\$ 68,870,000	\$ 15,706,000	26,397	\$ 13,407,000	\$41 72
New York Central & Hudson River ..	89,428,000	11,461,000	13,134	6,850,000	41 95
Baltimore & Ohio	19,792,000	7,856,000	14,619	6,260,000	34 76
Union Pacific	36,702,000	7,382,000	3,909	2,824,000	57 64
Philadelphia & Reading	34,270,000	6,972,000	11,481	5,217,000	38 73

But we must remember that under "Laborers" is embraced

presidents, vice-presidents, superintendents, division masters, private clerks, &c., who are really no laborers at all. The presidents of the B. & O., Philadelphia & Reading, and (we think) the Pennsylvania, get \$50,000 per year for their services, their vice-presidents get \$25,000, and some of these roads have three, and their minor officers all get good salaries, and their attorneys come in for the fees likewise under the head of "Laborers." When these deductions are made, the average salary per month of the true laborers is very much lessened. At this rate the Pennsylvania road makes 12 per cent. every year on its capital invested, and every eight years earns its capital back. The Hudson River (Vanderbilt's) road earns its capital back in less than nine years, and the Baltimore & Ohio profits each year are 19.4 cents of the dollar invested, and every five years makes its invested capital back. How about the laborers? Their salaries hardly average \$40 per month, and no man can support a family decently on any such wages as these. No man can clothe himself and family, educate his children and give them a comfortable home on \$40 per month, in addition to furnishing the necessaries of life. His ceaseless struggle for existence in him the hopes and ambitions of our kind are crushed in him.

ly manhood when he sees that life must be one long, endless struggle against poverty, and at last comes to regard himself a slave subject to a master's call.

The roads we have selected are but fair examples. This is the case all over the country, and this great invention, which should ameliorate and better the condition of mankind, is perverted into means of oppression for the people, and on the other hand creates immense monopolies, aggrandizes power and wealth in the hands of a few, and gives these chosen few a power to corrupt legislation, influence the government, and oppress labor. It would hardly be fair, however, to judge the condition of the laboring men all over the country by the condition of those employed by the roads, for people have come to look upon a railroad corporation as a monopoly, and will not be surprised to know that men employed by railroads are half paid and half overworked. But people—what is, many of them—will be surprised to know that workingmen fare better with railroads than with any other of the great corporations of the country. Let us examine the mining statistics. In Pennsylvania alone there were mined of bituminous coal 18,075,000 tons, valued at (capitalists' valuation and of course low) \$18,267,000, and of anthracite coal 28,-

692,595 tons, valued at (capitalists' valuation again) \$42,116,500. Pennsylvania capitalists paid their employees \$26.67 per month, or 79 cents per ton, to mine this coal, and out of this salary the employees have to pay \$5 per month for house rent and buy from the company's stores all the powder, oil and cotton they burn, besides paying for the repairing of tools, and last and most shameful, they have to pay for the coal they themselves use. At one time the mining companies charged such exorbitant prices for their tools and provisions that special laws were enacted so as to enforce the companies to charge no more for these goods than other houses. Oh, but, people say, why didn't the miners buy their goods elsewhere? For the simple reason that they were discharged if they did, that's all.

In the whole country in 1880, 70,400,000 tons of coal (of all sorts) valued at \$94,500,000, were mined, and 171,000 men were employed to do this, and were paid on an average \$26.95 per month. And these 171,000 men were day after day in imminent danger of being mashed into a jelly or blown into atoms, and it is no infrequent thing to read of several hundred miners being sent into eternity in one awful moment. What becomes of their families then? They are turned from their home,

poor though it may be, still it's their home, because they are unable to pay their rent. The next thing that is heard from them is that the mother is dead, the children have to resort to stealing to live, and are now filling a penitentiary's cells. Still there is no change! But there will be! Vengeance is sweet, and its day shall come.

In October, three men, representing \$300,000,000 of capital, met in the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York City, and resolved to raise the price of coal so much per ton, and to reduce the output so many tons. It was done. Nothing was said about wages nor about the men who would be thrown out of employment by the reduction in the output. There seems to be no legal means of reaching them, for, notwithstanding the fact that Governor Pattison, of Pennsylvania, ordered Attorney-General Cassidy to criminally prosecute these men and their friends, nothing has been done. But something will be done by the laborers themselves, unless there is a change.

Not quite four years since there was an immense strike extending through the whole country of the telegraphers. They were unsuccessful in their demand, and were forced to work at old rates or not work at all. Were their demands just? Let's see. The Western

Union Company is the great telegraphic organization of this country. It has a capital of \$41,074,410, earns a year \$5,146,639.45 thirteen cents on the dollar invested, after paying all expenses, employs 10,600 men and pays them only \$34.50 per month at this average includes President Green, Superintendent Eckert and the other honorary offices and positions in which no manual labor is required. This gigantic corporation earns its capital back every eight years and pays its employees hardly enough to live on. We think that there would be cause, great cause for complaint and enough to justify the strike.

And finally let us examine the manufacturing statistics. Let us compare the profits of Capital with the wages of Labor in the great industrial centres of the country, and see how unjustly divided these earnings are.

There are in the United States all told 251,104 manufacturing establishments with an invested capital of \$2,775,412,345, making clear earnings per year of \$1,018,116,688; employing 2,718,805 people and paying them \$941,325,900 or \$28.82 per month on an average.

Can a man support a family on \$28.82 per month? Did the Creator intend when he created man that there should be such an unequal distribution of wealth and the necessities of life? Did I

end that a few should have all the power and riches of the world, while the mass of people had to struggle, not for comfort and luxuries, but for existence? Is this discrepancy just? Can it last? Can it be remedied?

It will not last and it can be remedied. A mighty protest has gone out against it. In New York city alone 69,000 men have declared that there *must* be a change, and this was done too in the face of the splendidly organized efforts of the Democratic and Republican parties. Without organization, without money, without anything save principle and a purpose, this mighty army of men arrayed itself under the banner of social and political reform. And the reform must come. The movement is gaining ground with wonderful rapidity. In every town and hamlet in the United States, and and Labor clubs are being organized and to-day this reform banner would, if unfurled in a political campaign, wave over four millions of its followers.

Other causes than poverty tend to produce this upheaval. In New York city the rich manufacturer's daughter scorns the men who have earned her father's money as she would a cur. When she, in her magnificent Tally Ho and fur, sees the working women of that city going to their homes

from their places of work it never occurs to her that they are the equals of her own haughty self. With a sniff of contempt she passes by the "low factory girls" and doesn't hear the suppressed malediction upon her pride. The railroad magnate's son never dreams that a working man is really a man. He regards them as creatures of a lower order, unaware of the fact that a ragged coat may cover a noble soul and a tattered hat may hide a mighty brain. There is too much of this spirit of class distinction in this country. Not only in New York, which we cited as an example only because extremes met there and the contrast was more striking than elsewhere, but in the North, South, East and West; in the whole country is this spirit of insolent assumption prevalent. By what right, by what authority, does one class of fellow beings assume to themselves the precedence of being better than the rest of mankind? It is either on account of a lack of brains or a want of kindness, charity and brotherly love. While this spirit of domineering insolence is so widespread and offensive, can we be surprised at men, driven to desperation by poverty and oppression, with no helping hand to give them courage, but receiving sneers and contempt from all, applaud-

ing and cheering the villainous doctrines preached in Chicago every Sunday afternoon?

Could we blame laboring men, when they see themselves contemned and despised by their employers, as creatures beneath and below them, here only to do their bidding, call upon the commune to belch forth its storm of ruin and thus give themselves justice? We certainly could not. But there is a nobler and a better way to rectify their wrongs, viz: by the ballot, and the laboring people are taking this course.

There must, there will be a revolution! It will be a Revolution based upon the broad principles of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.

"Liberty—the full freedom of

each bounded only by the equal freedom of every other!"

"Equality—the equal right—each to the use of all natural opportunities, to the essentials of happy, healthful, human life!"

"Fraternity—that sympathy which link together those who struggle in a noble cause; that would live and let live; that would help as well as be helped; that, seeking the good of all, finds the highest good of each."

By these principles shall they conquer!

We would call the attention of all those anticipating a medical course to the card of Drs. Mallin in the front part of this MAGAZINE. They are well qualified instructors, and we cordially commend them.

COLLEGE RECORD.

STEPHEN B. WEEKS.

=That lovely *cold* stove in the chapel again.

=The examinations began December 6 and ended December 22.

=“Dutchy” is to be married at Christmas. Woodley will be his best man.

=A slight shock of earthquake was felt here November 5, between 12 and 1 o'clock.

=In the final examination on Fresh. Roman History, George Howell received 100.

=The steps leading to the reading room and library have been paved with a pair of banisters.

=Examinations on Chemistry, Phonics, &c., on Mondays, are a nuisance. Too much temptation to study on Sunday.

=Soph to Fresh, playing the guitar: “You had better be careful or you won't *git thar* on the examination.”

=The trial of the negroes, Jesse Harris, Tom Kirby, and others, for the murder of Freeze, has been postponed until the March term of court.

=The choir was absent on

Thanksgiving Day. One had German and couldn't go, another had begun a very interesting experiment, and had to be excused, and so on.

=The ladies of the Presbyterian Sewing Society gave an oyster supper not long ago for the benefit of their church. Everything passed off smoothly and about thirty dollars was realized.

=Mr. D. J. Ezzell, an old citizen of the village, died here November 12. He was a jeweler by trade. Had been suffering from consumption for a long while. Was buried at Orange church.

=Dr. Battle gave us not long since a Sunday morning lecture on Rameses II., the oppressor of the Israelites, whose mummy was found last June, 3,400 years after his death, and, in a wonderfully preserved state.

=The railroad schedule was changed recently. The train to meet the east-bound mail leaves here at the comfortable hour of 5:30 A. M., and returns at 8:30. The evening train is unchanged. This makes the mails somewhat irregular, that from New York

having to lie over in Greensboro nearly a whole day and night.

[Since writing the above the trains have gone back to the old schedule.]

—THE TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION has elected the following officers for the next year: President, Hayne Davis; Vice-President, D. J. Currie; Secretary, J. J. Phillips. Its work has not been in vain, we think, but there is always room for improvement.

—THE Y. M. C. A. officers for the ensuing term are: Stephen B. Weeks, President; St. Clair Hester, Vice-President; Logan D. Howell, Corresponding Secretary; D. J. Currie, Recording Secretary; C. A. Webb, Treasurer. The attendance for the past term was large, and the members have generally performed the duties assigned them. Let them not be content with the progress already made, but reach always upward and onward. The special week of prayer during last month was duly observed by the Association.

—THE CLASS OF '87 has organized, with officers as follows: President, Lucius Polk McGehee, Raleigh; Vice-President, Richard Nathan Hackett, Wilkesboro; Secretary and Treasurer, Henry Fries Schaffner, Salem. A committee was appointed to look after the commencement minister, who is to be a Presbyterian this year. They have not decided as to having a Class Day.

—A CONCERT under the management of the Rev. R. B. Johnson was given in Gerrard Hall Tuesday evening Nov. 9th, for the benefit of the new Methodist church. The evening was pleasant, the hall well heated, the stage handsomely decorated with autumn leaves, the young ladies beautiful, and the gentlemen handsome. The audience was large and well pleased. The net proceeds amounted to about sixty dollars. The managers were surprised and highly gratified. We give the programme:

Part I.—Piano Solo,—Home Sweet Home (Thalberg), Miss Harris; Vocal Solo—Let me Dream Again (Sullivan), Mr. V. D. Toy; Vocal Trio—The Reapers (Cloppison), Misses Atwater, Wilson and Harris; Piano Duo—Martha, Misses Martin and Williams; Vocal Solo—Come, the Banner is Moving, Miss Atwater; Vocal Duo—Larboard Watch (Williams), Messrs. Morris and Smith; Piano Solo—Il Trovatore (Hoffman), Miss Phillips; Solo and Chorus—White Wings (Winter), Messrs. McDonald, Morris and Smith; Vocal Solo—Maggie Darrow's Welcome (Winter) Mrs. Tankersley.

Part II.—Vocal Duo—Fisherman (Gabussi), Miss Kerr and Mr. Atkinson; Piano Solo—Miss Phillips; Vocal Duo—Huntress (Mrs. Tankersley and Miss Atwater); Piano Solo—Rigoletto.

Iszt), Miss Harris; Vocal Solo—Miss Kerr; D. K. E. March, Miss Woodward; Vocal Duo—"When Know that Thou Art Near Me" (Abt), Messrs. Atkinson and Toy; Vocal Solo—"I am a Merry Zin-zara" (Balfe), Miss Atwater; Vocal Quartette—"The Three Chafers" (Truhn), Messrs. Atkinson, Toy, Morris and Smith.

—Prof. J. W. Gore and Dr. Hume, Jr., attended the convention of the Baptists of North Carolina, which met not long since in Wilmington. They report a well attended and prosperous meeting. Dr. Hume made several addresses, one, on the moral side of education showing that while a man needs a special religious training in college, he also needs to go into a wider field where he may meet other beliefs and doctrines on the same footing. The denominational colleges and the University are not in opposition but are working together for good. Prof. Gore was elected the second Vice-President for the coming year.

—Thanksgiving was celebrated in an appropriate manner. A union service was held in the chapel, the ministers of the village participating. The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. R. Hall; Rev. R. B. John then read Psalms 103; Rev. W. M. Clark preached on the subject of a sanctified memory, our duty to devote to God, to remember all His

benefits, and that it is He alone who leads us in the right way, and our constant tendency to forget him. Dr. Hume then closed the meeting with prayer. The day was very unpleasant and the examinations were near at hand. These causes reduced the number of worshippers. There was a meeting at the Episcopal church also.

—AT THE MITCHELL SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY for November the following papers were read:

1. On Universal or Cosmic Time, James Lee Love.
2. Description of a New Lamp for Laboratory Use, F. P. Venable.
3. A list of Minerals containing Phosphoric Acid, W. B. Phillips.
4. The Position of Marshes on Coast of New Jersey, J. A. Holmes.
5. On the Recession of Niagara Falls, J. A. Holmes.

—Willoughby Reade, the elocutionist, paid us a visit not long since. He gets around about once in two years and is usually greeted by a large audience. His forte is comedy and some of his recitations were fitted to make one almost burst with laughing. Among his comic pieces were: Artemus Ward's First Interview with Mark Twain; An Interesting Traveling Companion; Sure cure for Stammering, and an account of a Frenchman trying to speak English. Among the serious ones was Aldrich's Garnett Hall

and How They Brought the Good news from Ghent. He also rendered the Raven after explaining what its hidden meaning seemed to be—the longing of a sorrow-laden soul for something higher and nobler than the things of earth. Mr. Reade is an Englishman by birth and was reared in London. He came to America some twelve years ago and during that time has given three thousand entertainments, is widely and favorably known all over the United States and has the highest testimonials from such speakers as Rev. J. B. Hawthorne, D. D., Hon. J. L. M. Curry, United States Minister to Spain and Hon. John W. Daniel.

—The Library has been ornamented with a number of pictures. They make a pleasing appearance and break the monotony of bare posts and alcove ends. Dr. Battle furnished some, removing them from his office. There are now there large photographs of Chief Justice Ruffin and of W. C. Kerr, Ph. D.; steel portraits of Dr. Elisha Mitchell, Gov. Swain, and Chief Justice Pearson; a small colored picture of Samuel Johnston, who was chairman of the Financial Council and first acting Governor of free North Carolina; a small oil portrait of Henry Clay; life size crayon portraits of Rev. C. F. Deems, LL. D., and of John

Hill Wheeler, the historian of the State; a life size oil portrait of Gov. Jonathan Worth, which was presented to the University in 1883 by his grand-sons Jonathan Worth, Jonathan Worth Jackson, Herbert Worth Jackson, William Worth Roberts and Worth Bagley; a view of Mitchell's Falls where the explorer lived his life; a fine view of the Old West Building from the north-west. A curious looking thing strikes your eye as you enter and on examination proves to be a fac-simile of the Great Seal of the Lords Proprietors of the Province of Carolina. This copy is taken from a wax impression of the seal now in the Public Record Office in London. The autographs of the Proprietors, Clarendon, Albemarle, Craven, Will, Berkeley, Ashley, Carteret, John Berkeley and Jno. Colleton are also given.

—THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB is growing in members, and with them grows the interest in the work. Its friends express themselves as highly pleased with the first two meetings. President Battle was made the first honorary member. Prof. Eben Alexander, M. H. Palmer and Frank M. Parker, Jr., increase the number of active ones. At the first meeting the character of Hotspur, brought out in First Henry IV, was discussed.

Grissom—Hotspur was a brave

part; an enemy to his country and a traitor to the king.

Prof. Toy—Defends Hotspur. Freedom from superstition in age subject to it, argues a strong character.

Weeks—Favorable view.

Dr. Hume—He was like the true Southern gentleman—imaginative, bold, fiery, ambitious. Admires bravery and is a generous foe.

Simmons—His frankness to the king.

Dr. Battle—Takes unfavorable view. Traitor to Richard II. and to Henry IV. No superstition, in his time, meant no religion. Respected not laws of God or man.

McAlister—High regard for truth and contempt for sham is evident and commendable.

Parker—War with Hotspur a profession. He seeks and gains honors.

Burwell—Hotspur commended by sternness, Prince Hal by love. The latter the better leader.

Prof. Toy—Notes "goodman" in the sense of simple. Use of "to go" meaning to walk.

Dr. Hume—Notes familiar quotations, use of Ethical Dative and Shakespeare's close observation of nature.

At the next meeting, "The Merry Wives of Windsor" was discussed.

Prof. Winston—Not good com-

edy; more of a horse-play. Characters same as in other plays of Henry IV. and Henry V.

Grissom—Good comedy, but by no means the same Falstaff, and not so intended by the author.

Baker—Ford's jealousy well founded.

Prof. Toy—Defends Mrs. Ford's character; was teaching her husband confidence.

Simmons—Play shows an author of genius.

The question of Falstaff in clothes-basket, and also in woman's gown, was humorously discussed by various members.

Subject for discussion at the first meeting in January, "King Lear." The following lines of thought are suggested by the President:—

1. Sources of play.
2. Why introduce the sub-plot of Gloster and sons.
3. Reason for the comic element.
4. Attempted alterations for popular taste.
5. French version of the play.
6. Different characters.
7. Rendering of fine passages.

This is a very valuable subject, and it is hoped all members will prepare themselves well on it during the holidays.

—Prof. F. P. Venable, Ph. D., delivered the University Lecture

for November. His subject was :
 "The Growth of an Industry."

An accident led to the discovery of glass. Pliny says that one time on the coast of Palestine, near the mouth of the river Belus, some Phœnicians used blocks of nâtron (soda) to support their pots while cooking, and after the fire had cooled down a dingy silicious mass was found. This was the first glass known to the world. Modern vandalism has upset this beautiful story by proving that the fire could not have been hot enough to melt the sand. Josephus claims the honor of this discovery for the Jews.

The first glass was of the nature of furnace slag, and could hardly be told from it; its quality was gradually raised, but it was not transparent for many centuries. The Egyptians were the first to show much skill in glass-making, and they reached no mean degree. The oldest piece in existence is a small lion's head of blue glass, and it dates back to 2400 B. C. The next is a small bead found at Thebes, and coming from 1500 B. C. The prevailing color was a dark blue. It was used as an ornament. Alexandria was the seat of the industry. In later years Sidon became a dangerous rival. Beads were made for trading with the tribes of South Africa, and some of these old Phœnician beads are still preserved as

sacred heirlooms by the savage descendants of the original purchasers.

With the fall of Egypt the industry was transferred to Rome and soon came to be of much importance. Many fragments of Roman glass have been found along their walls in England and under the walls of their old camps in France and Germany. It was used for bottles, funereal urns, columns for buildings, cups and dishes, and the common kind was very cheap. Colored glass was much esteemed, and for a while supplanted silver and gold as an ornament. They learned to enamel very skillfully, and produced the celebrated Portland vase, which for a long time defied all attempts at imitation. Their methods of manufacture were very much like ours, but our glass is of a better quality, as it has no air bubbles and like impurities.

Constantine carried the art with him to Byzantium. The old knack and skill in making was gradually lost, it became very costly, and for five hundred years Byzantium supplied the world.

The Crusaders found glass in the East, and brought the art to Venice at the close of the thirteenth century. It payed them well, and they enacted stringent laws against any workman who should betray the mystery of its making. But it leaked out, never-

theless, and factories were established in England, Germany and Bohemia, the latter country soon becoming the rival of Venice. At first only noblemen could manufacture it, and those working in glass were considered the noblest of all artisans. It was not used for windows until a comparatively late period.

Capt. Newport established the first factory in America near

Jamestown, in 1608. The London company then sent over Germans and Poles to make "tar, pitch, glass, and soap ashes." This was probably the first factory of any kind in America. It made only bottles, and was destroyed during the Massacre of 1622. The next mention of glass is at Alexandria, nearly two hundred years later.

PERSONAL DEPARTMENT.

J. C. JOHNSON.

—We learn that P. B. Cox, class '86, has a position as Secretary of Civil Service with a handsome salary.

—Barnes Hill, class '85, spent a few days with us not long since.

—Don. Gilliam, class '77, was married a short time ago, so we learn.

—Mrs. Dr. Hume has just returned from a prolonged visit to relatives in Virginia, and Dr. Hume will occupy the Swain House.

—A. W. Allen, class '82, now practising law in Oxford, ran for Treasurer of his county in the

late election and was defeated, his county having gone Republican. He is disgusted with politics, but is making a success at law.

—W. G. Randall, class '84, being the first member of his class who married, is now studying art at the School of Design, N. Y. He was advanced to the highest class in a few months, an advancement which takes commonly two years to obtain.

—Examinations are getting uncomfortably near. The Freshman is becoming doubtful about the fact that he knows everything.

The Sophs are asking all sorts of improbable and unanswerable questions about "Trig." examination. The Juniors are perseveringly collecting old examination papers. The Senoir is dignified, with the least bit of nervousness.

—Prof. H. talking to a small class of his—"he knows a great many people I know and so we soon came to an *entente cordiale*." Class stare at him in open-mouthed wonder. Finally Father W. breaks the disagreeable silence, "*Cordiale* means something to drink, doesn't it?"

—We have before us a card headed with J. F. West followed by the complimentary phrase *Attorney at Law and Notary Public*. Jesse Felix graduated here in '85, studied Law at University of Virginia and is now to practise at his old home, Waverly, Va. We wish him success.

—Some one wants to know if being a member of the *Shakespeare Club* will insure one's success on the English examination. We answer no more than being a member of college insures one of graduating.

—Here is a conversation that is reported to have taken place between a Sophmore and his sweetheart. He was spending the vacation at home and came around to tell her good-bye. Finally he plucked up courage to say: "I

don't reckon I can write to you next session." She looked up in innocent, girlish surprise and asked: "Why?" He: "Well I'll—I'll just tell you how it is. I've got to take conics next session and I won't have time to write. I—I hope you won't think anything of it, for you know I want to write."

—C. T. Grandy, class '86, who has been teaching in Elizabeth City, has accepted a position on *The Florida Sentinel*, published at Orlando, Fla., by an old University boy L. C. Vaughan, class '80. Grandy carries with him to the "Land of Flowers" the well-wishes of many friends.

—Another card bearing the inscription N. F. Heitman, Attorney-at-law, Kansas city, Mo., is before us. He graduated here in '83 (?) taking the Mangum Medal.

—Prof. of Psychology: "Mr. M., how do you know you've got a mind?" Mr. M., doubtfully: "I don't know, Prof."

—A. M. Rankin, a member of the class of '83, who is now rising to prominence in Cheraw, S. C. has taken unto himself a wife. Being impressed, we suppose, with the truth that a man of prominence should be the head of a family.

—We have hitherto failed to notice the marriage of Livingston Vann, a member of the class of

85, to Miss Josie Miller, of Madison, Fla., which took place last June. So far as we can learn he is the first member of the class that has married.

—And nearer home still “there

comes a sound of marriage bells.” Braxton Craig is soon to lead a fair inhabitant of Chapel Hill to the altar. We tender our congratulations.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

CLAUDIUS DOCKERY.

It is a time-honored custom, ladies and gentlemen of the Exchange World, that the last two or three weeks of each term of a collegiate year is celebrated by many colleges of our land with pleasant gatherings of each class for the purpose of being examined upon the work done during that term. It is a time-honored custom, we say. The time for ours is now upon us, and in view of this fact, we must ask you to overlook all short-comings. Be kind, be generous! And you—whatever you may be, that scan these pages—we ask your forbearance; the forbearance of a kind and generous and, we hope, in this case a sympathizing reader. So far we have tried to serve you faithfully. Our attempts have been feeble, we know, but no one

dare say they have not been honest. As we have said, the regular semi-annual festival occasion is upon us. We have always been opposed to such a custom, and we are conscientious in such an opinion. But when we see others entering into the spirit of the occasion; when we know that our *sheep-skin* depends in a great measure upon the part we take in the matter, we always exclaim, “Why stand we here idle?”

With this explanation, ladies and gentlemen, the case is before you.

* * *

THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE sends greeting and a hearty grip to all the “brothering,” and a kiss to as many of the “sistering” as are pretty and not too great a distance from “sweet sixteen”—we

don't like to kiss old maids. We wish you a Merry Xmas and a happy New Year. Ladies and gentlemen, we bow!

* * *

It is said that the Vassar girls are so modest that they actually turn their heads when they pass a clothes-rope, even after the clothes have been pulled down. Girls are queer animals, to say the least. After several years of study, we confess we know very little about them. It is difficult to understand such creatures. You can't keep up with them. *Some* of them are like fleas: you can't put your hand on them.

Now, girls, we say this in all earnestness, as one who loves you with all his heart. We admit if we had not "swore off" long ago we would not be so independent. *You see how it is, myself.* But, my dear girls, we intend no reflections—none whatever.

* * *

What has become of our old friend, *The Oak Leaf*? It failed to make its appearance last month. We hope it has not dropped us from its list of exchanges. We greet with pleasure always this good-natured, jovial friend of ours, and shall regret exceedingly if it does not call again. We can't understand why it did not make its regular monthly visit in October. Heretofore it has always been on time.

There is only one explanation we can give in regard to this. In the September issue there was some very war-like declaration and we would not be at all surprised to find that the editor had gone *Cutting* down to Mexico and thrashed out that people. If that be true, then we wager a five that he is now at the seat of trouble forcing upon those people over there a solution of the European problem. They dare not refuse to accept his solution as final. Otherwise there will be trouble in the land. Terrible will be the day thereof; for there will be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. Nations and empire will tremble to their centre. If this does happen, *our* skirts will be clear. In our September number we besought and implored him and tried to reason with him. But it seems that "the prayers of the wicked availeth little." Oh, how such is life! We almost despair so straight is our path and narrow is our way. Give us the camphor

* * *

Professor Fasolt has been joined by his family and resides in the opposite end of town. What *will* we do if another earthquake should come!—*College Messenger.*

Send for us, ladies. We will be glad to give you any assistance we can. Our sympathies are always aroused when we see any of the fair sex in trouble. Much more so will they be aroused in

our case, since there is a probability of your showing your appreciation by clinging to us as you did to Prof. Fasolt after the last earthquake.

We are at your services. You have only to command us.

* * *

To the many compliments that have been paid *The Richmond College Messenger*, we give our hearty assent. Of the many exchanges that come to our office, it is among the best.

* * *

The success of *The Aegis*, from the University of Wisconsin, is something wonderful. Within a very short while it has won its way to a position among the first literary magazines of our country. Its success, undoubtedly, has been a surprise even to the most sanguine of its supporters. It is worthy of success.

* * *

The Berkleyan, from the University of California, contains some right good reading in its several departments. But we regret exceedingly—we deprecate—the political tendencies of its editorial criticisms. We appreciate its worth, and give it credit for all the encouragement it affords the true workers in the literary world. My brother, don't besmirch your columns with the mud and dirt of our latter-day politics. Keep clean!

The last issue of the *Niagara Index* reminds us of the "last rose of summer,"

"When the leaves begin to turn,
And the Summer days have passed."

Its editors, though, are probably very much carried away with the privilege of having on exhibition in its exchange department that wonderful fossil that has been recently discovered, and which is now exciting the scientific world.

By the way, we are not yet able to fulfill our promise, made in the last issue, about giving the results arrived at by a close examination of this strange thing. In fact, no classification has yet been made. No effort will be lacking in arriving at a correct conclusion, as a great deal in the scientific world depends upon the results of this investigation.

* * *

The Davidson *Monthly* makes an excellent beginning. If we are to judge of its future career by its first issue, we predict for it much success and a life of usefulness.

* * *

Our genial friend, the *South Carolina Collegian*, has reached us on its November visit. We are glad to see and always give it a royal reception. It is indeed very readable, and is, in every respect, a worthy representative of the leading college of our sister Carolina.

Many thanks for what that sweet little journal, from the "gals" of Greensboro Female College, says of us:

"The *University Magazine* is handsomely gotten up and is filled with interesting and instructive matter. Some of its pages are sparkling with healthy fun, too. Its wrapper never remains unbroken, and it is not thrown in our waste basket, as is the fate of a few of our exchanges. "You tickle me and I'll tickle you."

All right! We take you up on your own terms. We were always fond of tickling girls anyway. Remember now it's our next tickle. We'll have a *jim dandy* time tickling each other. You mustn't run now, before we begin to tickle.

* *

The Virginia University *Magazine* occupies a very high place among the college journals of our day. It contains very readable articles and deserves the earnest support of all friends of that University.

* *

The *Wake Forest Student* is not sustaining its old "rep" for regularity. It has come to us very irregularly this fall. It is a very excellent journal with a staff of very able editors and we will gladly welcome it more often.

* *

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Almanac for 1887 is before us. It is a handsome quarto of 64 pages, and costs twenty-five cents. Mrs.

Frank Leslie publisher, 55 and 57 Park Place, N. Y. In it we notice four fine colored plates entitled "One Teaspoonful Three Times a Day," "Flora," "See-Saw" and the "Fisherman's Love." It also produces the fine representation of the four seasons by the Russian artist Broja. Has portraits and short sketches of King Ludwig II. of Bavaria, John B. Gough, Samuel J. Tilden, Cardinal Gibbons, the Abbé Liszt, and Ramsey II., King of Egypt and opposers of the Israelites, besides a large number of pictures on various other topics of the day. The matter is exceedingly varied and the illustrations well executed.

* *

The *Phrenological Journal and Science of Health* for October contains a lengthy and highly interesting article relating to Philip Brooks, D. D.; a portrait which is also a likeness, accompanies it. Number 10 of "Familiar Talks with Young People," will enlist many new recruits into the army of students of Phrenology. Kate Greenaway's genial face looks out from the *Journal* and inspires in one a belief in her abilities if there were no tangible proof of them; the sketch of her life and works will be enjoyably read. All lovers of that noble animal, the horse, will be interested in "Brain Power in the Horse." Nervously afflicted ladies

ould read Eleanor Kirk's curious but o'ertrue tale "Wanted to wear." The editorials are crisp, breezy and invigorating. The queries of many correspondents are answered with the usual painstaking kindness. It is not strange that the old *Journal* lives, breathes and has useful being after all these years. It is so temperate, so harmonious and so kindly that it must be long-lived. \$2.00 per year, 20 cts. per number. As an inducement to subscribe now, it is offered three months *free* to new subscribers for 1887 or "On Trial" three months for 25 cents. Address, Fowler & Wells Co., Publishers, 753 Broadway, N. Y.

* *

The Brooklyn Magazine. Full of those bright and readable articles that make up a popular magazine, the November *Brooklyn Magazine* is eminently interesting and entertaining. Mr. William H. Rideing's second gossipy paper on "The Royal Navy of Great Britain," serves as the opening attraction, and gives us a clear idea of what it costs to maintain England's navy. Hon. Seth Low's name appears for the first time in the magazine to a well-written article giving some very bright and pungent observations on "The Irish Home Rule Controversy," describing Mr. Gladstone as he appeared on the floor of the

House of Commons, and analyzing the general question in a highly intelligent manner. Anna Katharine Green, author of "The Leavenworth Case," shows that she has striking poetical talents, in a lengthy poem, "In the King's Cabinet." Mrs. Flora Adams Darling adds three chapters to her novel of Washington life, "A Social Diplomat," in which a glimpse of Washington society is given in a dexterous manner. "Ranch Life in California" is described by Mrs. M. J. Gorton in a graphic style, and a pretty, short story of the war, entitled "Edith Warner," is cleverly told by George E. Walsh. The poetry of the number is especially good. Mrs. Beecher's last letter from England takes us with her famous husband on his lecturing tour through England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. Other articles deal with "Marriage Customs in Turkey," "Heroines of Theatrical Scandal," "Modern Shams in Society," "In a Dutch Prison," "What Girls Should Read," in addition to which are given the farewell sermons of Henry Ward Beecher in England, and four sermons by T. De Witt Talmage, all authorized and revised by the preachers themselves. This Magazine costs only 20 cents per single number. 7 Murray Street, N. Y.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

—Dakota has given birth to five colleges during the past year.

—Students at Harvard have now a choice among 189 courses.

—Ten thousand public schools receive financial support from the Mexican government.

—Sam Jones proposes to get up a college at Cartersville, Ga. He has received \$10,000 in furtherance of the scheme.

—Mr. Blaine recently addressed the students of Washington and Jefferson college, his Alma Mater.

—Yale increases her library annually at the rate of one thousand volumes. Columbia has added twenty thousand volumes in the past two years.

—Besides the already excellent facilities of Johns Hopkins University, that institution is to have an excellent physical library and observatory estimated at a cost of \$100,000.

—The Case School of Applied Science at Cleveland, O., recently had its Science Hall totally destroyed by fire. The estimated loss is \$200,000, and includes museums and cabinets of great value. The insurance was only \$75,000.

—Andrew D. White, ex-President of Cornell, while in Europe collected many rare books and prints, together with some valuable historical papers, relating to the French Revolution, of which he has made a special study.

—At Harvard the following rules have been adopted concerning the drawing of books:—

"All members of the University are entitled to register as borrowers on the presentation of the Bursar's certificate. Three volumes can be taken at a time, and may be kept one month and renewed, if not in demand. Any person keeping books beyond the prescribed time is subject to a fine of ten cents a day for each volume. Books served by officers of instruction, and unbound periodicals, are in open alcoves in the reading-room, and can be taken out at the close of library hours, when properly charged to the delivery desk and must be returned the next morning at 9 o'clock. Encyclopedias and other books in the delivery room may be taken out under similar rules."

—Of the 517 students attending a California college, 319 intend to practice law.

—"Yale College" is a name of the past. "Yale University" is now written upon all official documents.

—It seems that the Faculty of Brown have been greatly annoyed with the horn tooters recently

the *Brunonian* of recent date
ys:

One day last week, while most of the
dents were at recitations, some one quietly
ered their rooms and took whatever they
ld designate by the generic name of horn.
e proceeding naturally created some ex-
ement, and steps were taken to recover
property. Report of this having reached
ears of the constituted authorities result-
the next day in an address to the Senior
ss in which an explanation of the whole
tter was made, which in substance was
t the duty of thus dehorning the rooms
d been authoritatively delegated to one of
college officers with instructions to do it
enly and above board."

—The Yale law school is said to
the only one in the United
ates or England that has a four-
ars' course of regular exercises,
id gives a degree of Doctor of
ws.

—The ladies in Michigan Uni-
ersity have an athletic associa-
on.

—In Berlin in 1876 the medical
udents numbered 281; now they
e 1,279. The increase in other
aces is proportionally as great.
t a recent national convention
German physicians, they con-
uded to use all endeavors to dis-
ade young men from entering
oon the study of medicine, after
aving thoroughly discussed the
ars concerning "proletariat of
arning."

—The University of the South
Sewanee has its vacations in
e winter. An exchange adds

that this is done in order to save
fuel.

—At Yankton College, the holi-
day has been changed from Satur-
day to Monday. The literary
societies are now puzzled to know
when to have their meetings.

—One hundred persons, includ-
ing eight Japanese, are pursuing
the Chatauqua course.—*Ex.*

—We learn from good authority
that in the United States every
two hundredth man takes a col-
lege course; in Germany every
two hundred and thirteenth; in
England, every five hundredth;
and in Scotland, every six hundred
and fifteenth.—*Ex.*

—It is generally believed that
General Walker will be President
of the Stanford University. He
can have the place if he wants it.

—The following is the list of
college colors: Amherst, white
and purple; Bowdoin, white;
Brown, brown; Columbia, blue
and white; University of Califor-
nia, pink; Cornell, cornelian;
Darmouth, green; Hamilton, pink;
Harvard, crimson; University of
New York, violet; University of
Pennsylvania, blue and red;
Princeton, orange and black; Wil-
liams, royal purple; Yale, blue.—
Ex. Colors of the University of
North Carolina are blue and white.

—The great Peters Hall, which
has just been completed at Ober-

lin, cost \$70,000. In addition to the recitation rooms, it contains a chapel and rooms for the literary societies.

—Harvard holds examinations in Paris; Lafayette in St. Louis and Chicago.

—Oxford University has appliances for printing in one hundred and fifty different languages.

—The library of Oxford University contains 375,000 volumes, among which are some of the most celebrated books and manuscripts in the world.

—Italy has twenty-one universities—one more than Germany. They are divided into two classes, those which receive State support and those which do not. The first class includes Turin, Genoa,

Pavia, Padua, Pisa, Bologna, Rome, Naples, Palermo and Messina. Naples has the largest number of students—3,900, while the smallest number—39—is found in Ferrara, which was once to Italy what Weimar was to Germany, the seat of the greatest minds of the age, and which, therefore, desperately clings to the privilege of being a university town. Turin has 2,100, Rome 1,200, Bologna 1,160 students. All the others excepting Pavia have fewer than a thousand. Futile efforts have been repeatedly made to reduce this uselessly large number of high schools. Theology is not taught at any Italian university but lectures on church history are included, sometimes, in the philosophical courses.—*Ex.*

BOOK REVIEW.

ELEMENTS OF PEDAGOGY. By EMERSON E. WHITE, LL. D. Cincinnati: VanLentwerp, Bragg & Co.

Dr. White is the author of a very popular series of Arithmetics, an excellent series of School Registers, and is a lecturer of some distinction. He has filled almost every position from that of country school teacher to profes-

sor in the University, and Superintendent of city schools. Hence his eminent fitness to write upon educational subjects. His Elements of Pedagogy justifies all we might expect of it from what we know of the author. There is first a concise, clear, accurate, forceful statement of the intellectual processes; then follows

duction of the Principles of Teaching, in which frequent references are made to the psychological facts already adduced. These "Principles" are made the basis of an excellent chapter on "a general method of teaching," embodying some of the most valuable thoughts to be presented upon the subject. The part of the chapter devoted to Written Examinations is earnestly commended to every teacher. The chapter on "Methods of Teaching Special Branches" embraces the subjects of Reading, Language, Geography, Arithmetic—the very subjects of interest to the common school teacher. The book winds up with a valuable chapter on "Moral Training." In this chapter the author discusses the "training of the will," "school incentives," "religious motives," etc. We think the book one of the very best we have seen of the recent contributions to educational literature.

The same publishers send out the Eclectic Manual of Methods, a neat little book of 262 pages, well printed on good paper, and nicely bound. It is especially adapted to use in those schools employing the Eclectic series of school books, but is probably none the worse for that. It contains valuable suggestions upon teaching, Reading, Spelling, Writing, Arithmetic, Geography,

Grammar, History and Physiology. Those who use the Eclectic text books ought to have the Eclectic Manual of Methods. It would be useful to them at every point. Other teachers will read the book with more or less interest and profit.

* * *

PHILOSOPHY OF EDUCATION. By JOHANN KARL FRIEDRICH ROSENKRUZ. Translated by Anna C. Brackett. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The work was originally published in the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, edited in St. Louis by Dr. W. T. Navis. An edition of two thousand copies was issued in separate volumes. The passing out of print of the book did not do away with the demand for it, and the present edition, revised and furnished with an elaborate analysis and a somewhat extensive and quite lucid commentary, all by Dr. Harris, is the result. It is the first volume of the "International Education Series," to be gotten out by D. Appleton & Co.

To philosophical students, the book is of rare value, while even the average teacher will find himself greatly profited by a careful study of it.

Part I. discusses the "Nature," "Form" and "Limits" of Education. Part II. treats of "Physical" and "Intellectual" Education and "Will-training." Part III. is devoted to "Rational," "Theo-

cratic" and "Christian" Education." From this analysis it will be seen that the title, Philosophy of Education, has not been inappropriately given. The place of Psychology in a system of education is clearly set forth, and its application to the development of the powers of the soul commends itself to the thoughtful student. As often as the teacher may read what the author says upon "Attention," he can do so with profit. The methods of treating the mediocre, the genius and the block-head will bring joy to the heart of the faithful teacher.

Lastly, the author places Religious Education as the highest form of education, and Christian Education as the culmination of religious training. And so it is. It is more than refreshing in these days when the average teacher, and the majority of the great writers on education, tremble at the mention of religion, lest offense should thereby be given, to find one of the greatest among the great educators standing up boldly not only for religious training, but for Christianity. Our Professor of Pedagogics is so well pleased with the book that he has put in his Seminary course for the Spring term.

* * *

LECTURE TO KINDERGARTNERS.
By ELIZABETH P. PEABODY. Boston:
I. C. Heath & Co.

To Miss Peabody as much as to

any one else is the Kindergarten indebted for its rapid spread in this country. The book contains the lectures which have made Miss Peabody so famous, and which have accomplished so much for the schools of Boston and other cities. It is a book not only for teachers but for mothers. The "Nursery," "Principles of Discipline," "Use of Language," and "Religious Nurture" are all subjects of interest to the mother and are treated in a manner worthy of the author and her themes. We heartily endorse the following from the author's preface: These lectures "unfold the idea which, though old as Plato and Aristotle, and set forth more or less practically from Comenius to Pestalozzi, was for the first time embodied in an adequate system by Froebel. The second lecture deals with the natural exemplification of this idea in the nursery, and is followed by two lectures on how the nursery opens up into the kindergarten through the proper use of language and conversation with children, and finally develops into equipoise the child's relations to his fellows, to nature, and to God. I have drawn many illustrations from my own psychological observations of child life, from which Kindergartners may learn how to study childhood for themselves." We commend the book to all who

have the training of children. Any one of the lectures is worth the price of the book, \$1.10 by mail.

From the same house we have received also three "Monographs in Education," paper, price 25 cents each. The first is on Modern Petrography, by George N. Williams, of Johns Hopkins. It is just what it professes to be, "An account of the application of the Microscope to the study of Geology." The next is on the "Study of Latin," especially in its relations to a liberal education." The third on "How to teach Reading," by G. Stanley Hall, Ph. D., of Johns Hopkins, is by far the most interesting and valuable to the average teacher. However, each is excellent in its own sphere. We hope the publishers will send out many such "Monographs," and that the teachers will buy and read them.

A YOUNG GIRL'S STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

Within a few weeks, *The Weekly Sentinel*, issued at Winston by the Oldham Publishing House, will lay before its readers a veritable literary treat. We refer to the opening chapters of a serial story entitled "Lillian Rembert; or, A Young Girl's Strange Experience," by Mrs. L. E. Amis, of Granville county. It is said to be intensely interesting, and is worthy of a wide perusal. Every North Carolinian who believes in fostering a literature of our own, and especially those who are interested in the literary career of the talented authoress, will enroll their names with *The Sentinel* at once, in order to get the opening instalment. The subscription price is \$1.50 per year—five cents per single copy.

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LIFE AND CHARACTER OF HON. W. A. GRAHAM.

[Condensed from Memorial Oration by M. McGEHEE, Esq.]

WILLIAM ALEXANDER GRAHAM
was born on the 5th day of Sep-
tember, 1804, in the county of
Lincoln.

* * He received the rudiments
of his education in the common
schools of the country. He com-
menced his classical education in
the Academy at Statesville, then
under the care of the Rev. Dr.
Buchat, a scholar of good repute.
Mr. Graham verified the apparent
paradox of Wordsworth,

"The child is father of the man."

He was noted, from his earliest
years, for his industry, his thirst

for knowledge and his aptitude to
learn. One who knew him well*
testifies that from his childhood
he was no less remarkable for his
high sense of truth and honor
than for his exemption from the
levities and vices common to
youth. At this Academy he ap-
plied himself to his studies with
the exemplary diligence. A class-
mate† at that time says of him:
"He was the only boy I ever knew
who would spend his Saturdays in
reviewing the studies of the week."

* Rev. R. H. Morrison.

† Judge Brevard.

He was next sent to the Academy at Hillsboro. This institution, subsequently under Mr. Bingham, acquired a renown in the South and Southwest, not inferior to the renown of Rugby, in England, under Dr. Arnold. It was then under the direction of Mr. Rodgers. He had been educated for the Catholic Priesthood, and for accurate scholarship and capacity as a teacher, had few superiors. Here Mr. Graham was prepared for College.

From this Academy he went to the University of the State, where he was matriculated in the summer of 1820. His course throughout his college life was admirable in every way. He appreciated the scheme of study there established, not only as the best discipline of the intellect, but as the best foundation for knowledge in its widest sense. He mastered his lessons so perfectly that each lesson became a permanent addition to his stock of knowledge. The professors rarely failed to testify by a smile, or some other token, their approval of his proficiency. On one occasion, a professor,* who has achieved a world-wide reputation in the field of science, remarked to one of his classmates† that his lecture on Chemistry came back as perfectly

from Mr. Graham as he had uttered it on the previous day.

Some thirty years after, the same professor in a letter to Mr. Graham, (then Secretary of the Navy,) uses this language: "It has often been a source of pleasing reflection to me that I was permitted to bear some part fitting you, in early life, for the elevated post of honor and usefulness to which Providence has conducted you."

His high sense of duty was manifested in his conscientious deportment under the peculiar form of government to which he was then subject. His observance of every law and usage of the College was punctilious; while, on the part of the faculty, he was ever scrupulously and conspicuously respectful.

His extraordinary proficiency was purchased by no laborious drudgery. The secret of it was to be found in the precept which he acted upon, through life—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." His powers of concentration were great, his perceptions quick, his memory powerful, prompt and assiduously improved. By the joint force of such faculties, he could accomplish much in little time. Hence, notwithstanding his exemplary attention to his College studies, he devoted much time to general reading. It was

* Professor Olmstead.

† John W. Norwood, Esq.

at this time, no doubt, that he laid up much of that large and varied stock of information upon which he drew at pleasure, in after life.

Intent upon availing himself to the full, of every advantage afforded him, he applied himself assiduously to the duties of the Literary Society of which he was a member. He participated regularly in the debates and other exercises of that body. For all such he prepared himself with care; and it is asserted by the same authority* which I have already referred to—most competent judge—that his compositions were of such excellence that, in a literary point of view, they would have challenged comparison with anything done by him in after life.

The class of which he was a member was graduated in 1824. It was the largest up to that time; and, for capacity and proficiency, esteemed the best. It was declared by Professors Olmstead and Mitchell, that Yale might well have been proud of such a class. It embraced many who afterward won high distinction in political and professional life. One, who divided the highest honors of the class with Mr. Graham, attained the highest judicial station in the State—a

seat upon the Supreme Court bench.*

No one could have availed himself to a greater extent than Mr. Graham did, of the opportunities presented in his collegiate career. "His college life, in all its duties and obligations," says the gentleman before quoted,† "was an epitome of his career upon the stage of the world." He adds that on the day when he received his diploma, he could, with his usual habits of study, have filled any chair with honor to himself and acceptance to his class. Such is the emphatic testimony of one who himself graduated with high distinction in the same class. Might we not subjoin, building upon the above remark, that his career in after life was, in great part, the logical result of the discipline and training to which he submitted himself, so conscientiously, in his college life?

He obtained his County Court license in the summer of 1826. At August term of the court he appeared at the Orange Bar. The rule then required, between the admission to practice in the County Court and the admission to practice in the Superior Court a novitiate of one year. This period he spent in Hillsboro, that he might continue to profit by the

* Hon. M. Manly.

† Mr. Norwood.

* Mr. Norwood.

instruction of his learned preceptor. At the end of the year he received his Superior Court license.

His first case of importance in the Superior Court was one which, from peculiar causes, excited great local interest. It involved an intricate question of title to land. On the day of trial, the court room was crowded and the Bar fully occupied by lawyers—many of them men of the highest professional eminence. When he came to address the jury, he spoke with modesty, but with ease and self-possession. His preparation of the case had been thorough, and the argument which he delivered is described as admirable, both as to matter and manner. When he closed, the Hon. William H. Haywood, who had then risen to a high position at the Bar, turned to a distinguished gentleman, still living, of the same profession, and inquired who had prepared the argument which Mr. Graham had so handsomely delivered. The answer was, "It is all his own;" to which Mr. Haywood replied with the observation, "William Gaston could have done it no better."

* * In 1833 he was elected a member of the General Assembly from the town of Hillsboro. His first appearance on the floor has an interest from the relations subsequently existing between him

and the distinguished man whom the motion submitted him had reference. He rose to move the sending of a message to the Senate to proceed to the election of a Governor of the State and to put in nomination George Swain. A day or two after, he had the satisfaction of reporting that that gentleman—who was ever afterward united to him by the closest bonds of friendship—had received a majority of votes and of being named as first on the committee to inform him of his election. He took, from the beginning, an active part in the business of the House relating to Banks, Law Amendments and Education. A few days after the session commenced, he was appointed chairman of a special committee, and submitted an adverse report upon the petition of certain citizens of France, praying that they might hold and transfer real estate. Near the end of the session he was the chairman of another special committee, to which was referred a question then much discussed. The question was, whether a person holding an office of profit or trust under the State government could during his term, hold a like office under the government of the United States. The question arose under the Constitution of 1776 and is of no practical value now. But it was a question of interest

the time, and possesses an interest for us, as the first work of the kind done by Mr. Graham which has come down to us. He proposed of the question in a report clear and well reasoned, and marked with great precision of language.

He was a member from the first town in 1834, during which session he appears to have discharged the duties of the chairman of the committee of which he was a member, the Committee on the Judiciary.

Mr. Graham was again a member from Hillsboro in the year 1835. In the organization of the committees the post of Chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary was assigned to him, and the journals bear testimony to the diligence with which its duties were discharged. It was through him, in his capacity of chairman, that the various reports of the Commissioners to revise the Statute Laws of the State—the revised Code being then in process—were submitted to the House.

* * He again represented the County of Orange in the Legislatures of 1838 and 1840, in both of which he was elected speaker. His withdrawal from the arena of debate, and we learn little more of him from the journals of those sessions than the uniform punctuality and universal acceptability

with which he discharged the duties of that high trust.

A revolution in the politics of the State brought about a vacancy, in 1840, in the representation from North Carolina in the Senate of the United States. Mr. Strange, under instructions, had resigned his seat; the term of the other Senator was near its end. There were thus two terms to be filled by the Legislature of 1841. Mr. Mangum was elected for the full term, Mr. Graham for the unexpired term. This election was considered by Mr. Graham as the most emphatic testimonial of the confidence and favor of the State which he received during his life. Mr. Mangum and he were residents of the same county, and of the many able men who might justly advance claims to the other seat Mr. Graham was the youngest. Certainly an election under such circumstances constituted a tribute of peculiar significance and value.

He was among the youngest members of the Senate when he took his seat; but he soon commanded the esteem and respect of the entire body. That, it has been truly said, was pre-eminently the age of great men in American parliamentary history, and of such he was regarded as the worthy compeer. "He never rose to speak," says a distinguished

gentleman,* who was himself a member of Congress at that time, "that he did not receive the most respectful attention. When the Senate went into Committee of the Whole he was usually called upon to preside. Reports from him as chairman of a committee almost invariably secured the favorable consideration of the Senate." From the same authority we learn that the relations existing between him and Mr. Clay were of the most kindly and intimate character, and that Mr. Clay "regarded him as a most superior man, socially and intellectually."

In 1844 he was nominated by the Whig party of North Carolina for the office of Governor. He had not sought the nomination; nay, would have declined it if he could have done so consistently with his high conceptions of the duty of a citizen. In 1836 he had married the daughter of the late John Washington, Esq., of Newbern, a lady of rare beauty and accomplishments—a union which brought to him as much of happiness as it is the lot of man to know. From this union a young and growing family was gathering around him. His patrimony had not been large, and the requirements of his family demanded his constant professional exertions. He was now at the summit of his

profession, and his emolument would be limited only by the nature of the business in an agricultural State, where commerce existed to only a small extent, and manufactures were in their infancy. His attention had been much withdrawn from his profession during his Senatorial career, and besides the expense and loss of time in a State canvass, he would, if elected, be entirely precluded from the exercise of his profession during his term of office. The salary of the office was small, and a residence in the capital as Chief Magistrate would render necessary an increased scale of expense. On the other hand, there were considerations of great weight. Letters came to him from many gentlemen of high standing in various parts of the State, pressing his acceptance by every consideration that could be addressed to an elevated mind. Moreover he was not unmindful of the honors which had been conferred upon him, and not ungrateful. He held, too, that the circumstances must be very exceptional, which could justify a citizen in withholding his service when called to a public station by the general voice of the people. To determine his duty cost him much anxious reflection; but the latter consideration proved decisive. The decision once made, he acted with his accustomed energy

* Hon. Kenneth Rayner.

His nomination was hailed with satisfaction throughout the Union. Among other letters which he then received, giving expression to this feeling, was one from Mr. May. In conclusion he thus expressed himself: "Still, I should have preferred that you were in another situation, where the whole Union would have benefitted by your services."

* * He was inaugurated on the 1st of January, 1845, the oaths of office being administered by Chief Justice Ruffin. The *Raleigh Register* of that date remarks, that the audience which witnessed the ceremony, for everything that could make the occasion imposing, was never been surpassed within our recollection. The lobbies and galleries were crowded with strangers and citizens, and a brilliant assemblage of ladies."

The Inaugural Address was worthy of the speaker. It is full of lofty thoughts and wise suggestions. It is pervaded throughout by that philosophic tone which belonged to whatever he wrote or spoke. The earlier part contains political reflections of such weight and value, that I would gladly present them if they could be condensed into a less space. In this address, as always, he held up the State as the worthy object of our best affections.

His first term was so acceptable

that he was elected for the second by a largely-increased vote. His two terms embrace that period during which North Carolina made the greatest progress in all her interests.* The messages of his very able predecessor, Governor Morehead, followed up by his own, drew the attention of the whole State to the subject of Internal Improvements, and a powerful impulse was given to that great interest. Space would fail me for a separate notice of each of the great interests of the State. To sum up in brief, whatever could tend to her material or intellectual progress was duly fostered and encouraged.

His messages were regarded as among the best State papers of his day. Of this I could cite many proofs; I must content myself with one. In a letter, Mr. Webster writes as follows: "The tone which your Message holds, in re-

* The Act for the charter of the Institution for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind was passed in 1846. In 1848 was passed Acts for the charters of the North Carolina Railroad, the Fayetteville and Western Plank Road, the Slack-water Navigation of the Cape Fear and Deep Rivers, and, prospectively, of the Yadkin, with a portage railroad connected with Deep River. The Legislature also made an appropriation for the erection of a Lunatic Asylum. The Act authorizing a Geological Survey was passed in 1850—the year after the expiration of his term—but the Act was mainly due to the influences exerted by his Inaugural and Messages.

gard to the relations between the State Government and the General Government is just, proper, dignified and constitutional, and the views which it presents on questions of internal policy, the development of resources, the improvement of markets, and the gradual advancement of industry and wealth, are such as belong to the age, and are important to our country in all its parts." His earnest recommendation of a Geological Survey elicited from Professor Olmstead a letter commending his views expressed in that regard, in which he said: "There is no State in the Union which would better reward the labor and expense of a Geological Survey than North Carolina."

In 1849 he delivered the address before the Literary Societies at Chapel Hill. His subject was a cursory view of the objects of liberal education. This address stands out in wide contrast to those which have been customary on such occasions and is solid, sterling, practical. It is a vindication of the University curriculum. Subjects of highest interest are discussed, and with all due attractions of style. It concludes with brief but weighty suggestions to the graduating class, calculated to stimulate to high aims in virtue, knowledge and patriotism.

Public honors have been coy to most men; it was the reverse in

his case. They waited around him with perpetual solicitations. In 1849, Mr. Mangum, one of the confidential advisers of the President, wrote to Mr. Graham that he might make his election between the mission to Russia and the mission to Spain. Subsequently the mission to Spain was tendered to and declined by him.

Upon the accession of Mr. Fillmore to the Presidency, a seat in the Cabinet was tendered to Mr. Graham. In the letter addressed to him by the President, informing him of his appointment, he said: "I trust that you will accept the office, and enter upon the discharge of its duties at the earliest day. I am sure the appointment will be highly acceptable to the country, as, I can assure you, your acceptance will be gratifying to me." In a letter couched in proper terms, dated July 25, he communicated his acceptance.

* * His labors as Secretary of the Navy were brought to a sudden termination. "The Whig party met in convention on the 16th of June, 1852, and put in nomination for the Presidency General Scott, and for 'the Vice Presidency Mr. Graham.' Mr. Graham's preference for the Presidency was in favor of Mr. Fillmore, and without a distinct declaration of principles, and an approval of the course of his administration, he would not have per-

mitted his name to be placed on any other ticket. This declaration was made, and in terms as explicit as he could wish; with that declaration, it became a mere calculation of chances which was the candidate the most acceptable to the country. Under these circumstances he accepted the nomination. Immediately on his acceptance, with a view, as he expressed it, "to relieve the administration of any possible criticism or embarrassment on his account in the approaching canvass," he tendered his resignation. The President, "appreciating the high sense of delicacy and propriety" which prompted the act, accepted his resignation with expressions of "unfeigned regret."

After his retirement from the cabinet, and in the same year (1852) he delivered the sixth lecture in the course, before the Historical Society of New York, in Metropolitan Hall, in the city of New York. "The attendance," we are told in the *Evening Post* of that date, "was exceedingly numerous." Ever anxious to exalt his state, and set her before the world in her true glory, his subject was taken from the history of North Carolina. It was the British invasion of North Carolina in 1780 and '81.

* * This lecture will, I think, be regarded as the maturest of his literary efforts. It presents the

events of the time in which it treats in new combinations, and sheds upon them new lights from original investigations. The style is always clear, forcible and harmonious. Classic ornament is introduced to an extent rare for him; for though he retained his classical learning to the end of his life, his sense of fitness led him to employ very sparingly what any one might be disposed to attribute to ostentation. Altogether it is the most valuable contribution yet made to the history of North Carolina at that era. It sets the State in a juster light than anything on record. It particularly commends itself to all who cherish in their hearts the sacred flame of State-love and State-pride; to all who hold in honor the renown of their ancestry; to all who would catch

"Ennobling impulse from the past."

Mr. Graham was again a member of the Legislature in 1854-'5.

A number of eminent statesmen, among whom was Mr. Graham, met in Washington City, in February, 1860, to consult together upon the dangers which menaced the country. The result was the convention which nominated the Constitutional Union ticket for Presidency, in behalf of which he canvassed the State. Upon the election of Mr. Lincoln he made public addresses, and exhorted the

people to yield due obedience to his office.

But events were marching on with rapid strides. On the 13th of April, 1861, Sumpter surrendered to Confederate guns. On the 15th, Mr. Lincoln issued his call for 75,000 troops. This call was made without authority, and was the first of that series of public measures culminating in the authorized suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act on the 10th of May, under the shock of which the public liberties of the North for a time went down.

By these events the aspect of things was wholly changed. The question of secession as a right, whether the election of Mr. Lincoln was a just cause for the exercise of the right, had drifted out of sight. War was inevitable. Virginia had followed the example of the Southern States, and North Carolina was now girdled with seceded States. All that was left her was a choice of sides. The language of Mr. Graham at this crisis was the language of all thoughtful men; nay, it was the language of the human heart. And looking back upon all that we have suffered—and there are none, even in the Northern States, but say we have suffered enough—if a similar conjuncture were to arise, the heart would speak out the same language again. Speaking the voice of the people of

North Carolina, as he, from the high trusts confided to him in his past life, and from the confidence always reposed in him, was more than any other commissioned to do, in a public address at Hillsboro, in March, 1861, he expressed himself as follows:

“ Ardent in their attachment to the Constitution and the Union, they had condemned separate State secession as rash and precipitate, and wanting in respect to the sister States of identical interests; and as long as there was hope of an adjustment of sectional differences, they are unwilling to part with the Government, and give success to the movement for its overthrow, which appeared on the part of some, at least, to be but the revelation of a long cherished design. But the President gives to the question new alternatives. These are, on the one hand, to join with him in a war of conquest, for it is nothing less, against our brethren of the seceding States—or, on the other, resistance to and throwing off the obligations of the Federal Constitution. Of the two, we do not hesitate to accept the latter. Blood is thicker than water. How widely we have differed from, and freely criticised the course taken by these States, they are much more closely united with us, by the ties of kindred, affection, and peculiar interest, which is denounced and warred

pon at the North, without reference to any *locality* in our own section, than to any of the Northern States."

Under the influence of these counsels, so wisely and temperately expressed, a convention of the people of North Carolina was called. On the 20th of May, a day memorable in the annals of the State, and of the world, the convention passed the ordinance of secession.

In December, 1863, Mr. Graham was elected to the Confederate Senate by a majority of two-thirds of the Legislature. He took his seat in May, 1864.

* * There is no part of Mr. Graham's life in which the calm wisdom, for which he was so distinguished, shone more conspicuously than in the closing months of the civil war. When independence was demonstrated to be hopeless, he sought peace; but even then, only in channels admitted to be in accordance with the great principles of our Government.

The surrender left the State under the control of the Federal Generals and under the military law. According to the theory of the Administration, all civil government had ceased; all the offices were vacant. The government, for a time, was such as a conquering army administers in a subjugated country. At length to inaugurate a civil government, the

precedent for the admission of territories was partially adopted. A provisional Governor was appointed with power to call a convention. In execution of his powers the Governor appointed to the vacant offices and issued a call for a convention. Mr. Graham was nominated for the convention; but it being announced by the executive, that persons unpardoned would not be allowed to take their seats, he withdrew from the canvass.

The Reconstruction measures were now passed. The former government was swept away. The whole power over the question of suffrage, that question which lies at the foundation of all representative government, and which under the old Constitution belonged to the States, save that Congress might pass uniform naturalization laws, was assumed and exercised by Congress. Suffrage was adjusted upon a new basis; all the black race was enfranchised, and a large portion of the white race was disfranchised. Under this adjustment, a new convention was called, and a new constitution adopted, the constitution under which we now live.

These measures, so extreme in their nature, were regarded while they were yet in progress by a large part of our people with a feeling little short of consternation. The Government seemed

wholly changed ; the Constitution irrevocably wrenched, if not destroyed. A profound apathy fell upon the minds of the people. A vast number ceased to take any cognizance of public affairs. They seemed to regard them as removed forever beyond their control. In this state of things a convention of the conservative party of North Carolina was called. It met on the 5th of February, 1868, in Tucker Hall, in the city of Raleigh, and was presided over by Mr. Graham.

Upon taking the chair he spoke at length upon the state of the country. The scope of that speech is summed up in the conclusion which I give in his own words : " I have detained you thus long, but to be brief and state our case as it is, against the thousand misrepresentations with which the ear of authority is vexed, for the consideration of yourselves, of our own people, of our fellow-citizens of the North and West, and the calm judgment of the world at large."

The Convention of 1865 had directed that the Legislature should be convened. An election was accordingly held and the Legislature met in the winter of that year. Mr. Graham was unanimously elected for the county of Orange, but, being unpardoned he did not offer to take his seat. . It was the universal desire of the

people that he should represent the State in the Senate of the United States, when restored to its old relations. It was felt that North Carolina had no one more competent to vindicate her action or represent her interests. It was felt that she had no one who, by his balanced judgment, his temperance of feeling, his urbane bearing, would do more to mitigate the asperities which had been provoked by civil strife. He was elected by a large majority. Upon his election he repaired to Washington and presented his credentials. They were laid upon the table. He presented to the Senate a manly and respectful memorial; but he was never permitted to take his seat. The spectacle presented by the exclusion from public affairs of a man of his antecedents, while so many who had an active agency in bringing on civil strife had been promoted to high station, arrested attention everywhere.

On the 14th of December, 1870, a resolution was adopted by the House of Representatives of North Carolina, that the Governor of North Carolina be impeached of high crimes and misdemeanors. On the 23rd of December the Court of Impeachment was duly organized, and sat forty days. The judgment of the court was that the Governor be deposed from office, and forever disquali-

fied from holding any office of profit or trust in this State.

Mr. Graham was the first counsel named among the eminent gentlemen of the Bar selected to assist the managers appointed by the House; and he bore a principal part in the management of the trial, and in the discussions of the various questions of evidence which arose in its progress. It was assigned to him to make the first of the speeches in the final argument. In his exordium he used the language quoted above—language which embodied the advice which he had given to the members of the Assembly by whom he had been consulted when the impeachment resolution was pending. The passage which follows, addressed to the Senators sitting in their judicial capacity, evidently lays down the rule by which his own public life had been guided:

“For my own part, I have to say to every public man, in regard to his public life, what the great poet represents the angel as having said to our first ancestor:

“Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou livest
Live well, how long or short permit to heaven?”

So completely was every point of law and fact covered by Mr. Graham that the eminent counsel who concluded on behalf of the managers confined himself to a re-

statement of the positions taken by him, and to such further discussion as was rendered necessary in reply. That speech will not fail to be studied whenever the great principles of government then involved shall come to be again defended here.

This record would be most imperfect did it fail to bring into the most prominent relief the services of Mr. Graham in his office of trustee of the University. He regarded the University as the best ornament of the State, and no one of all its sons nursed it with a more devoted or wiser care. He attended all its commencements, and was most active in watching over all its interests. No one labored with more zeal for its restoration to the control of the true sons of the State. For many years he was a member of the Executive Committee, and at the time of his death he was the chairman of that committee. It was to him, finally, that Governor Swain, in the last years of his successful administration, looked for direction and support in all its trials and embarrassments.

Mr. Graham had been nominated by acclamation by the people of Orange for the Constitutional Convention which sat in September, 1875, but the state of his health rendered it impossible for him to undergo the labors of the canvass. This was not needed on

his own account, but his absence from the hustings was regretted on account of the convention cause. He published, however, a strong address to his constituents, which was widely circulated, and had an important influence on the result.

A meeting of the boundary Commissioners had been arranged to take place at Saratoga Springs, in the State of New York, in the month of August, 1875. Thither Mr. Graham accordingly went, accompanied by Mrs. Graham and his youngest son. For many days he appeared to be in his usual health; but a great change was at hand. After an evening spent with his friends, whose society he enjoyed with more than his wonted zest, he retired a little beyond his accustomed hour. Soon after the symptoms of his disease recurred in aggravated form. Physicians were summoned who ministered promptly, but ineffectually. Meantime the news of his situation spread, and messages of inquiry and offers of personal services testified to the general and deep concern. But all that science and the most affectionate solicitude could suggest proved unavailing. He expired at 6 o'clock on the

morning of Wednesday, the 11th of August, 1875.

There is enough here, and more than enough, to satisfy the aspirations of the loftiest ambition. But in the contemplation of the life he must be blind indeed who does not see that the moral rise high over the intellectual grandeur. The moral dignity of man never received a higher illustration than in the life before us. We admire the pure Patriot in whose thoughts the State—her weal and her glory—was ever uppermost; the learned Jurist who from his ample stores informed and moulded the laws of his own commonwealth; the eloquent Advocate who stood always ready to redress the wrong, whether of the individual or the community at large; the wise Statesman who swayed the destinies of his State more than any of his generation. But we render the unfeigned homage of the heart to him, who by the majesty of his moral nature passed pure and unsullied through the wide circle of trials and conflicts embraced in his life; and who, in his death, has left a fame that will be an incentive and a standard to the generous youth of North Carolina through all the ages that are to come.

FRIGHTENED TO DEATH.*

The old bell in the south tower was ringing the hour of four. The day's recitations were over, and the students of the University of Carolina were hurrying through the corridors of the great stone building, some towards the ball-ground, others to their respective rooms, and a few to the campus for evening strolls. A little circle of friends lingered about the steps discussing the incidents of the day.

"What did old 'Julius Ceasar' mean this morning by reading to us that extract from 'Hamlet?'" inquired a fat boy, as he inhaled the fumes of a cigarette.

"Why, to illustrate with an English parallel the Latin passage we were reading," answered a handsome fellow reclining upon the grass near by. "The ghost of the old king appeared to Hamlet much as the shades of Hector and Creusa did to Aeneas. Professor W—," continued he, "is trying to make his lectures entertaining and you fellows do not appreciate his efforts."

"Well, old 'Julius' does read well, there is no denying that,"

continued the fat boy. "It is better listening to him than standing up to recite, anyhow."

"Yes, standing up to recite 'unprepared, as you invariably do," thrust in another.

"Did you boys see 'Kitty's' eyes," asked the youth on the grass, "when Horatio said 'Look, my lord, it comes!?' I believe she really expected to see the ghost of Hamlet's father stalk from behind the Professor's chair."

"Well, the Prof. read so deep and curious like that it did make me feel a little shaky" apologized the pale nervous boy alluded to, as he rubbed his clammy hands.

"Is it not a little remarkable," said one of the party, "that men in all ages have believed in ghosts and feared them when no man has ever been hurt by one and there is no evidence that one was ever seen."

"They are the creations of fear," explained another of the circle. "Ignorant minds fill darkness with monsters and attribute to them all that is beyond their understanding. Ghosts retreat before knowledge, and when the whole

* The incident of this story was related to the writer by the late Col. George Wortham, of Granville, and if it has ever been in print the writer is not aware of it. It was said to have been an actual occurrence at the University many years ago.

world is educated they will have ceased to exist."

But the nervous boy was not so sure that ghosts were mere creations of fancy, and narrated several stories which had been retailed to him by old negroes upon his father's plantation. How, for instance, while "sitting up" with the body of old Aunt Peggy every candle was suddenly extinguished and all heard a rumbling and groaning up the chimney. And then, too, the night after Uncle Abe died a coffin on legs ran old Josh through the piny woods, never stopping till he crossed the spring-branch; and many more stories of equal weight. Evidently the nervous boy was no sceptic.

But the young man upon the grass laughed heartily at "Kitty's" foolish stories, and boasted that all the ghosts in grave-yards could not frighten him. Indeed, he declared that he would give his expected "sheepskin" for one sight of a genuine moving ghost.

"Why, if you believe in ghosts, Kitty," exclaimed he, "you should believe also in witches. Watch, the next stormy night, and perhaps you will see old Mrs. Sikes ride over the South Building upon a broom. It would be a novel sight, and well worth the waiting. Or, if you lay hid at 'Otis Retreat,' you might learn how they conduct a witches' Sabbath." Then, merrily laughing at the nervous boy's

round eyes and solemn visage, he waved a good-bye to the party and sauntered down the gravel path, arm-in-arm with a friend.

Two of the youths who had heard the young man's laughing remarks might have been seen whispering together as he strolled away. "We'll see whether he or not!" one of them remarked aloud, at length; and then, seemingly amused at their mysterious plans, they both broke into a hearty laugh. "Will it not be a good one!" exclaimed the other. "After all his brave talking, too!" "He will not be afraid—oh, no!" And then they were nearly convulsed with laughter again.

During the evening the young man who laughed at ghosts returned to his room, and before retiring for the night looked, as usual, to see that a revolver lay in its accustomed place beneath his pillow. He had thought no more of the conversation at the steps unless, indeed, it was to smile at his friend's credulity, and untroubled by fearful fancies was soon sleeping soundly.

He had been asleep several hours when a noise in the room aroused him. Raising his head slightly, he listened. But nothing more was heard. The strollers through the campus had long since retired, and the tramping upon the steps and through the corridors had ceased. The half-moon

as rising, but the faint light stealing through the open window only made darker the shadows about the room. As the young man listened a sigh was heard from an obscure corner.

"Who is there!" he called sharply, springing up in bed. But instead of an answer a tall white figure moved slowly from the shadow and stood near his bed, half revealed in the moon-light.

The youth was startled. But his feeling was more of anger than of fear, for his avowed scepticism the previous evening had not been asumed. Still, there is a trace of superstitious in every one, however firmly the intellect may control it. "Leave my room instantly!" he cried, and at the same time drew his weapon from under the pillow. But the ghostly figure stood silent and motionless.

"If you remain a moment longer," he exclaimed, "I will shoot!" The white drapery heeded no more than a garment hanging upon the wall.

The young man raised his weapon and fired at the object, which seemed so near that the powder might have scorched it. But instead of a masker falling wounded, as he expected, the mysterious phantom slowly raised a long extended arm, paused a moment, and then a bullet dropped from his fingers and rolled away upon the floor.

Again he raised his pistol and fired, and again he saw the white arm lifted slowly and heard another ball rattle as it fell from its fingers.

Five times he fired with the same result, and as the last bullet dropped upon the floor and rolled away, the empty revolver fell from his hand, and he sank back heavily upon the bed. Then the phantom glided silently from the chamber, while from the shadows about the room a dozen others seemed to rise and follow it noiselessly.

Presently in a distant chamber there was the sound of merry laughter.

"I thought we could scare him!" said one. "The bravest talkers are sure to be the greatest cowards."

"But I know from the way he spoke he was not frightened when he first saw you," said the sallow-faced youth, "and I confess I trembled so, over there in the corner, that it shook the furniture in the room."

"Didn't he drop heavily when he emptied his pistol without hurting anything?" exclaimed another. "He fell like he had been shot."

"I say, Tom," called another, "how did you manage it so cleverly?"

"Oh, I slipped in his room while he was absent," answered the youth addressed, "and drew

the balls from his cartridges, filling them with paper instead. It is well that he did not examine them, for the wads struck me every time."

"Won't we laugh at him to-morrow!" called out one. "I do not think he will speak lightly of ghosts again soon."

And then they all laughed long and merrily at the joke which had been played upon the sceptic.

But on the morrow the young man did not come down from his room as usual. The students had heard of the night's adventure and many were awaiting to challenge him when he should appear. At length a friend ascended to his room and, venturing to enter unbidden, found him stretched upon his bed just as he had fallen the night before—*dead!*

JOHN WILLIS HAYS.

A GLANCE AT POE.

A nation's literature moulds its character. By studying the literature of past nations we can gain, in great measure, a correct estimate of their customs, manners and morals.

Among the many prominent authors who have helped to form the American school of letters there stands forth none so prominent as the subject of this sketch. On none has Genius set her seal so plainly and no one has done so much for the production of a *distinctly* American literature.

While Hawthorne and Irving have made for themselves names that cannot perish, yet it was Edgar Allan Poe, who, leaving the beaten path, wandered out in the broad field of literature, and

in pastures before unknown plucked fresh flowers to grace the Goddess of Letters. This was the genius that bound dull facts with the silken cord of Fancy, and made Nature lend her aid to art.

The peculiar interest which attaches us to the name of Poe is that he was a Southerner and lived among southern people. Through the shifting interests of the stage, for his parents were players, he was born in Boston but his home was made in Richmond and for his southern home he always,—even in the gloom of his after bitter years, preserved tender love.

The most remarkable feature of Poe's works is his originality. Dryden says, "A poet is a maker

as the word signifies and he who cannot make, that is, invent, hath his name for nothing." Judging Poe by this standard as a poet, he is nearly perfect. What man ever before conceived such an idea as is embodied in the Raven? Who before ever put upon paper the wild spirits of the "Bells"?

This genius created and embodied these "rare and radiant" fancies into words just as truly as do soil and sunshine weave the fly's leaf and give color to the rose.

The diction of Poe is something wonderful. In every line there is a play of words. What an admirable adaptation of sound to sense in the Bells! "Keeping time, time, time, with a sort of Runic hymn, to the tintinnabulation of the Bells."

Perhaps no recent writer, whether American or foreign, has such complete control of the beauties of Rhetoric. Beautiful figures and fancies teemed in his brain and throw around his writings an irresistible charm.

His imagination roamed through infinity and brought the gems of the universe,—seen and unseen to deck his pages.

As a critic he is a model. For many years he conducted the review department of "Graham's Magazine," and here his exposure of humbug and pretension was asathing as the lightning's blast

and as "pitiless as the storm." Yet while he exposed error in all its forms and threw off the flimsy veil of hypocrisy and pretension, there remained behind his sweeping pen a heart as tender and kindly as a woman's.

It is upon his prose works that the name and fame of Poe chiefly depend.

In their originality they stand out alone, unique, unapproached, and unapproachable. A singular faculty of this giant mind seems to be his wonderful power of analysis. So greatly was this power developed that it was his favorite mental recreation to solve the most difficult cryptograms that mind could construct, or ingenuity could invent. He believed that what the human mind has put together the human mind can solve.

The artistic arrangement of facts, that wonderful power which he throws around his works and the strange fascination belong solely to Poe. The power of suggestiveness—intimating more than is said, give to his works a peculiar and a forcible charm. That attention to details which in war made Napoleon the kingly master of modern Europe when applied to literature made Edgar A. Poe the king of American Letters.

It seems to have been the misfortune of Genius in all ages to have been poor.

From the time that blind Homer went a begging down to the present, want and misery have ever been ready to harrass and torture the discipline of letters.

Irving made scarce a support by his gifted pen, while Timrod died in South Carolina within the past two decades for want of the necessities of life.

Cradled in the lap of want and nursed by stern necessity, Poe knew early and late the stings of Poverty and the pangs of Need. Fate, like a black cloud, seemed ever hovering over his pathway, ready to blight his brightest hope or wither his fondest ambition, while *man* in his littleness must needs assail that greatness to which he could never aspire and could scarce understand.

The petty authors to whom Poe had weighed out merited justice in stripping them of false pretensions never forgave him, but like an eager flock of vultures were ever ready to assail a weak point in their enemy. Perhaps the character of no man has in the centuries been so cruelly and so heartlessly assailed as Poe. Even his purest dreams were assailed by the blackening tongues of his enemies and his regard for pure woman was turned into a jest, yet amidst the rivalries, the deceit and the follies of men his life went in and out like the streams among the hills on which he was nur-

tured—darkened by the shadow of the forest but pure and untainted.

His mind was like a beautiful jewel placed in a setting of frail and feathery glass. The setting was too delicate to bear the storm of life, and crumbled in the trial of adversity, yet the radiance of that jewel is not lost and its brightness to-day shines forth from his pages with a mellow splendor.

If ever the recording angel dropped a tear and blotted the sins of mortal from the celestial record, surely *that* man must have been Edgar A. Poe.

The influence of such a genius can scarcely be measured. It unloosed from its shackles and bonded the literature of America and made it known throughout the cultured world; Germany, France, vine-clad Italy and the icy steppe of Russia have known and appreciated the genius of Poe and thereby learned to respect our literature. Together with the names of Cable, Timrod and Fuller the name of E. A. Poe reflects the highest credit upon the South. These were the pioneers of Literature in the South, who, like the pioneers in Nature endured the toils and privations that future generations might rise up and call them blessed.

Within the temple of Fame there is a niche, garlanded with immortelles and perfumed by

ensers "swung by unseen hands"
acred to the memory of Edgar
Allan Poe, and the Muse, with
owed head and draped lyre, sits
ear, while the Graces, with "foot-
steps tinkling on the tufted floor"
ome to do honor to his memory.

Yet while his spirit has crossed to
the "night's dark Plutonian shore"
his songs and writings will live as
long as the Beautiful has power
to soothe and as long as the golden
lyre of Poesy has power to sway
the hearts of men. · MIGMA.

EDITORIAL.

E. P. WITHERS.

—CÆSAR said "*Veni, vidi, vici.*" We can only say, "*Veni, vidi, victus-sum.*"

—JUST listen at the Salem Academy! "*Withering breeze*"! Great goodness! This is worse than ever. We are utterly crushed.

—WOULD'NT it be a sight to see the Greensboro girls clinging to our exchange editor during an earthquake. Wish they would cling to us. We'd hold the dear little darlings just right.

—MR. GROVER CLEVELAND is severely afflicted with rheumatism. This is not Mr. Cleveland's only disease. He has got what is familiarly known as the "big head" bad. And Mr. Cleveland is not the only man similarly afflicted.

—THERE is a good deal being said about the New South in the newspapers, and H. W. Grady has made himself famous by a speech on this subject. This is all very good, but the gallantry, chivalry and manhood of the *Old South* will never be surpassed.

—WE would about as soon be sent to the penitentiary as to a

female college, and we do sympathize with the poor girls who have to endure the frowns of their learned professors, and who can't see a boy. This last thing "gets" the girls bad.

—IT is a dangerous business editing anything, especially a college magazine. We have made more people mad in the last four months than any two men in this country, and during Christmas we were nearly annihilated. We got armed now.

—THE spirit of the age is towards sensationalism in everything. Newspapers publish glaring, filthy accounts of every scandal, divorce, murder or any indecent slush that they can gather up. The New York dailies lead in this, and the *World*, great paper though it is, is the worst of them all.

—WE have been trying our best to get up a mash on some of these girl editors that run these female college magazines but we can't do it, and we have come to the conclusion that they are all married and are teachers instead of the girls.

—THE manuscript for this department was lost by a brother editor and we were notified to get up again in one night. This explains in part its rather inferior quality. The other part is explained by our lack of ability. We hoped to be excused on these grounds.

Thou fair and festive Flora,
Right as sunny day in May;
aptly named for joyous flowers,
Sweet as nectar from their buds.

* * * * *

Thy kisses melt from off thy glowing
lips, like incense from a fairy's
urine. And on thy head a glorious
green,—so soft, so lovely,—sure I've
never seen the like before.

* * * * *

Knocking at thy feet I offer
Love from off the flaming altar
Of my captive, 'chanted heart.
Wilt thou take it, fairy Flora?

* * * * *

O horrors! She rung a chest-
nut bell!

MIGMA.

—THE recent oration of Mr. Henry W. Grady in New York has been praised and commented upon throughout the nation. Mr. Grady is proprietor of the *Atlanta Constitution* (to which Joel Chandler Harris—"Uncle Remus"—is a contributor). We are glad, sincerely glad, that he has so distinguished himself and it is truly gratifying to know that, as he puts it, "Mason and Dixon's line is wiped out forever" and that our South-

ern talent meets its proper recognition at the north. Generously, two of the leading New York dailies have nominated him for Vice-President in 1888. We want to see him get it. He is an able man, he is a southerner and he is an *editor*. We are especially pleased when a newspaper man rises to any great honor. It shows a progressive spirit among the people and that not he alone who turns the cunning phrase of law is born to sit in high places. Now, as to the matter of that speech, it was a mixture of the beautiful word-painting of Major Daniel with the terseness and the rollicking humor of Zeb. Vance. Although it is highly praised, still it is not unjustly so, for it embodies the very soul of the broad, progressive "New South."

—SENIOR beavers, the girls declare, are "just too lovely"! One of the class while visiting Salem Academy entrusted his to the hands of a young lady. She accidentally rumpled it and said "O, I wouldn't have done it for the world, do let me smooth it." Unfortunately she "smoothed" it the wrong way and he says when he came out that it looked like a "friezing chicken" that had been left a poor, pitiful orphan and had seen hard times. This sad calamity is used to point a moral:—never entrust your beaver or anything soft (your heart, for instance)

to the fair sex,—for they'll surely
rumple it.

—MISS MARY N. MURFREE—
“Charles Egbert Craddock” has just issued a new novel “In the Clouds.” It comes from the publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. We are proud of “Chas. Egbert Craddock” as a Southern writer. Sometime ago we gave a short history of her in our Review Department. Next month we shall give a review of this latest volume.

—It is reported that “Christian Reid” will soon issue another volume, through the house of D. Appleton & Co.

Gaily the clouds were dancing
On Heaven's star-studded floor,
And spreading their sails they vanished,
Like vessels leaving the shore.

Softly the wind was blowing,
Bearing on its downy wing
The odors it had stolen
From the blushing flowers of Spring.

Gently the flowers were nodding,
Bowing in mimic glee,
Bending to th' breeze with graceful ease,
And smiling in mockery.

And the moon-light, softly falling,
Revealed my Annie's face,
Blushing like the clouds at sun-set,
In Apollo's warm embrace.

I told her the old, old story,
And a blush was my only reply;
I sealed my bliss with a lingering kiss,—
I did not do wrong, did I?

Gently the breezes whispered,
Softly the roses sighed,
Gaily the cloudlets glided
O'er the heavens wide.

But not the wind's soft murmur,
Nor yet the roses' sigh,
Disturbed our boundless happiness—
My peerless Annie and I.

And days and years have vanished,
Like mist o'er a distant hill;
Friends have come and friends have left us
Crushed in the Century's cruel mill.

But oft we sit in the moon-light,
And think of the days of yore,
Bright they rise before our eyes,
Like dreams of Heaven's shore.

E.

A Chat on The Shore of Life's Sea.

Let us sit down here, friend, on the shore of Life's sea and talk awhile. Just over the hill yonder we can see the glistening of its waters, every moment the roar of its breakers becomes more deafening and even now some of the spray from its restless waves falls at our feet. Soon we must launch our frail bark upon the bosom of this restless sea and fight for life with its hungry waves. See how they roll and tumble in their wild restlessness. Would it not be better to ride at ease in an harbor near the shore, with the birds singing around and flowers blooming within reach? No. Though our boat be wrecked upon the first shoal, we must go; the heart burns to mingle in the wild conflict.

Some noble vessels we see out there as they gallantly ride the waves; on they go, and all danger is forgotten in the strong desire to follow in their glorious course.

Others we see that seem to have stemmed the tide for many a day. The rigging is in disorder, the tattered sails hang loosely against the masts, and even while we are looking some of them sink. For a moment the waters are disturbed where they sink, but soon a huge wave sweeps over the spot

and there is nothing to tell us the place. Still other vessels we see out there, but they are drifting—drifting at the wild waves' will heedless of the clouds that gather above, caring not for the storm that rushes by; they are drifting, only drifting. Ah! it is a fearful thing to see these vessels driven by winds they cannot control, wrecked by a power that is higher than they, and still—but away with gloomy thoughts, let us cheerily launch our boat. E.

PERSONAL DEPARTMENT.

J. C. JOHNSON.

—"Mr. K. Smith!" Echo.

—"F. H. N.," "D. B. P.," "G. P. R."—the immortal trio. See catalogue for '85-'86.

—"Father Wade, were you excited at the fire?" "Not a bit more than I am now."

—"Dutchy" has superceded his father in the affections of that girl, and is to be married in February.

—P. B. Manning ('86), now of Wilmington Graded School, spent a week on the Hill during holidays. He is the same "P. B." in more respects than one, we infer.

—E. C. Register, one of our old students, was lately married to Miss Lizzie, daughter of Judge W. J. Montgomery.

—A. D. Ward ('85) is now practising his chosen profession of law in Keenansville, Duplin county, with very fair prospects.

—The marriage ceremony of Mr. E. A. Alderman (class '82) and Miss Emma Graves, sister of our Professor of Mathematics, was celebrated here on Wednesday morning, December 29.

—Rev. R. B. John ('80?) and Miss Atwater were joined in wedlock at the residence of the bride's father, on December 30. Rev. Mr. John was assigned the charge of one of the Methodist churches in Raleigh by the last Conference.

—Mr. H. H. Williams, who took A. M. at the University in '83, is lecturing in this State. The subject of his lecture is Martin Luther, and his treatment of it has been highly commended by all who have heard it.

—The University Railroad has been honored with an accident. The reason no one was more seriously hurt was because of the rate of travel on this road, which has been estimated variously at between five and ten miles an hour.

—The people of Chapel Hill were shocked on the morning of the day before Xmas, at the fall of Prof. Toy from his horse, sustaining thereby a very serious injury. We are glad to say that he is recovering, though gradually, yet we hope permanently.

—Christmas afternoon the alarm

fire was given, and it was ascertained that Dr. Hume's residence was on fire. A crowd quickly assembled and took out the furniture. The fire could not be put out for lack of something to work with. We know it was a sad sight to many of the older inhabitants who better knew of its associations to see the old historic building burned to the ground.

—A member of the present junior class in his Freshman year got a low grade on Greek. A short time afterward the following conversation took place between him and the good old Professor of Greek. Student: "Professor, I declare I'm surprised at my mark in Greek. I certainly thought to do better than that. That mark will pull my average down mighty low." Professor: "Well, Mr. L., what did you get on Latin?" Student: "I got 84, sir." Professor: "What did you get on Mathematics?" Student: "I—I—well—the fact is, I didn't do so well on that. I didn't *quite* get through." Professor: "Well, Mr. L., you must study real hard, and perhaps you'll raise your average next time."

—One of our students has the convenient characteristic of looking furiously angry when he inquires after his mark. Expecting to fall on a certain study, he called on the Professor, and fortunately

had assumed that convenient countenance. The Professor sprang up very much excited, and exceedingly polite, when the student blurted forth—"Professor, what'd I get?" Professor (very pale): "I'm very sorry, sir, but there was a good many obverse considerations to take account of in your mark. I wanted to give you more, but under the circumstances I thought 74 would"—Student: "Thank you, sir! Good morning."

—Everybody was excited at the fire, and we didn't see but one or two that knew what they were doing. Even Father W., who has chased Indians on the Texas plains, lost his presence of mind and pitched a box of china out of the window and bravely rescued three obstinate turnips that were hiding away in one corner trying to be roasted, so we hear. One of our citizens, who has a commanding voice, holloed to "Pullet" and "Crab" to take up a desk weighing near 300 pounds and carry it away. "Pullet" declined, but guarded manfully a barrel of apples.

—"James Robert, do you ever drink anything?" "Well, sometimes, Josh—during Christmas." "Well, I've sent after two gallons of the best old stuff you ever tasted. Come around to my room in about two hours." "All right,

Josh; what is it?" "Some of the best old 'simmon and locust beer you ever tasted."

—They say that "Col." Steele got 70 on one study. He was so proud of it that he would stand and look at the bulletin for an hour at a time. Then he would just happen there again presently and look in at the door and ask,—if any one was at the bulletin,—what he got on the particular study. On being told that he got 70, "Colonel" would very carelessly remark—Yes, he expected he would get a right good mark, as he was making a specialty of that. It was even asserted that the bulletin board had as great an attraction for him as the great "Round Rock" beef market, in which place

of business he takes a fostering interest.

—Through the efforts of Mr. R. G. Grissom, mainly, the Shakespeare Club of the University has become a reality, and by no means the least factor for good in the institution. A room has been fitted up for the library of the Club, and donations and loan of books are earnestly solicited. We offer no commendation on those who have been instrumental in establishing and promoting the interests of the club; for the club itself and its fruits, we are persuaded will be a juster testimonial to the honor they deserve at the hands of all who are interested in English literature than anything we can say.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

CLAUDIUS DOCKERY.

THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE to
its Brethren of the Exchange
World, GREETING :

While systems change and suns retire and
worlds slumber and wake,
times ceaseless march proceeds.

The year eighteen hundred and
eighty six is numbered among the
years that were, but are no more.

Time rolls on,
like the swell of some sweet tune.
Morning rises into noon.
Day glides onward into June.

Another volume of the book of
time has been closed, sealed and
its contents are ready to be trans-
mitted by the historian to the
generations that are to come.

The new year has been ushered
in and it finds our MAGAZINE still
among the things that are. It is
still a representative of the inter-
ests of our University. At its
mast head float the banner of U.
I. C., and it is our desire to make
it worthy of the grand old Insti-
tution whose interests it repre-
sents. Indeed the interests of the
University are the interests of the
MAGAZINE. The interests of the
MAGAZINE are the interests of the
University and of all connected

therewith. We are sorry to con-
fess that we do not receive that
support which we claim our MAGA-
ZINE deserves. We receive no
material aid whatever from those
who should give their warmest
and most hearty support to the
representative journal of their
Alma Mater. For this, however,
we attach no blame to ourselves.
We gave them ample opportunity.
Our consciences are at rest. No
remorse ; no sting !

We have worked faithfully. We
have performed our duty to the
extent of our ability. We have
worked honestly, and it is a source
of much pleasure to us to know
that our efforts are appreciated by
those who are *capable* of passing
judgment upon our work. The
favorable criticisms that reach us
not only from the press of our
own State but from the representa-
tive journals of other colleges of
our country give us much encour-
agement in our determination to
succeed.

With renewed hopes, therefore,
do we enter upon the duties of
the New Year—and with deter-
mined resolution—we propose to

succeed if success is possible, despite the indifference of our alumni.

Now, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Ex. World, it has been the desire of the present staff of editors that our MAGAZINE be on friendly terms with all our exchanges. So far, our hopes have been realized and the New Year finds us proclaiming, "Peace on earth and good will toward all men." It is true we have had some little "spats" at times but they have been of a friendly nature, and such always prove to be "the life of trade." We wish for each of you all the success imaginable—a long, happy and prosperous life—

"For you may life's calm stream unruffled
run ;

For you its roses bloom, without a thorn
And bright as morning shine its evening sun !"

We greet you!

—Since the last issue of our MAGAZINE, we have received many representative exchanges, among which we note the following: *Brooklyn Magazine*; *Niagara Index*; *The Aegis*; *Phrenological Journal*; *Muhlenburgh Monthly*; *University Reporter*; *Pacific Pharos*; *Pennsylvania College Monthly*; *Cornell Sun*; *The Messenger*; *Swarthmore Phoenix*; *College Journal*; *The Occident*; *The Antiochian*; *S. C. Collegian*; *Southern University Monthly*; *Weekly University Courier*; *Southern Bivouac*;

Virginia University Magazine; *The University*, of New York; *The Lincolnian*; *Texas University*; *University Monthly*; *Miami Journal*; *Davidson Monthly*; *The Academy*; *North Carolina Teacher*; *Wake Forest Student*; *The Oa leaf*; *College Message*, and others. Among our State papers it is our privilege to exchange with the *News and Observer*; *State Chronicle*; *Biblical Recorder*; *The Journal*; *Asheville Citizen*; *Wilmington Star*; *Twin-City Daily* and others. We cheerfully exchange with them all.

—From the far distant Texas have we received words of cheer and encouragement. The *Texas University* has reached us. My brother, we greet you! Here's our hand. We shake. May success as heretofore ever crown your efforts. May you shine ever so brightly as does the Lone Star in the western horizon of our grand galaxy of States.

—And Catawba College of our State is to have a journal. *The College Visitor*. The first number of this paper is upon our desk. It makes a good beginning and we wish for it long and continued success.

—We acknowledge receipt of the *Branson Almanac* for 1887. It is a valuable reference book.

Mr. Branson is a native of our State and is acquainted with every minutiae. Having traveled over the State many times in completing his State Directory, he is eminently qualified to calculate and publish a superior Almanac. Ten cents invested in Branson's Almanac brings much information of value.

—A student in want of money sold his books and wrote home: Father, rejoice! I am now deriving my support from literature."—*Ex.*

—"Is your son studying the languages?" inquired the visitor, of Mrs. Bently, whose son George is at college. "Oh, yes," Mrs. Bently replied; "it was only yesterday that he writ home for money to buy a German student lamp and a French clock?"—*Ex.*

To My Partner at Whist.

Oh lovely *Queen*, all *diamond decked*,
Hear my audacious prayer,
Or else the *Deuce* will take your *Jack*
And plunge him in despair.

Do not *deceive* him, or betray
A love till late so shrinking,
Or lead him on to *throw away*
His life in *cards* or drinking.

To *Knavish tricks* my *game* shall show,
But bold my *suit* I'll *press*,
And force your *heart* to *echo* to
My own—a sweet *finesse*.

Then happier than *Kings* we'll be,
If never heretofore,
And when the judgment *trump* shall play
Love all will be the score. *Ex.*

—The Columbia Bicycle calendar for '87, just issued by the Pope Manufacturing Company, of Boston, is a truly artistic and elegant work in chromo-lithography and the letter-press. Each day of the year appears upon a separate slip, with a quotation pertaining to 'cycling from prominent personages. On the first slip we find the following from Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"Then tread away, my gallant boys,
And make the axle fly!
Why should not wheels go round about,
Like planets in the sky?"

This calendar is worthy of a place in every office, library or parlor.

—We have again received the *Niagara Index*. It seems that developments are still going on since our last issue. However, we await the time when the technical name of the animal is discovered before we make a full report. Let the good work continue.

—The holiday number of *The North Carolina Teacher* speaks well for the push and energy of its editor. It is an excellent journal of its kind, and deserves the hearty support of all friends of education in the Old North State.

—The *Southern Bivouac* for December contains a number of original and striking articles, and is

a magazine which neither the North or the South would hesitate to claim.

The first article, illustrated, is a description of the origin and genesis of the trotter, and it is accompanied by a number of instructive tables. The article is written by John Duncan, and its interest will not be confined to those concerned in the improvement of livestock. It is an unusually valuable and suggestive article.

The article to which nearly every reader will first turn relates to the Northwestern Conspiracy. It is the introduction to a complete history of this episode of the war, and contains the letters of instruction and the commissions issued to the Confederate Commissioners. The cipher used is also given, with an account of the manner in which the Commissioners ran the blockade. These papers will equal in historical interest and exceed in personal adventure any war papers yet published.

Another important contribution to history is the paper containing some unpublished letters of Jefferson. These letters contain a number of valuable historical events and personal items of interest, and will be read with pleasure.

The stories and sketches are all

up to the high standard of modern magazine literature.

The December *Bivouac* more than sustains its well-earned reputation for enterprise and good judgment.

—The *Phrenological Journal and Science of Health*, in its November number, opened with a biographical and phrenological sketch and an admirable portrait of Edward S. Morse, President of the American Science Association. "George Elliot and Phrenology" is short and sweet, and very interesting to all students of mind. Hand-writing as indicative of character is also considered. "Our Faith" is a very touching poem it contains. The number is indeed readable.

—Christmas stories, merry jingles and bright holiday articles vie with each other in the December *Brooklyn Magazine*, which takes on a special and handsome Christmas cover for this issue. One scarcely knows what bright piece of song or story to read first, so varied and full is the table of contents offered. Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford opens the feast with a spirited and delightful description of "Christmas in New England" during the time of the Puritans and now. Following this comes one of those exquisite bits of verse to which Miss Edith M. Thomas's talents are so well

adapted, entitled "Northern Heart Southern Clime." A most interesting article is contributed by William Perry Browne, descriptive of "A Christmas in the Tennessee Mountains," sketching the method adopted by the mountaineers in celebrating the year's festival. A new writer, Edward Irving, tells a graphic and powerful short story, "Which Was It?" which will arouse intense curiosity wherever read, being very similar to Mr. Lockton's "The Lady or the Tiger?" This story alone is worth the price of the magazine. Dr. Talmage has a brief and characteristic article on "Christmas Bells," and Florence L. Snow and Sophie L. Schenck have each a Christmas story, both cleverly told and full of interest. Bessie Chanler, Lee C. Harby, George Birdseye, Thomas S. Collier add each

a Christmas poem, while Mr. William H. Rideing closes his series of gossip papers on "The Royal Navy of Great Britain." Flora Adams Darling continues her absorbing novelette of "A Social Diplomat," and Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher goes into a retrospective mood in "After-Thoughts of My Visit Abroad." Then come articles on "Neatness in Dress at Home," "Gypsies as Musicians," "Christmas Charity," "Seven Ways of Marrying," "The Closing of the Year," and in addition to all this there is given eight sermons of Mr. Beecher and Dr. Talmage, as specially revised by themselves for this publication. Our readers would do well to bear the *Brooklyn* in mind when making up their magazine list for the new year, especially as it costs only \$2 per year. 7 Murray street, New York.

COLLEGE RECORD.

STEPHEN B. WEEKS.

—The session closed December 22 and re-opened January 5.

—The windows of the library and reading-room have been painted. This will help to keep the books from fading. They have suffered much already.

—In the final examination McGehee received 100 on Psychology; George Howell and Alexander McIver, Jr., 100 each on reading Latin at sight; H. B. Shaw, 100 on Algebra.

—The Methodist Conference sent Rev. Joseph R. Griffith to this place for this year. He is a Virginian, born in Richmond in 1838, and graduated at Randolph-Macon College in 1860, along with Minister Thomas J. Jarvis. He was soon after elected President of the Carolina Female Institute, in Anson county, and joined the South Carolina Conference. In 1866 he became President of Daventonport Female College, and joined the North Carolina Conference. He is earnest in his work. His sermons are not cut and dried; he seems to feel what he says, and this is always the best and only

means to draw the attention of an audience.

—Drs. W. P. and G. H. Mallett have opened a medical school at their office, and will give lectures preparatory to entering a medical college. They are accomplished physicians, by far the best in the village, and we have no doubt but that they will make good instructors.

—All honor to the five men who did not study Chemistry on Sunday, in preparation for the last examination, which took place Monday. They were: W. M. CURTIS, H. L. HARRIS, L. L. LITTLE, C. A. WEBB and G. S. WILLS.

—We were given a very excellent lecture on Martin Luther not long since by Mr. H. H. Williams now of Yale University. He has visited Germany, and adds the authority of one who has seen the places and studied the events of which he tells. Mr. Williams is a member of the class of 1883, and was the first man to take M. A. under the new regime. He was Professor of German and Greek in Trinity College, N. C., for a year and during that time spent a sum

ner in Germany. He is now a student in the Theological department of Yale University.

—The Editor of this Department had the misfortune to lose all of his MS. for this number while it was on its way to the printers in Raleigh. This necessitated his getting up everything new, and on short notice. He returns thanks to Bro. Long, of the staff, for assistance. The mail department between here and Raleigh is sadly out of joint somewhere. This is by no means the first case; one of the editors had a letter mailed him here; it reached him only after *having visited Raleigh*. Another wrote a letter to Raleigh and it had not reached there at the end of the *second day*, and a large number of our MAGAZINES can't get to *Greensboro*. There is something wrong somewhere. It must lie between this post-office, the mail-agent and the office in Raleigh. There should be a thorough investigation made. Somebody ought to be turned out of office. Perhaps if we had a little more Civil Service down here it would be of advantage to us all.

The Railroad Accident.—The train was coming in on Thursday evening, December 14, had crossed all the trestles but two, and was within half a mile of the depot, when the engine jumped the track and went down on one side and

the single car attached on the other. The trestle at this point is about fifteen feet high. The fireman was severely scalded; no others were seriously hurt. The partition in the car was jarred out by the fall, and this knocked over the stove and lamps. By the time the passengers made their escape everything was on fire and the fear of two kegs of powder prevented any effort being made to extinguish the flames. The baggage, mail and express was all consumed. It seems not much short of miraculous that the injuries sustained were so few and so slight.

Professor Toy.—On the 23rd of December the students and villagers were shocked by the news of a serious accident to Professor Toy. He was out on his accustomed horse-back ride, and losing control of his horse, was carried by the frightened animal down Main street and thrown off at the corner of Dr. Mallett's yard. Blood flowed freely from his ear and for some days it was feared he would not survive the injury. His brother, Dr. Toy, of Harvard was telegraphed for and soon came. Careful nursing and skilled medical attention, we are glad to say, have restored him and he is now able to be out. Such an accident to so courteous a gentleman and so popular a teacher

enlisted the sympathy of all and his speedy recovery is hailed with gratitude.

Marriages.—At the Methodist church on the evening of December 9, by Rev. A. W. Mangum, D.D., Mr. Braxton Craig, a former member of the class of '84, was married to Miss Helen Wilson. The ushers were Messrs. Frank M. Harper and B. F. Tyson.

At the residence of the bride's father, on December 23, Mr. Wm. H. Thompson, of Raleigh (conductor on the Raleigh & Augusta Air-Line Railroad), was united in marriage to Miss Bettie Blackwood, Rev. E. S. Alderman, officiating.

December 30, at the residence of Edmund Atwater, Esq., eight miles from the village, Rev. Roderick Belton John, class '80, of Raleigh, formerly of Chapel Hill, was married to Miss Sallie Atwater, Rev. B. R. Hall performing the ceremony.

In the Presbyterian church, on December 29, Mr. Edward A. Alderman, class '82, and Miss Emma Graves, sister of Prof. Ralph H. Graves, of the University, were made one, Rev. John S. Watkins, D.D., of Raleigh, performing the ceremony. The attendants were F. B. Dancy and Miss Nina Jones, Frank K. Borden and Miss Mary Anderson, Thos. H. Battle and Miss Lizzie Hobgood, Master

Ralph H. Graves, Jr., and Miss Ellen Alexander. The ushers Messrs. F. M. Parker, Jr., and E. P. Mangum.

Christmas and its Doings.—Dr. Harris and lady gave a sociable.

The holidays passed away very quietly.

There was a masquerade ball at the Askew house.

The number of students who remained here was smaller than usual.

There were some gymnastic performances by Smith, Mangum and Perry.

There were no mock Faculty meetings, no mock Christmas trees, no mock recitations, nor anything of the kind. The railroad accident, Prof. Toy's misfortune, and the fire, seemed to have thrown a feeling of gloom over all.

There were quite a number of visitors in the village. We noticed: Crawford H. Toy, D. D., LL. D., Professor of Oriental Languages in Harvard College; Henry E. Shepherd, LL. D., President of Charleston (S. C.) College; Mrs. Shepherd and daughter, Miss Lillie; Miss Cary Leazer, Mooresville; Mr. Waller Martin, Onslow county; Miss Hallie Morrison, Rockbridge Baths, Va.; Miss Mallie Graves, Mount Airy; Miss Bessie Alexander, Charlotte; Miss Nina D. Jones, Charlotte; Miss Ezdale Shaw, Laurinburg; Miss

Mary John, Laurinburg; Samuel F. Phillips, LL. D., Washington, D. C.

Miss Lillie Long spent the vacation at home from Greensboro Female College; Miss Fannie Cunningham from Peace Institute; Miss Mary Lee Martin from St. John's Hospital, Raleigh; Prof. A. W. Long from Trinity College; E. P. Mangum from Kinston.

Of the Editors, Hackett and Withers spent the holidays under the paternal roof, Long was in Winston, Dockery was on the Hill and studied, Johnnie, he was here also and he——.

Commencement Officers.—

The election for Representatives, Marshals and Ball Managers for the Commencement of 1887 was held January 15. There was the usual amount of wire-working and quill-driving, caucusing, nominations and reconsiderations. The morning—a bright and glorious one—was introduced by a little fisticuff encounter between two members of one of the “Grand Old Parties.” The die was cast; one side had to lose; and disappointment could be seen on many faces, but this has now all disappeared, and we think it would have been difficult to have selected a more competent set of students to fill the several places.

The Representatives are:—

Di Society—J. R. Parker, Graham; John A. Hendricks, Jerusalem; James Lee Crowell, Bilesville.

Phi. Society—O. Douglas Batchelor, Nashville; Logan D. Howell, Goldsboro; H. F. Murphy, South Washington.

Marshals—Chief, William M. Little (Di Society), Little's Mills.

Subs.—(Di). John S. Hill, Faison; Wilson Redfern, Wadesboro; S. Kell, Pineville; D. J. Currie, Laurinburg.

Phi.—Benoni Thorp, Granville county; Clinton W. Toms, Hertford; Mills R. Eure, Norfolk, Va.; Wm. M. Gulick, Oxford.

Ball Managers—Chief, Frank M. Parker, Jr., (Phi Society), Enfield.

Subs. (Di)—A. C. Shaw, Laurinburg; J. W. Wilson, Jr., Morganton; H. W. Scott, Graham.

Phi.—W. E. Borden, Goldsboro; Henry Johnston, Tarboro; H. G. Wood, Edenton.

School of Normal Instruction.

—Prof. N. B. Henry, of the school of Normal Instruction, began at the opening of the present term of the University, January 5th, 1887, to give the following *special course* to those teachers who desire to avail themselves of the classes in Pedagogics but do not care to pursue studies in any of the regular courses:

1. Methods of Teaching the

Common School Branches. The lectures will be illustrated by actual class work affording a good view.

2. The Art of School Management, including course of study, school regulations, daily programme, school hygiene, qualifications of the teacher, etc.

3. Methods of Culture, or a short course in Psychology, with special reference to teaching.

4. History of Education and Educators. Emphasis will be placed upon modern education.

5. Elocution, including the Methods of Teaching it. One lecture a week, illustrated with class drills.

6. The class will meet on Monday evening of each week for the discussion of special subjects requiring original investigation.

The course affords sixteen hours per week of class work. It will require from twenty-five to thirty hours of preparation. Should a student find that it does not occupy all of his time, the twenty-five thousand volumes in the Library will afford him a rare opportunity to pursue a select course of reading.

The term will continue five months. The entire cost for board, books, washing, tuition, stationery, etc., need not exceed seventy-five dollars, and may be even less than this.

The Fire.—On Christmas day the large dwelling on Main street known as the Swain House and occupied by Dr. Hume was entirely destroyed by fire. It was the property of the University. Loss about \$2,000, no insurance.

The origin of the fire is unknown.

The kitchen was in flames when discovered and was nearly consumed before the shed at the southeast corner caught. Confusion reigned supreme. All the furniture was saved; even the windows, doors and mantel-pieces of the house, so was the office in the yard. Much of the furniture was scratched and broken by the haste in removal. There was plenty of time but the people of Chapel Hill are unused to fires. Dr. Hume's loss in breakage and in moving again amounts to not less than \$300.

This house was built in 1810 by the widow of William Hooper, son of the signer of the Declaration of Independence. She was the daughter of James Hogg, an early Trustee of the University, and mother of Dr. William Hooper, the celebrated Baptist divine. In 1813 President Joseph Caldwell married her and moved from the house now occupied by Prof. Gore to her home, living there until his death in 1835. It was then occupied by Rev. Wm. Mercer Green, Professor of Rhetoric and Logic until he was elected Bishop of Mississippi in 1848. It

en became the residence of resident Swain, 1848-'68. Under the "Regime" it was occupied by Professor Patrick. When the University was re-organized in 1875, Dr. Chas. Phillips, chairman of the Faculty, occupied it. Professor J. DeB. Hooper lived there from 1878-'85. Dr. Hume had moved in hardly a month before and had just incurred some expenses in repairs. This was perhaps the only house in North Carolina in which three Presidents of the United States, Polk, Buchanan and Johnson, have slept. It was the residence of two presidents of the University and one acting President, of seven professors and of five preachers. There are yet standing in the garden two brick pillars erected by Dr. Caldwell to make the meridian of

longitude. In his days there was also an observatory on the top. There were many historic associations connected with it, and Dr. Charles Phillips remarked, as the red lurid flames were enveloping it in one vast winding-sheet, that it seemed as if his grand-father was burning before his eyes.

A Card.—I wish to express in the College Record my sincere gratitude for the help so promptly rendered by the Faculty and students of the University and the people of Chapel Hill on the occasion of the fire. It would not become me to speak here of special acts of kindness and hospitality that lay me under heartfelt obligation.

THOS. HUME, JR.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

=Vassar Alumnæ are trying to raise \$20,000 for a new gymnasium.

=Every member of the Faculty of Amherst College is an alumnus of that institution.

=The Chancellors of the University of New York and California each receive \$10,000.

=The University of Pennsylvania is the oldest institution in the country bearing the legal title of University.

=The number of Colleges in the United States increases at the rate of fifteen per annum.

=At the University of Göttingen, Germany, in all College athletic sports American students easily take the championship. The same may be said of most of the other German Universities.

=President Adams, of Cornell University, is very much opposed to class organization. In a recent address to the students of that institution he took a decided stand in opposition.

=The Williams Senior Class numbers 64.

=Michigan University has three Japanese students.

=Johns Hopkins University has three hundred and twenty students.

=Hare and Hounds is becoming a very popular sport at Harvard.

=President Arthur was a member of the Psi Upsilon fraternity and Union of the class of '49. We believe that he was the first member of a college secret fraternity to attain to the Presidential chair.

=Fifty years ago a fine of ten dollars was imposed on every Harvard student found in a Boston theatre.

=The Chinese Government presented its complete New Orleans exhibit to the University of Michigan.

=Thirty-six States, China, Hawaii, India, England, Saxony, Japan, Mexico, and Turkey, are represented at Yale University.

=A student of Illinois Wesleyan University has been indefinitely suspended for editing a College paper without the consent of the Faculty.

=Henry Ward Beecher's average grade at Amherst was but 57 on a scale of 100.

=A professor of German recently wishing to illustrate the distinction between active and passive voice to a foreign student asked him whether he would be active or passive if struck by anybody. The student naturally replied that he would be active.

=The following is said to be a correct statement of the volumes at some of our College and University libraries have: Harvard, 34,000; Yale, 115,000; Dartmouth, 60,000; Cornell, 53,000; Brown, 52,000; Columbia, 51,000; Williams, 19,000; Princeton, 49,000; Michigan, 41,000; Iowa, 18,000; Oberlin, 16,000; Minnesota, 15,000; University of North Carolina, 20,000.

=The following is said to be a correct statement in regard to the denominational educational institutions of our country: The Protestant Episcopal Church has twelve colleges with \$8,790,000 endowment; Congregationalists, twenty-eight colleges with \$9,000,000 endowment; Presbyterians, forty-one colleges with \$7,000,000 endowment; Baptists, forty-six colleges with \$10,300,000 endowment; Methodists, fifty-two colleges with \$11,000,000 endowment.

=We clip the following from an exchange, which gives the date of the founding of the various colleges named: Harvard University, 1636; Yale University, 1701; Princeton College, 1746; Univer-

sity of Pennsylvania, 1749; Columbia College, 1754; Brown University, 1768; Dartmouth College, 1769; Rutgers College, 1770; Hampden-Sydney College, 1775; Washington and Lee University, 1781; Dickinson College, 1783; St. Johns College, 1774; University of Georgia, 1785; University of North Carolina, 1789; Georgetown College, 1789; University of Vermont, 1791; Williams College, 1783; Bowdoin College, 1794; Union College, 1795; Kentucky University, 1798.

=Father (looking over report)—“What does this mean, my son,—must pass another examination?” Son—“Well, you see, several of us are trying for first in that branch, and our papers were so nearly alike that we must pass another examination.”—*Ex.*

=First Division Prep's Soliloquy.—Julius Cæsar was a great man. He was a great soldier and a very fair politician; but I always thought it rather absurd of him to write a book for beginners in Latin. Positively, I think it has injured his reputation.—*Ex.*

=Ex-President White, of Cornell, is said to have the finest Historical Library in the country. It numbers over 30,000 volumes, besides many valuable manuscripts.

=Two young ladies are among the suspended Sophomores for hazing at Maine State College.

=Dwight Hall, the Y. M. C. A. building at Yale, cost \$60,000.

=One of the girls at a well-known college recently startled the professor and her class-brothers in declining the pronominal adjective "hic," by starting off: "Hic, hæc, hoc, hug-us, hug-us, hug-us, quick! quick! quick!"

=Harvard College receives some \$400,000 from the will of John Q. A. Williams, which has been filed in the Suffolk County Probate Court. The estate is left in trust, and after the bequest of several legacies, when the residue shall have reached \$400,000 is to be given to the President and Fellows of Harvard. The sum of \$200,000 is to be set apart and to be known as the Abraham Williams fund in memory of the testator's father and grandfather, the latter being a member of the class of 1744. The sum of \$400,000 is to be used in aiding needy and meritorious students, who are to consider such aid debts of honor; and also for the library of the College. In case the College refuses to accept the trust, the estate is to go to the Home for Aged Men in Boston and the Society for Aged Females in Newbury Post.—*Ex.*

=Lehigh University is about to lose its prospective \$10,000,000 endowment from the Packer estate. Asa Packer died in 1879, leaving a widow, two sons and

a daughter. All are dead save the daughter, aged 45, who is married, and if an heir is born to her, he, and not the University, will get the \$10,000,000.—*Courier and Journal.*

=How an Englishman spells a saloon: A hess and a hay, a hell and two hoes and a hen.

=The Trustees of East Pennsylvania Wesleyan University have decided upon calling their institution the Grant Memorial University. General Grant was the first subscriber to their building.

=President Fanstable, of the Imperial University of Japan, is travelling in the United States.

=Boarding-house wit: Adolphus (takes the last piece)—This is very good bread, Mrs. — Mrs. —, the landlady—Yes, and I think it better bred than some of my boarders.

=Vanderbilt University was founded in 1873. It is controlled by the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Besides the college departments there are schools of theology, law, medicine, pharmacy and dentistry. There are about three hundred students in the college department. There is no division into college classes. Degrees are conferred in arts, philosophy, science, and engineering. Women are not admitted. There are about four hundred students in the professional

schools. In the whole university there are about fifty instructors. The grounds and buildings are very attractive. The endowment is nearly one million dollars. The fraternities are Phi Delta Theta, Kappa Sigma, the Rainbow, Southern Kappa Alpha, Beta Theta Pi, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Chi Phi, and Sigma Nu. Membership varies from six to twenty-five. The authorities were formerly hostile to Fraternities, but restrictions were removed in 1883.—*Ex.*

—At the University of Virginia the courses of study are not prescribed and the students are not divided into classes. Each branch of instruction is termed a school. Thus there are the schools of Latin, Greek, modern languages, moral philosophy, mathematics, and so on. In each school there are several classes. Each student studies in such schools as he pleases; but if he expects to receive a degree he must finally complete in the several schools a course that is practically equivalent to the course that would secure the same degree in an ordinary college. This system originated in this university, and is found in many Southern institutions. In the department of medicine there are about one hundred students; in the department of law, about eighty-five, and in the

literary and scientific departments about two hundred. The Fraternities are Beta Theta Pi, Delta Kappa Epsilon, Phi Kappa Sigma, Phi Kappa Psi, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Phi Gamma Delta, Chi Phi, Sigma Chi, Delta Psi, Mystic Seven, Kappa Sigma, Pi Kappa Alpha, Alpha Tau Omega, Southern Kappa Alpha, Phi Delta Theta, and Kappa Sigma Kappa.—*Ex.*

—In the college department of the University of Mississippi, the course for a degree covers five years, and there are about two hundred and fifty students. There is also a law department. The university is a State institution. Women are admitted. There are Chapters of the Rainbow, Delta Kappa Epsilon, Delta Psi, Sigma Chi, Phi Kappa Psi, Chi Psi, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Phi Delta Theta and Beta Theta Pi.—*Ex.*

—In the under-graduate department of Richmond College, there are eight professors and about one hundred and fifty students. The only degrees are those of A. B. and A. M. The students are not divided into classes. The college is chiefly a Baptist institution. The Fraternities are Beta Theta Pi, Southern Kappa Alpha, Phi Kappa Sigma, Phi Delta Theta, Kappa Sigma Kappa, Phi Alpha Chi, and Sigma Alpha Epsilon.—*Ex.*

=From 1842, the date of the foundation of Cumberland University, to 1861, it was one of the most important universities in the South. The civil war crippled it in many respects, but it is still an important institution, for its law school still attracts students from all of the Southern States, and its theological school is still the only one belonging to the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. The college department is not large, but

it is of good grade. The average attendance upon the several departments is as follows: college, sixty; law school, fifty; theological school, thirty-five. In the three departments there are forty-seven professors. There is also a preparatory department. Before the civil war, almost every important Fraternity was represented by a Chapter. Now there are only Beta Theta Pi and Sigma Alpha Epsilon.—*Ex.*

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SHAKESPEARE'S ETHICS.

Method is conspicuous by its absence in Shakespeare's moral teaching and yet he is one of the best and most inspiring of guides, philosophers and friends in our personal and social life. It is singular that the very practical nature of his ethical views, together with the diversity of the characters and sentiments seen in his writings, should have been the occasion for an attack on his orthodoxy. But a careful reader cannot fail to detect the distinctive tenets of Christianity, as held by the conservative Protestantism

of the England of that day and of ours, *e. g.*, the atonement for sin, divine mercy based on justice, the concentric circles of man's free agency and God's overruling Providence, of personal accountability and heredity. You see in *King Lear* the mixture of old superstitions with regard to the effect of the planets on character and destiny and of a supposed irresistible fate with high Christian ideas of self-denial, of sorrow as a purifying power and of divine compensation for man's injustice; while in *Hamlet* the tone

and coloring are caught from the older Roman theology as modified by its relation to the spirit of the Northern Teuton with its silent passionateness and its capacity for breaking into violent action. Yet you would no more conclude that Shakespeare's mind was divided between old paganism and modern religion in *Lear* and between Gothic mythology and Roman Catholic sentiments in *Hamlet* than between Epicurean rationalism, stoical philosophy and heathen credulity in Julius Cæsar. For his practical worth and utility is that he offers for your instruction and delight the whole rich, strange complexity of human life, ancient and modern, with a high impartiality. The most diverse, the most terrible, the most inspiring exemplifications of psychological and ethical laws (apart from the one Book) are found in this world of Shakespeare's writings. Our leader here is a genial sympathetic heart, a sincere and candid soul, a spiritual seer and yet a judicious man of the world, a dissector of the meannesses and follies of humanity and yet a believer in the promise and potency of good in this same tainted human nature.

Remember that a work of art, a poem, a play, a novel, is not a treatise on morals or any other science. The *Essay on Man* with its "fate, foreknowledge and free

will" is saved from a dreary scholasticism that would pall on the cultivated taste by the superior skill of one of the finest of writers. Using the imagination as his best ally and interpreter Shakespeare prefers to avoid the didactic form and yet teach us as the more effectually. You justify him as he shows how true morality is consistent with nature and reason and the law written on the tablets of the heart confirms the revealed will of God. Could Dr. Johnson have paid a finer tribute to his art than to express his half-surprise that moral principles seemed to be unintentionally dropping from him? Your true artist, we have said, rarely sermonizes in his books. So our dramatist never states formal truths except to avoid misconstruction in the tragic exhibition of abnormal passions. In his comedy folly and lust always unfold in the most natural way their own absurdity and suicidal unreasonableness. We are brought unconsciously to the point where we justify Prince Hal and ourselves for cutting the acquaintance of Falstaff, and all his wit, his intellectual agility and *aplomb* cannot blind us to the eternal verities. Who would not rather have his teaching thus glide into the heart by the way of the fancy and move us to spontaneous rational love of virtue and purity as the only true beauty

an submit to the frigid declamation of Sackville, the noble but phantasmic dignity of Johnson, the splendidly regular dead perfection of the classic French drama or even the polished sentimental philosophy of the antique orator? If we do not like the artistic indirectness of Shakespeare, let us find our instruction in Herod and Termagant and the ceaseless paring his nails or stirring up the devil with a wooden dagger. We do not mean to aver that poetry or any art can be separated from morality. For as art to be true must represent life itself, it must have to do with motion, feeling, spiritual ideas and longings, the mysterious personality of each of us as surrounded by invisible forces. But the concrete imaginative representation of life in Shakespeare is more influential than tomes of "wise laws and modern instances." The ancient philosophers knew good and evil and taught of them, but this did not hold appetite in leash and keep men from "going to the bad." Books on the physiological effects of alcohol may be studied in the public schools, but you must supplement them with the high impulse that makes fruitful and active the germ of scientific truth. "Honesty is the best policy" and all your Poor Richard's Almanac's proverbial philosophy based on policy and

self-interest,—pounds of it,—will be outweighed by one ounce of passionate admiration of the beauty of holiness administered through the vehicle of the imagination and feelings. Christianity was in the air round about Shakespeare and though he may not have professed to have a deep experience of its truths, yet its ideals of life and duty actuated him, for the sweet reasonableness of truth and purity are so manifest in his work that the whole man as he reads is pervaded by their influence. He exalts the instincts of the heart and teaches Emerson how to exhibit that "causal retribution" which is the reflection of sin upon the sinner, that judgment going before hand which is the shadow and foretaste of a sterner trial to come. He will never throw dust into your eyes while he depicts a crime, or cast glamour of imagination over a deadly passion as if it were a splendid eccentricity of genius, but you shudder all along the torturous darkness of the ways of ambition, or jealousy, or revenge. There is a tonic quality in his best work. Life seems worth living in this sunshine and breezy world. From its very nature the best dramatic work must be impersonal. But you can detect the man in the work. Is it not natural to attribute to himself the moral soundness blended with romance of Orlando which are so

strikingly in contrast with the cynicism and self-indulgent sensibility of a melancholy Jaques who professes to scorn all sentiment and yet runs into a false sentimentalism? Do you not see his profound observation of life as it is, when he introduces the caprices of the fool under the very shadow of tragic catastrophe in Lear? He lets you see that love in high life is not so far removed from life "below stairs" and love in the kitchen and the hovel, that the same human nature is in Nerissa and her swain as in the statelier figures of Portia and Bassanio and in the fancy struck but less intellectual natures of Lorenzo and Jessica.

He was before Addison and Jennings in amiable delineation of follies and absurdities and these gracious but inferior spirits must have been inspired by his charming portraiture. But he will not palter with solemn questions in a double sense. "The fault dear Brutus, is in us, not in our stars." His strong but abominable characters, while defying superstition with their rationalism, at the same time testify to man's responsibility for his actions. Penalty is seen to follow on the heels of transgression in Henry the Fourth, not openly, but in the secret places of the heart. Richard the Third, intellectual greatness and demoniac will must yield to the

inferior Richmond because the latter is the vicegerent of Heaven. This writer imitates better than any the impartiality of Divine justice. But he does not fail to show us, too, that "Evil is wrought by want of thought

As well as by want of heart,"

and that the fate of the brave and honest Banquo and the royal and generous Duncan cannot be averted. A calculating reason might have saved the saintly and spiritual Cordelia, but "not enjoyment and not sorrow is our destined end and way" and far better is it that she saved others, if she did not save herself and made ready her "child-changed father" for transformation and expiatory death. Gloucester recognizes that his sensual nature has been purified by a needful discipline and his transfigured and self-sacrificing which was the very essence and breath of Kent's soul has had its fill and its reward here. Prince Hal, the frolicsome and seemingly lawless, becomes the moderate, law-abiding and law-enforcing king of himself and of men and God is on his side when he rationally and faithfully honors him by steadfast truthfulness and devotion to principle. As Henry the Fifth, he is left by the drama in the flush of his victorious manhood ascribing all his successes to the Higher will, and Shakespeare does not think it his part to lose

the artist in the moralist and attempt in a new play to settle the question of the sudden "taking off" by disease of such a strong soul just as he is fully prepared for rulership and all beneficent activity. Who has illustrated so well the conquering might, the changeful moods, the sanctifying efficacy of the noble passion of love and who has so vividly furnished its false side, its lustful extreme, as he has in that ruin of Antony's regal powers of body and of mind? "To chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy" in idyllic solitude is well for us only as we are repairing our forces for the duties of our calling. "Man liveth not to himself alone." So the banished Duke goes back to

his court and his crown, and Touchstone the jester learns in the woodland to become a useful lover and helper of his kind.

We must fight the world and conquer fate to know ourselves truly, but we need not lose the youth of the heart in gaining strength by experience. He makes patriotism the ally of religion and dignifies the life of to-day by teaching as its relation with great historic periods. He stimulates motive and feeling not by burning the dry light of reason alone on their secret working, but by setting them aglow and quickening them into healthful activity under the genial warmth of that mighty moral agent, imagination.

PROF. THOS. HUME, JR.

THE LAST CHARGE OF THE DYING CHIEFTAIN.

"Come Warriors, come, come close around
My tent. 'Tis wrong, I hear no sound.
Braves. Speak. 'Tis your Chieftain's command.

But all were still. That little band
Was sad. Those dark weary faces
Were damp. Tears had left their traces,
Which flowed so heavily down their cheeks
As waters down the rugged peaks.

They know his voice and gather near,
Their chieftain's dying words to hear.
They placed him near the wigwam door,
They who the name of warriors bore,
And gathered round his dying form,
As shielding from a mountain storm.

"My noble, noble Braves," he said,
"Some sleep. Some slumber now,
"Ye ones, so true, and must ye die,
"And lay, alas, so low?"

"I am dying, Braves, I'm dying.
"I feel the adder's sting.
"Cold chills of death creep o'er my form,
"I hear the war-whoop's ring."

"In pleasant hunting grounds beyond,
"I'll greet my fellow Braves,
"I charge you by your chieftains words,
"Protect yon rocky graves."

"Oft to escape the white man's balls ;

"And deep mouthed baying hounds,
 "That hissed like angry poison snakes,
 "That yelled like thundering sounds."

"I've laid my weary limbs to rest,
 "On yon steep hanging crag,
 "Where feet had never trod before,
 "Where lived the mountain stag,"

"There on the steepest of the steep,
 "Where white man dares not go,
 "Place me wrapped in my hunting robe,
 "My noble horse and bow."

"Now go and seek the white man's tent,
 "And humbly ask for bread,
 "Tell the stranger to fear you not,
 "The poor old chieftain's dead."

They gathered round their dying chief,
 Their feathered heads bent down with grief,
 They gently kneeled like the bowing wave,
 Then bore him to his lofty grave.
 O'er his dear tomb a pray'r they said,
 And left him there, their chieftain dead.
 The sun had set, and Twilight's ray
 Had thrown its silv'ry veil of gray
 O'er all the plains, and soldiers slept.
 Across the distant plains there crept
 A lonely brave, wending his way,
 That o'er the rugged mountains lay,
 See now he stops. He drops his head,
 Messenger of his chieftain dead.

* * * * *

Outside the white man's tent he stood.
 His grim dark face with downcast mood
 Betokened sadness. Stood he still,
 Waiting for the commander's will.
 His war dress tattered, worn and rent,
 His bow cast away. His head down bent,
 His rolling eyes, with lashes dark,
 Beamed with a noble flashing spark.
 His huge breast heaves. He lifts his head,
 He stares around, and thus he said :

"A weak and humble man I am,
 "Stranger I want not gold.
 "My heaving breast has not the voice
 "The story to be told."

"Our noble chieftain warrior's dead,

"The Indians hope is gone ;
 "Our Braves are scattered far and wide,
 "And I am here alone."

"Scarce risen was the moon last night,
 "When last he breathed his breath.
 "We saw him gasp, and gasped we too,
 "That monster, grisly Death !!"

"I pray thee, give me bread to eat,
 "Our hunting grounds are gone ;
 "The white man lifts his hands and says,
 "'Tis mine where all abound."

"Your thunder shrieks in all our ears,
 "Hiss by your leaden balls,
 "The spirit guides their deadly flight,
 "Deaf to the Red Man's calls."

"What ? Refuse this starving form bread?
 "These aching limbs a rest ?
 "A blanket warm to wrap me in ?
 "Hear, I speak not in jest."

"Stranger, your very blood is false,
 "No drop of blood in me,
 "That courses in the Pale Face's veins
 "No ! Never shall it be."

"The pale face man with heart so hard,
 "To hunt and chase like dogs ;
 "This haughty form, the Red Man's sons,
 "Through plains and swamps and bogs."

"Our band is small, but true our bow,
 "This race is not yet done,
 "The mountains, streams, the plains are
 ours,
 "And e'en the rising sun."

"Ye wretched thief ! Ye sneaking cur !
 "Ye,—their warm blood ran cold,
 "Ye dragged them from their mountain
 homes,
 "Our warriors stout and bold."

"My arrow hungers for your flesh,
 "Thirsts for your blood my spear,
 "My tomahawk leaps from my side,
 "Your hairy scalp to tear."

"No ! Stranger, go thy way in peace,
 "Your friend I'll never be.

"There'll ever be eternal war
 "To stand twixt me and thee."

Now tracing back his darksome way,
 Not hoping, longing there to stay,
 He wandered by the forest dark,
 Whose huge breast rose, swelled, but hark!
 Was it a red man's dying shout,
 A wolf's deep bay, a benighted scout?
 Did some wild scream to his trained ear,
 A well known message, warning bear?

The sighing oaks, the howling waste,
 Cried out to him, to fly, to haste.
 Echo aroused from her mountain dells,
 Plies fast her wings, and gives forth yells.
 Repeats the cry,—now fainter,—gone.
 As chaff before the wind is blown.
 He pricked his ear, he raised hand,
 O besiance makes to nature's wand.
 Forthwith his haughty form he rears.
 And to the setting sun he bears.

PAUL JONES.

SOME OLD UNIVERSITY BOYS.

Traveling in the land of Empe-
 vors brings into strong relief the
 characteristics of our government
 and institutions. Living in New
 England fits one, somewhat
 prosaic by endowment to relish
 North Carolina life—especially
 the social customs.

A few weeks spent here have
 been enjoyed so keenly that I
 venture to speak through the
 MAGAZINE. Chiefest among the
 pleasures has been the meeting of
 old friends made at Chapel Hill.
 Those whom I loved, I had stud-
 ed. Their futures had been
 marked out. It was interesting
 to test the work of my imagina-
 tion. That I have been disap-
 pointed goes without saying.

Some, possessed of every ele-
 ment of success, have accomplish-
 ed little. Yet it is gratifying to
 say that the student from Chapel

Hill bears a certain mark. He is
 liberal in spirit—with but little
 disposition to dogmatism. A
 calm, steady earnestness marks
 him. He is serious—not flighty.
 As a rule, he is struggling with
 the duties of a noble manhood;
 and is resolved to make the world
 better through his living.

I trust it will not seem to per-
 sonal to give a few names.

At Murfreesboro, I grasped
 hands with Bob Winborne and
 Hicks. The latter is editor of the
Index, and the people say, is a
 good, substantial citizen. Bob is
 in fine spirits and retains that
 famous little chuckle. He wears
 a full beard. He is not married—
 but—. He is thoroughly in earn-
 est. It was a pleasure to hear
 him talk. Bright and jovial, yet
 dignified, he has many clients and
 a host of friends. He is making

money in his profession—but the siren of politics is wooing.

It was hearty, good cheer to shake hands with Mott Morehead. He was a good distance from Charlotte—and pledged me to silence. Yes, Mott, the maidens of the east are very pretty.

Aycock is a noble Roman at Goldsboro. His success is generally known. He is not disappointing the high hope of his college friends.

P. B. Manning was changing cars at Goldsboro. He is teaching in Wilmington. He had run "up" to spend the Christmas—and failed to keep down the blush. Those who know him best have the brightest record for him. It was joy to grasp his sturdy hand.

Through the kindness of a younger Chapel Hillian, Mr. Kirby Smith, I got a word and a grasp with Ed. Alderman. He has marched to the front and stands the very foremost, as President of the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly; but is the same splendid fellow—as we knew him on the "Hill." He is married—and has left us.

Jim Joyner is a lawyer in Goldsboro. He is doing well. The first year he puts \$500 on interest. He enjoys his cigar. The old-time fondness for debating abides. He talks about law,—and is in love with the profession. Matrimoni-

ally, his condition is more hopeful than that of the "Truj."

John is married. He continues a successful merchant.

Jim Rouse is a lawyer in Kinston. His work is most gratifying. I have not met an "old boy" who is more in earnest. He is a student. His library is growing. He showed me sixty new volumes purchased in December. We believe the "star and thistle" will yet blaze upon his breast. It is an inspiration to know him and to watch his growth. He is now married—but soon shall be.

Uzzell is a lawyer. He has been Mayor of Kinston—but he is married.

A. T. Hill makes the third lawyer for Kinston. I did not get an opportunity to talk with him. He is in good spirits.

Tom Rouse is living at home. He is gathering the lucre—speculating in cotton and the girls.

Barnes Hill is the same good fellow. He is teaching at Pittsboro. That jolly laugh has stood the shock of conics,—and "Richard is himself once more."

Ed. Smith is a man that cheers one. He is somewhat conservative, yet he stimulates me. It is a hearty welcome that meets us always at his door. His love for disputation abates not—and he talks well.

Turner, the long man from the

mountains, is in Raleigh. The Republicans have sent him here.

Charlie McIver has transferred his enthusiasm from politics to education. He is married—and is Professor at Peace. The pupils applaud him. He talks earnestly of his work—and has a strong grip upon the educational problem of our State.

Charlie Thomas is a dignified legislator. He was quiet and gave but little opportunity to discover his sphere of thinking and how he is at work.

Frank Dancy is a chemist. Educated, witty, kind, experienced; he is a unique character. His laboratory is well equipped. He is enjoying life and making the farmers more successful. The agent for poor fertilizers hates him. I heard one refer to him in strong terms. Strange to say, Frank is not married.

I grasped the hand of Henry Saison. It was the evening of the Democratic caucus, and he was too busy to talk.

Gus Long is developing steadily. He is already the strong man of Trinity. He is thoroughly awake and in earnest. He has transformed the department of English and History. His students are at work. English is to them a living thing. Trinity and the Methodist church will have special cause to be proud of the work of this young man. He has

caught the spirit. May they foster it.

Dr. John Phillips has been spending the holidays on the "Hill." He is of the Medical corps of the army and stationed at Fort Sisseton, Dakota. He is true and loyal. His position is worth more than two thousand dollars. He does not talk very much. I was much impressed with his big heart and liberal spirit.

Dr. Ike Taylor is in fine spirits. He has just received an official position at the Morganton Asylum. He is proud of his profession and talks very interestingly about it. Having a most profound respect for a great doctor, I enjoyed the conversation. He still revels in the festive cigarette.

Fred Bryan is a railroad man at Raleigh. He wears a beaver—a moustache—and is as handsome as of yore.

Frank Winston is a progressive legislator—Senator from Bertie. He takes a lively interest in public education and talks suggestively thereon and in the true spirit. Beneath his humor, are a penetration and a grasp that should tell for the upbuilding of the State. He is unmarried.

The Chapel Hill boys seem to have a predisposition towards single life. Why? These notes are offered upon the altar of old friendships. May they stir in other breasts memories of cherished days!

TIM.

A VISIT TO MOUNT VERNON.

I have always had a curiosity to see the homes and surroundings of great men. It has always seemed to me that anyone nurtured amidst grand scenery would naturally imbibe and build into his character some of its grandeur. Last summer a college friend and I had an opportunity to visit the "Mecca of America" and see under what outward conditions General Washington lived. As I stood at his home and looked out over the broad Potomac that little pet theory came back to me and I thought. How could Washington have been other than a grand and beautiful character, living as he did among such magnificent natural scenes?

We left Washington City one quiet morning on the little steamer, the W. W. Corcoran. Out on the great, brown, sunlit river we went slipping past hundreds of vessels at their moorings, then the United States Arsenal, with its quiet, well kept grounds guarded by monster cannon was passed and we found ourselves moving rapidly down the old Potomac towards Mount Vernon. Alexandria was the first stopping place and as we neared it we could catch glimpses of the old church

in which both Washington and Lee worshipped.

In this old, rambling town Washington cast his first vote in 1754 and his last one forty-five years later. Once it was the rival of Baltimore in commerce and made strong efforts to become the National capitol. Now it is given over to moss and decay. Here the fair Mary Custis not fifty years ago met Lieut. Lee on his way to Arlington to become her husband.

To our left we passed Fort Foote, the dismantled guard of the river. Next we stopped at Fort Washington,—blown up by the Americans in 1814 when the British came up the river and captured Alexandria.

It is now a strong fortress and through the heavy granite embrasures we caught glimpses of grim cannon overlooking the river.

On we went, seeing the historical ground to right and left, once the scene of battle, now smiling with verdure and dotted with mansions until the solemn tolling of the bell warned us that Mount Vernon was reached. Up the winding graveled walks we went to the tomb of George and Mary Washington. Through an arched gateway, guarded by iron gates we

saw their resting place and beyond these the door of a vault containing the remains of thirty of their relatives. Just in front are monuments erected to the memory of Bushrod Washington, nephew and heir of the President; John Augustine, his son; Eleanor Park Lewis and Mrs. M. E. Conrad, daughter and grand-daughter of Lady Washington.

The mansion is a long, rambling structure 96 feet long and 30 wide, imitation stone and painted white. The east piazza is paved with stones brought from the Isle of Wight. The state and family kitchens are connected with the house by long, low colonnades.

In the Hall, encased in glass, hangs the great key to the Bastile, presented by Lafayette when the prison was destroyed in 1789. In the banquet hall is a model of the Bastile, cut from one of its granite stones.

All through the house one sees the articles once used by the great chief. Here are his swords, his gun, dressing case, dress suit, medicine chest, camping outfit, liquor case and easy chair.

Never before did I realize that George Washington was a real character. With all the connected incidents of fact and fancy he had always seemed to be some such a personage as Charlemagne, or King Arthur—a dim figure, half mythical, half real among the

great characters of the historic past.

But when I stood upon his piazza, overlooking the grand old Potomac on its kingly path to the sea, he became a living, breathing reality. Here about this place he had strolled, talked politics, entertained visitors, hunted the fox, loved, laughed, lived and died. As I paused to gaze at the old harpsichord which he had given to Eleanor Custis, my fancy began to people those old halls with phantom company. I saw Nellie Custis and a host of Virginia beauties of the olden time throng around. Again their laughter awoke the walls to echo and the old harpsichord was touched by the soft fingers of long ago. Half awaking from my day-dream I gazed around. Everything seemed to wear a half plaintive look. There was in the furniture, the pictures, the books, even in the walls themselves a yearning *something* that touched my sensibilities. They seemed longing for other faces and forms. I felt like one who trod alone some banquet hall deserted, save by the phantoms of a past generation.

Leaving Mount Vernon, with all its historic and poetical interest and its grand natural beauty we took the boat and were soon moving up the river, towards the capital, which across the water gilded by the rays of the setting sun, reminded me of the beautiful descriptions I have often read of old Venice, in her days of beauty and glory.

V. W. L.

EDITORIAL.

E. P. WITHERS.

WE are on deck again and ready for fun.

WE anticipate a treat in Mr. R. N. Hackett's speech on February 22nd. It will be like "Dick" himself, bright, sparkling and witty.

WE have found the "missing link" at last. Would that Prof. Darwin were alive! The "link" is on exhibition at our editorial rooms.

THE most contemptible, mean, villainous little worm in existence is the scandal-monger and gossip. His soul could be put in a mustard seed and there'd be room for many more.

PEACE INSTITUTE seems to be unable to support a college paper. We suppose Peace young ladies are too deeply absorbed in learning to pronounce French to attempt to run a monthly. We wish them success.

IT is fast becoming impossible for poor men to be elected to political offices. Only rich men with plenty of money and a full supply of trickery and chicanery can attain high political honors.

IN politics we are rapidly coming to believe that Civil Service Reform is a good thing.

IT seems that "Splinters" in the Salem *Academy* has been splintered. Poor *Academy*! What will it do without its "Splinters"? Be smashed too?

EVERYBODY seems bent upon having a "time" next commencement. It is rather far ahead to think and dream over now gentlemen. You have the shoals and breakers of examinations to get through before then and many things may happen ere then to mar your hopes.

WE would like to say a word in regard to President Battle, and as we have no classes under him we are not open to the charge of "booting." It is this. No college ever had a truer friend, a more earnest worker in its behalf or one more interested in its welfare and prosperity.

AT this writing France and Germany seem to be on the verge of another great war. If it must come we hope that the German

Empire will be overthrown and annihilated. We mean the Empire and not the people, for we hope to see those brave and patriotic people make of their Fatherland a noble republic that shall be a magnificent monument to liberty as lasting as time.

EDITOR HENRY WATTERSON says that the American minister in London is a contemptible little cad and toady, that the American women there are low-bred and vulgar, with themselves or their daughters on sale for a title, and that the Prince of Wales is a dirty black-guard and rake. This is mighty rough but it is doubtless true.

THE height of insanity or idiocy, we know not which, has been reached by one, Nina Van Zandt, who wishes to marry Spies, the condemned Chicago anarchist. Spies upon ascertaining that the woman was worth \$100,000 of course willingly consented, but the nice little scheme was very promptly nipped by the Sheriff. Spies is a cowardly assassin and ought to have been swung up to a lamp-post long since, while Miss Van Zandt is an idiot or helplessly insane.

ANOTHER year has passed away, one that was eventful and sad to many. Into the grave goes the past with its joy and its sorrows, and over its mound springs up the

flower we call the Future. Let us watch over the Future with tenderness and zealous care so that, when it withers and dies, the odor that Memory will gather from its faded petals may be pleasant and sweet. Aye, look well to the Future lest we in looking behind us, may be stung by the sting of Regret or pained by Sorrow's pang.

THE San Diego *Union* gets off the following sinuous sayings about a sleeper: A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is that in which a sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that on which the sleeper which carries the sleeper while he sleeps runs. Therefore while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper, the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper, until the sleeper which carries the sleeper jumps off the sleeper and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper by striking the sleeper under the sleeper, and there is no longer any sleeper sleeping in the sleeper on the sleeper.

THE defeat of Mr. George J. Goschen, liberal deserter and at present Lord Salisbury's Chancellor of the Exchequer, is, we hope, the forerunner of Tory overthrow. Lord Salisbury is a toady to royalty and a reactionist of an extreme type. Mr. Gladstone, "the tribune of the people," is his opposite in everything. He is

cordially detested and greatly feared by the members of the Queen's household including the Queen herself and this fact alone ought to enable him in the coming elections to sweep England like a cyclone. Anything that savors of royalty ought to be vigorously and promptly suppressed by the people of any country.

AMONG the many good things contributed by our friend Mr. E. —and lost in the manuscript the following on ourselves is especially sarcastic. "The friends of the absent editor feel anxious about him. Before his departure we observed in his actions symptoms of what we fear may prove to be a fatal disease. On the day of his departure he is known to have tied his cravat three times in the course of an hour. The last we saw of him he was standing on the platform at the depot with his feet exactly a yard apart; his chin comfortably resting on the top of an immense collar, while his right hand was fastidiously twirling a cane. As we left we heard his melodious voice singing "Oh! I'm a dude, a dandy dude," etc. Whew! what a stupendous——!"

WHO IS HE? Who? Why Migma the fair-and-festive—Flora-rumpled-heart-mashed-on-a-girl-young-man, Ah! we beg pardon, it's a *flower* he's mashed on not a

girl, oh no, not a girl, of course not! Flowers are awfully pretty but we never heard of a man being mashed on one before. But Migma is a strange being it is said. Long, lank and breezy, a senior with all the vanity, pomposity and beaver of a senior. Of course he clings to his beaver. He has been trying to "unrumple" that *rumpled* beaver for a month and has gotten it smooth with the exception of one or two obstinate places. As to his heart that is hopelessly *rumpled*, he'll never straighten it smooth that without another aid, and that aid will never be given. He is rapidly becoming demented and there is danger of his committing suicide. Watch him!

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

We hope our fellow-students will patronize those who advertise with us. If, while on the Hill, you need any clothing, shoes, etc., go to McCauley's and get them. If you need books, paper, or any article in this line, Kluttz or MacRae can furnish it to you. If you want anything in the dentist line, Dr. Lynch and Alexander can pull your teeth with as much pain as any other dentists, and they can make you yell just as loud. If you go to Durham and want a suit of clothes or a hat, call on Lamb Slater & Gorman, and they will

ve you satisfaction ; after that, go and see Blackwell's and Duke's stores and secure a supply of cigarettes and tobacco at each place. If at any time you happen to be in Raleigh, go to Andrews's or Waitt's and see their immense stocks of goods, and you will be certain to buy something. Go to Mahler's for your medals and jewelry, and if you want a date and somebody's initials, along with your own, inscribed in a ring, we advise you to call on Mahler; he will do you a nice job. And when you want fancy cards with your name beautifully printed thereon, anything in their line, get them from Edwards, Broughton & Co., they will do you a neater job than any other house in the State. If you want the brightest weekly paper in North Carolina, go to Joe Daniels and subscribe for *The Chronicle*; you will never regret it. Buy a pair of trouser-stretchers from G. W. Simmons & Co., of Boston; they are all the rage now. Give the "Gem" and "Straight-cut" cigarettes of Allen & Ginter a trial; this is all that is necessary to make you happy. Commencement is coming, too, and you will want a neat-fitting dress suit for that important occasion; J. N. Walters, of Raleigh, will satisfy you in every respect. F. Johnson & Son, as jewellers, are known throughout the South; you can address them at Lynch-

burg, Va., and their work will give complete satisfaction. Remember, these gentlemen are all patronizing us, and we ought to return the compliment. Don't forget them!

SLANDERERS:—A DREAM.

Last night, while sitting in my easy chair and thinking of the long ago, I quietly fell asleep. Soon, in my sleep, I seemed to hear a low, mournful strain of music. At first it was like the soft murmur of a summer breeze, but it grew louder and louder, overpowering my soul with melody until I seemed to rise and sweep through the air like a disembodied spirit. I was moving in some way, I knew not how, to some place, I knew not where; I was only conscious of a sense of motion. On, on I went, the music still filling my soul with its sweet harmony, reminding me of every joy, every pleasure I had ever experienced. I know not how long I moved thus, but at length I seemed to see stretching before me a broad expanse of water, but never pausing for this, I went onward, plunging through the air like an angel hurled by the hand of the Avenger from heaven's highest battlements. Finally I paused in this headlong flight, but I now felt as though I was falling—falling with terrific force, I knew not whither. Everything, the existence of the universe itself, seemed

to depend upon my stopping myself, and I could not move a finger. But a strain of music sweeter than usual swept over my soul, and I paused and seemed to be suspended in the air. Looking below, I saw a small island, and the strange things which I will now describe. The island was about a mile in length, both ends were broad, but it became more narrow toward the middle, until, near the centre, it was not more than forty yards in width. On the end of the island immediately below me were gathered an immense number of men, I know not how many, all of whom appeared to be in a state of the highest excitement; gesticulating wildly, they were eagerly looking toward the middle and opposite end of the island. Looking thither, I saw, near the middle, a row of curious engines on either side of the island, apparently arranged so as to throw missiles at any one passing between them. At each of these strange machines were stationed two or three men; all of them had repulsive, unpleasant countenances, and long, crooked noses, like the bills of birds of prey. Disgusted with their appearance, I looked toward the other end of the island, and immediately I felt a sensation of dreamy happiness, like that experienced on a still summer night when a distant song is borne to your ear by winds laden

with the perfume of flowers. A mist hung over this part of the island, and it was surrounded by a high and impassable wall. Through this wall, however, there was a gate-way, over which hung the words, *The Land of Fame*. Beyond the wall I could see the glimmering of bright waters and hear their soft murmur; I could see the red, luscious fruits and hear the gentle breezes as they whispered among the flowers. Everything which is beautiful was there, everything in which the soul delights. So beautiful, so tempting was the place that even in my sleep I longed to dwell there forever. Looking more closely, I could see men and women, dressed in rich flowing garments, walking about in this place. So thick was the mist, which had now increased that I could not distinctly discern their appearance. But while I was looking, delighted with this scene, I heard a great shouting in the other end of the island, and looking, I saw a man leave the crowd gathered there and run toward *The Land of Fame*. As he neared the middle of the island he increased his speed, but when he came between the engines, the strange beings who worked them touched a spring in each of them and they threw at him mud, dead men's flesh, and all kinds of filth. He faltered, but, gathering all his strength, he started forward again

Another engine belched at him its filthy contents and he sank dead under the load. Another and another attempted to run the gauntlet with the same result. Presently a tall, powerful man came forward and started toward the distant gateway, faster and faster he ran as he neared the engines and their strange masters, they throw at him their contents of filth, half the distance is passed, he falters, another brave effort and he is beyond their reach. And now, as he enters the land beyond and is welcomed by its inmates, I see some of the mud still clinging to him, and it grieved me to think that the filth with which these cruel men had covered him would mar his appearance in a land where all should be pure and bright and happy. Out of the thousands who made the attempt, few succeeded in reaching the goal. I saw men start with garments white as snow and then

sink on the way covered with mud and dirt.

After I had watched this strange scene for some time, I cannot even guess how long, I saw a terrible monster rise out of the ocean; it was huge and shapeless, out of its mouth and nostrils came flames of fire and its eyes were like coals of fire, I dare not even now whisper its name. As soon as those who were managing the engines saw it they gave a loud shriek, but so terrible was its appearance that they seemed to be paralyzed and did not even try to escape. On came the monster and, with one motion of its huge tongue, encircled them as they stood at the engines and swallowed them all. The heavens and the earth gave back their parting cry and the ocean resounded. I awoke from my sleep and great drops of perspiration were falling from my brow.

M. W. E.

PERSONAL DEPARTMENT.

J. C. JOHNSON.

—Some time ago a "half-year" entered the Library and called for "Mr. Skakespeare's novel of Waverly."

—"Colonel" says the little joke about him in the last number was the best thing he has seen in this department yet.

—Hackett's subject for his Washington's Birth-day oration is "North Carolina, During the Revolution."

—We've got a freshman that plays the fiddle! Horrors!

—What's got the matter with the "stummicks" of the Tarboro boys?

—Fred. Thomas has been sick but now is well. At the present he is riding horseback and reading. We wouldn't much mind being sick if we could take such pleasant methods of recovery.

—E. M. Faust is principal of a school at Perryville, Ark. We hear that he is doing well.

—Johnny Aleck (mistaking Josh. Herring for *another* Josh.),—"Hello Josh! Er—er—Excuse me Professor."

—Wouldn't it be a good idea to present three or four men in college with *gimlets*—typical of their boring ability?

—Blunt has gone! Blunt himself!!

—Professor Toy is at his home and is improving rapidly.

—Origin of Gymnasium—*nasium* meaning nose; Gym a corruption of Jim, hence the right meaning is "James' Proboscis." (Please don't hold us accountable for this,—it was handed in by a man who "fell" on Latin).

—Professor Winston has bought him a beaver,—*why of course*—he must keep up with *seniors* and *other brainy men*—of course he must.

—The gentleman who runs the Editorial department is "crushed" ('tis jargon to say *mashed*) on more than three girls. Ask "Sam" if this isn't so.

—F. D. Winston, formerly an editor of this MAGAZINE has been on a visit to his brother, Professor W.

—The “only and original” John Charles Slocumb came up and spent a week with us before making application to the Supreme Court for his law-license. We wish him much success.

—When last heard from, Tom Keogh was in Washington, D. C.

—Professor in Physics (lecturing on the steam engine): “An eccentric is a crank.” The class “caught on.”

—Professor of Entomology is going to take his class out on a *buggy* ride this spring. (Cling! Clang!)

—“Cherokee,” with his “Sia-nese twins” paid us a visit some-time ago—the “twins” as well as Cherokee were *warmly* and *cordial(e)ly* received.

—We can now boast of a first-class college string-band. It is composed of Messrs. W. Little, Hester, Lee and K. Batchelor.

—T. S. Osborne, one of our old students, is practicing law and making big speeches in Fort Smith, Ark. He astonished the natives in a speech on the origin of the Christmas Tree.

There was a young man named Jake,
Who, a mark on chemistry to make,
Did persistently grumble,
But the Prof. wouldn't tumble,
And he came near getting an ache.

“I LOVE but one,” he softly said.

She bent her mildly beaming eyes
And gently dropped her regal head.

Then looking up in faint surprise—

“My love is also won,” she said.

But still he did not understand;

Men will be silly at such times,

And cannot quite their wits command.

“But her I love is very near”—

He very slyly looked askance—

“And above all girls I hold her dear.”

She quick returned his eager glance,
And sighing, slowly shook her head.

“He that I love is also dear;

He's cost us full, so papa said,

Five tons of coal per year.”

—First student, *very carelessly*, to another: “They tell me the Faculty are summoning all those boys that have been stealing wood.” Second student, *eagerly*: “Is that so?” First stu.: “Yes, sir. They say they are going to make 'em howl.” Second stu., *hurriedly picking up a turn of wood*: “I thought to pay Prof. Holmes' wood back before now, but”—Exit with as much wood as he could carry.

—Heard on the street.—Mr. W., who is slightly deaf, to Miss M.: “Miss M., do you know I just dote on brown eyes?” Miss M., painfully conscious that some one behind is very near: “Yes, Mr. W., I shall be glad, too, when the ground dies.” Mr. W., louder: “Miss M., you misunderstand me.” Miss M., eagerly: “Mr. W., I should like to misquote a passage of Scripture for you.” Mr. W.:

"Indeed, Miss M.! What is it?"
Miss M.: "Whatsoever thou should'st say in secret, that thou proclaimest on the housetop."

--A father's advice to a freshman was to tie himself down and study for all he was worth. The freshman knew no difference between the literal and the figurative. A few nights since he was bowed over a book with one end of a twine string tied around his thumb; the other end to the lamp, while beside him lay an account book in which he entered the value in dollars and cents of each page gone over. The book studied was chemistry, and the money value of the whole book was five cents.

Fifteen Minutes in the English Room.—The fountain of English undefiled is ever bubbling fresh and sparkling, when its music delighteth the soul, plays with the fancy and inspires enthusiasm, the nose in sympathy inhales the mystic fragrance of poetry with its flowers, spices and perfumes. So steady is its flow and so abundant its supply that odiferous vapors affecting the brain proceed from it, even when the gases of the Freshman mob with the heat of a close room, subject the æsthetic Junior to an attack of asphyxia. Even then do its inspiring mists cast a spell over the Senior, and

its waters whisper of "Sweet Will" and the Poet Laureate. Philosophical mumurings mournful as the melancholy Jacques fix the attention of those gathered round. A sad thing is it, gentlemen, that one can live in the midst of a noxious miasma and become so accustomed to it as to never be aware of its deleterious effect.

Freshmen exist without a light to shine upon their darkness, grow to be wise in their own conceit, until one sip from this Pierian spring brings them to their senses, even as a bath in the Fountain of Youth brought back childhood to old age. "How use doth breed a habit in a man."

"For, as his own bright image he surveyed.
He fell in love with the fantastic shade;
And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmov'd,
Nor knew, fond youth, it was himself he lov'd."

Experiences like these restore him: "Do you know who Longfellow is?" "No, sir. I think he is an Englisman, and his works are popular in the North." "Can you name any of his works?" "Child Harold, I believe, sir."

As lookers-on feel most delight
That least perceive the juggler's sleight,
And still the less they understand
The more they admire the sleight of hand

After wailings over the Freshmen's deficiencies, the process of creating a soul within the ribs of literary death begins. Flow on O Fount. Thy waters are drunk

with an unsatisfying thirst. May
thy fame loosen Tar-heels stuck
fast to ignorance and bring throngs
to drink of thy didactic streams,
even from the blue Unakas to

the sandy Chicamicomico. Then,
like Horace, I would say—

O fons Shakesperiæ, splendor vitro,
Dulci digne mero, non sine floribus,
Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

CLAUDIUS DOCKERY.

All communications, Ladies, may be sent to Box 118. They will be received and promptly answered. Don't delay.

Yours truly.

* *

Cream and peaches once a week,

Kiss your girl on the right-hand cheek ;

Apples green and apples dried,

Kiss her on the other side.

[*Henry Ward Beecher.*]

That evinces wretched taste ;

Take your girl about the waist,

Lift her on her pink toe-tips,

And print it squarely on her lips.

[*T. De Witt Talmage.*]

Seize the maiden in your arms,

Blushing with her tempting charms ;

And it would, we think, be snugger,

Oft to kiss and tightly hug her.

[*Roscoe Conkling.*]

This will be concluded in our next issue with quotations from other *experienced* authors. In the meantime, if some of our college poets would hand in a production on the same line we would be delighted to add it to the list. And in order to hear *both sides* of the question (?) we would be glad of a communication from Greensboro or Salem. Box 118.

* *

What chemical compound is represented by the formula C O

F2 E2? An exchange asks this. If any of our readers will send in the correct answer to this we will make them a valuable present—something that has worked wonders in this world. Get your wits together. It is simple.

* *

The second volume of *The Office* is commenced with the issue for January. Several improvements in minor features of the journal are introduced, which go to make it still more pleasing in appearance and of increased usefulness to its constituency of readers. This journal is devoted to the interests of business managers and accountants. It is carefully edited, and each number contains such a variety of matter as to make the issues exceedingly valuable to the classes addressed. The publication office is 205 Broadway, New York, and the subscription price \$1 a year.

* *

The members of the Senior Philosophy class will appreciate the following from an exchange, especially the latter clause of the last sentence:

Prof.: "What is it to *know*?"

R. A. A. : "It is to know that we know."

Prof. : "A little more definite, if you please."

"Well, sir, it is to know that we are certain that we know that we know."

Prof. : "A little plainer."

"It is to feel that we know that we know that we are certain that we know that we know."

Prof. : "Please be more definite."

"It is to know that we are confident that we know we are certain that we know that we know, but after all I don't know that I am *positive* that I know that I am confident that I know that I am certain that I know that I know what you want to know."

* *

We clip the following from *The Reporter*, of the University of Georgia :

"The January number of the North Carolina UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE is certainly excellent. It contains nothing but interesting pieces. We especially admire the warm cordiality and 'whole soul' spirit of its Exchange Editor. 'Tis with such that we like to deal."

Accept our many thanks. We are proud of the compliment, not altogether of the compliment *per se*, but because it comes from a journal of such recognized ability among the leading college jour-

nals of our country. Our Exchange Editor is very grateful for the allusions to himself and hopes that he may prove himself in future worthy of such complimentary terms at such hands. We greet you most heartily.

* *

A correspondent of the *University Voice*, Wooster, Ohio, very humorously explains the evolution of Mathematical Science. Speaking of the inextricable mass of matter in the primal period, he begins:

"The strife became bitter. Rectangles and triangles passed without speaking; circles and parallelograms mauled each other on the highway; the long-legged hyperbola would not associate with the bow-legged ellipse; family matters approached a crisis. It was determined to hold a meeting to settle differences. The day was appointed, the assembly convened. By common consent the circle took the chair, calling on two mechanical formulas to take care of his equilibrium and overcoat. A cosine got up to state the object of the meeting, which was for all to come to an amiable understanding. He had not reached his hinting value before he was interrupted by an osculating circle who tried to get in his funny work on a little logarithm, who was badly scared and screamed she would let no mantissa.

The circle had scarcely settled her tabular difference before he was loudly addressed by the ellipse, who rose to a point of order which some one had put into his chair when he got up to assist the little logarithm. This gentleman was noisy and swore that the chair must either eliminate the offending quantity or come off the perch. This was more than the circle could stand without rotating. He performed a cycloid directly at the offending member and soon a lively fight was in progress. The sharp radii of the circle, however, soon made quick work of it, and the ellipse with black focii and badly broken up generally, had to either leave the meeting or apologize. He rose and said that as this was the circle's first offense, it made no differential and he was willing to ascis pardon, though he didn't think much of his family. This personal remark led to much bitter recrimination which was joined in by the whole assemblage. The squabble soon assumed all the characteristics of a revolution. A pentagon made a desperate rush at a cone who had accused him of being an angle-maniac. The cone, remarking that he had polygon too far, bent over and impaled him on his apex. The binomial formula taunted the sphere with not being able to look over his great circle. The mad-dened sphere swallowed him as he

would an oyster. The theorem immediately expanded and there was a tremendous explosion. For five minutes nothing could be seen, then, gradually, littered pieces of curves, broken apices and halves of equations might be seen lying in disorderly masses. It seemed as though all life had been destroyed. But not so; behold the perfect working of the law of nature. From out that dire confusion, as the phoenix gloriously rises from its pyre, so rose a new and wonderful existence, permanent in its nature.

* *
* *

The doctrine that we should patronize home industries is sometimes carried to a mischievous extreme. A correspondent of *The Nation* says: "The State of California has even gone so far as to have prohibited the use of school-books from other sources, such as those written by some of the foremost scientists, historians, and scholars, directing the Board of Education to 'cause to be prepared,' made, and sold text-books for their own use. Presently we shall have some distant State forbidding the importation of Shakespeare, and undertaking by legislative enactment to produce him on the spot from local talent."

* *
* *

The following verses were clipped from the *Sunday School Times*. They were written by

Edgar I. Brenner, the Yale student who was drowned in Lake Whitney, near New Haven, Connecticut, while skating with a fellow student on Tuesday, December 21st, 1886. Mr. Brenner was a scholar of fine promise. Professor Harris says that he probably had the best brain in the Theological Seminary, and the *New York Tribune* adds that "he was one of the most brilliant students at Yale." He was a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. Here are his verses:

As the sun went down, and the day was
going,
I came from the dim, still chamber of
prayer,
And the stream of my life that was darkly
flowing
Seemed nearing the ocean men call Des-
pair.
As my heart grew faint with its hapless
yearning,
I clung not to life, and I shrank not from
death,
I was learning—ah! end of my youth—I was
learning
That life is a waiting and joy is a breath.
Soon the sun was down, and night wind
blew me
Sweet scent from the lily-starred heaven
of leas,
And a sense like a mother-heart pleaded, and
drew me
Far on in the shadowy darkness—and peace.
I roamed all the night till the angel of morning
Spread his white, fair wings o'er the way
that I trod;
And he opened my eyes to his beauty, adorn-
ing
All earth, air, and sky, with the goodness
of God.

The poem is an outbreathing of a heart at peace with God; and it might even have been written as it stands if the author had foreseen his near future.

* *

We have just received the Christmas number of the *The Miami Journal*. It contains "an excellent portrait and brief biography of Mr. Whitelaw Reid," and besides this there is nothing in it worthy of note. Its cover, however, is flashy.

* *

We have just received the first number of *The Schoolteacher*, a new educational journal edited and published by Prof. J. L. Tomlinson, Superintendent of Schools, Winston, N. C., and Prof. W. A. Blair, Principal High School, same place. If the first number is an earnest of what the future will bring, we congratulate the teachers, and friends of education generally, on the establishment of such a publication, commanding as it does so much eminent talent, and displaying in its columns so much superior ability. We cannot undertake to enumerate the list of the three score and more contributors for '87, but it includes the names of many of the very foremost educational men of the United States, North, South and West.

Among the very many valuable articles of the first number is a

copyrighted article by Hon. Kemp P. Battle, LL. D., on "The Names of the Counties of North Carolina with the History Involved in Them"—a paper on which President Battle has bestowed much study and careful research, and which contains much of interest and valuable information to all interested in the history of the State.

The Schoolteacher is published monthly. Price per year, \$1.00; sample numbers, 10 cents. Circulars and sample copy sent on application.

* *

"The Romance of a Forgotten Village" is the fascinating title of a delightful story of love in an old New Jersey village, with which Bessie Chandler opens the *Brooklyn Magazine* for January—a number that is replete with the most entertaining array of bright and readable articles and poems. Ella Wheeler Wilcox sings of "The Mother-in-Law" in pleasing metre, which S. E. Archer follows with a highly interesting paper on "Some Famous Unequal Marriages." Laura C. Holloway has a gossipy description of Miss Cleveland's home-life at Holland Patent, that will be widely read as giving an inside glimpse of the home of the President's sister. A sparkling series of "Stories and Memories of Washington" is begun by Mr. Seaton Donoho, and if his suc-

ceeding papers are one third as bright as is the present one, the series will be one of the most attractive features of coming numbers. "A Midnight Lecture" gives Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage opportunity to tell a characteristic story of how he delivered a discourse at midnight. A classmate of President Garfield describes the future President during his life at college, and how he appeared to his fellow-students. Mrs. Beecher's "monthly talk" contains much common sense in her discussion of the "Coarsening of Language and Free Manners" of some of our young women, and writes a second article on "Girls as Housekeepers." Rose Hartwick Thorpe, John Vance Cheney, Earl Marble, George Cooper, Sophie L. Schenck, furnish the poetry, and Rev. Henry Ward Beecher supplies four of his recent sermons revised by himself. Besides this there are still further articles on "Winter in the Forest," "Courtship Among the Indians," "Italian Singing Slaves," "The Actress' Jewels," "An Algerian Wedding," "The Art of Spending Money," etc., etc. *The Brooklyn* is without one of our brightest magazines and one of the cheapest—20 cents per number or \$2 per year. *The Brooklyn Magazine*, 132 Pearl St. New York.

* *

The Southern Bivouac opens with

article, "Ursuline Convent in New Orleans," the oldest house in the Mississippi Valley, accompanied by an engraving of the convent. The article is by Charles Gentry, of Mobile.

James W. A. Wright has an unusually interesting paper describing from a Southern standpoint Bragg's Campaign Around Chattanooga," a war article of unusual interest.

O. B. Mayer's striking and original story of "The Two Marksmen of Ruff's Mountain" is concluded.

Henry W. Austin begins a series of articles on "My Pilgrim Fathers." He treats the subject in the modern spirit of skepticism, and destroys many of the illusions which have gathered about Plymouth Rock.

"News from the Front," is a sketch of a Southern household which has passed through four years of alternate hope and despair, to hear, on the 10th day of April, of the surrender of Lee. It gives a pathetic glimpse of the weary side of war.

D. E. O'Sullivan contributes an interesting article on Theodore

O'Hara, the author of the "Bivouac of the Dead."

John Duncan continues his valuable and original article on the evolution of the Trotter. The illustrations are excellent, and the tables accompanying the article have been prepared with the utmost care.

The important article of the number is the second installment of Judge Hines' story of the "Northwestern Conspiracy," which rapidly grows in interest. He presents a valuable picture of the political situation at the time, and throws much light on several disputed points. The statement is made that, at the request of Secretary Stanton, Judge Black visited Mrs. Thompson in Canada on a secret mission, to learn, if possible, what, if any grounds for peace could be reached.

* *

In addition to our usual monthly exchanges, we acknowledge receipt this month of the *Roanoke Collegian*, the *Randolph-Macon Monthly*, and the *DeLand Collegiate* from the Land of Flowers. We will be glad to exchange with you, gentlemen. Let us hear from you again.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

=Columbia will celebrate her one hundredth anniversary April 17th, 1887.

=The Nebraska Wesleyan University has been located at Lincoln.

=The oldest college in America is the college of Mexico which was founded fifty years before Harvard.

=The authorities at Princeton are considering a proposition, suggested by President McCosh, to transform the college into a university.

=The most heavily endowed institutions in the United States are Girard, \$10,002,000; Columbia, \$5,000,000; Johns Hopkins, \$4,000,000; Harvard, \$3,000,000; Princeton, \$2,500,000; Lehigh, \$1,800,000; Cornell, \$1,400,000.

=Tulane University, New Orleans, has received a donation of \$100,000 from a New York lady with which to establish a college for the higher education of women.

=Harvard rejoices in a legacy from E. P. Greenleaf, of Boston. The amount is \$500,000.

=Sixty thousand dollars have been bequeathed to the Univer-

sity of Pennsylvania for the investigation of spiritualism.

=The combined new Freshman class of all the colleges of the University of Cambridge, consists of nine hundred and thirty-eight members, the largest ever admitted.

=As a proof against the statement that co-education is a "ridiculous experiment," it is stated that there are 18,000 ladies in the different colleges of the United States.

=The students of Pennsylvania colleges have half-fare tickets on all railroads issued to them wherever they travel. The President of the college issues blanks which are filled out and which when presented at any ticket office entitles the holder to a half-fare ticket.

=A new college for the higher education of women, is to be built almost immediately in Montreal. It is a result of a bequest of nearly \$400,000 by the late Mr. Donald Ross of that city.

=Princeton has seventeen alumni associations. The New York association alone contains 1,200 numbers.

=The wife of the Mikado of Japan is a graduate of Vassar.

=There is a movement on foot now toward the formation of an inter-collegiate Press Association.

=Seven thousand dollars is annually distributed by Vassar in aid to poor students.

=The regular meeting of the inter-collegiate Rowing Association was held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city on the 1st of December. Delegates were present from Columbia, Cornell, Bowdoin, University of Pennsylvania and Brown.

=Father Duffy, of Brooklyn, has issued an order to the young ladies of St. Agnes' Seminary interdicting the bang and frizz, and insisting that the scholars shall not make themselves look like poodle dogs, but wear their hair plain and neatly brushed back.—*Ex.*

=It is said that Lafayette was the first institution to offer a diploma to those who did not desire to study Latin and Greek.

=Bancroft, the venerable historian, is one of Harvard's 317.

=The New York Alumni Association of Williams College, at its recent meeting at Delmonico's, appointed a committee for the purpose of securing \$50,000 for

the erection of a new recitation hall for the college. F. F. Thompson, of the First National Bank of New York, offered to give the last \$10,000 of the sum.

=The parents of a student who was expelled from Dickinson have begun a suit for \$10,000 damages. This will test the power of college faculties.

=The trustees of Princeton have decided to confer the degree of B. D. (Bachelor of Divinity) upon all graduates of the Seminary.

=The Prussian Minister of Education has decided against the admission of women into the universities. Russia has done the same.

=Westminster is the only Presbyterian college in Missouri. Both the Northern and the Southern branches of the church participate in the management. The institution was chartered in 1853. The college department has six professors and about ninety students. There is a preparatory department. Women are not admitted.—*Ex.*

=The University of Wisconsin is a State institution. In the undergraduate department there are thirty-three instructors and about four hundred students. Women are admitted. The studies are largely elective. Degrees are con-

ferred in arts, letters, science, agriculture and engineering. There is a law department with seven instructors and about sixty students.—*Ex.*

=The following statistics were brought to light at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Harvard. They are very interesting, and show the remarkable growth of that institution: During the first century there were 1,275 graduates; during the second, 4,222, and during the first half of the third, 5,436. The number of men on an average in a class the first century was 12.75, during the second, 42.22, and during the last fifty years 108.7, and for the five years just past 198.5. The two oldest graduates graduated in 1811. The class of 1812 has no living member, '13 only one, '14 none, '15 one; '16 none, but '17 five. Only one man graduated in 1652 and 1654, while in 1644, 1648, 1672, 1682 and 1688, there were no graduates. As late as 1704, only four graduated. The first class over fifty was in 1765, over one hundred in 1860, and over two hundred in 1883. The largest class that ever graduated was in 1886, which numbered two hundred and twenty-two men—five and a half times as many as in 1836. The first degree of D. D. was conferred on Increase Mather in 1692, and the first LL. D. on

George Washington in 1776. The average age of deceased graduates since 1836 is 58.4 years—doctors 57.3, ministers 64.9, and lawyers 50.0. One of the most interesting things left by the celebration was the registration book of the graduates present at it, and is a fitting companion to a similar book preserved from the two hundredth anniversary in 1836.

=If the college paper is to be progressive, if it is to be the "featherless exponent of reform," and we believe that it ought to be, then at an annual meeting of the press representatives, at which time all questions of interest pertaining to college journalism can be freely and fully discussed, would conduce to the highest interest and lead to the publication of college papers worthy the name.—*Oberlin Review.*

=Speaking of the University of Berlin, a correspondent of the *New York Tribune* says: "In the four faculties proper—Theological, Law, Medical, and Philosophical—there are 5,357 regularly matriculated students, and adding the other schools which are also parts of the University, the number rises to the aggregate of 6,880. Every country in Europe is represented, and besides, Asia, Africa, Australia, and America. The United States still leads in the list of foreign States, having 149

representatives. This strong delegation entitles the Americans in reality to a membership of the governing body of the students, and the question of candidature was seriously considered. But after reflection it was decided advisable to refrain from any official connection with the political parties, when party spirit is as bitter among the students as in the Reichstag itself. The only other countries which at all compare with the United States are Russia with 98 and Switzerland with 80. Great Britain, with its usual conservatism and fidelity to Cambridge and Oxford, has sent but 8. Japan has 21 and Turkey 7. In the American delegation the number of University of Virginia men is surprising. I believe that Old University has had more sons in Berlin than any other American college, not excepting Harvard or Yale. The city is not adapted to the success of duelling corps, and Berlin, despite its colossal membership, has fewer duels than almost any other German University. In fact, duelling seems finally falling into disfavor. Public opinion is beginning to condemn it. A bill has been introduced in the Reichstag for its more stringent control and eventual abolishment."

=Denison University, founded in 1831, is the only Baptist college in Ohio. It comprises a college

department and a preparatory department. In the college there are eleven instructors and about eighty students. Degrees are given in arts, philosophy, and science; but the classical course of prescribed studies is still the favorite. Women are not admitted.—*Ex.*

=Amherst College was founded in 1821. It has twenty-two professors and eleven other instructors. The students usually number about three hundred and fifty. The only department is the regular college course of four years. Almost all of the students are candidates for A. B., but a very few are candidates for S. B., and during the latter years of the regular course there is considerable freedom in choice of studies. The standard is high. Amherst was the first college to lay stress upon physical training. It was also the first college to place in the hands of an undergraduate senate a great part of the college discipline. The college is conservative, refusing to admit women, and still giving the classics their ancient place. It is not a State institution, and it is not sectarian, although it is practically controlled by orthodox Congregationalists. The gymnasium, the art gallery and the library are well worth seeing, and the last is one of the few college libraries that are actually accessible and useful.—*Ex.*

=The undergraduate department of Western Reserve is called the Adelbert College of Western Reserve University. For many years that department was at Hudson, and was called Western Reserve College. The change of name and of location was made in 1882. In the college there are ten instructors and about one hundred students. Women are admitted. The University has a medical department at Cleveland and preparatory departments at Hudson and Green Springs. The Case School of Applied Science is in the immediate neighborhood of Adelbert College and answers the purpose of a scientific department; but, although it is managed in sympathy with the university, its government is wholly independent, and it is not properly a department of Western Reserve. —*Ex.*

=Madison University is a Baptist institution. It comprises a theological seminary, a college and a preparatory school. In the college there are ten instructors and about one hundred students. Almost all of the students take the classical course of prescribed studies.

=The University of Pennsylvania was established in 1755. Its college or under-graduate department comprises courses in arts, science, philosophy, finance and

economy, and music. The university also has departments of law, medicine, dentistry, veterinary medicine, and biology. In the course in arts there are one hundred and thirteen students; in science, two hundred and eight students; in philosophy, twenty; in finance, twenty-seven; in music, twelve, making a total of three hundred and eighty students for the college department. The total number of students in all departments is one thousand and twenty-eight.

=Harvard University comprises the college, the scientific school, the divinity school, the law school, the medical school, the dental school, the school of agriculture and horticulture, several museums and laboratories, the observatory, the library, and the graduate department. The total number of instructors is about two hundred. In the college there are about one thousand students, all candidates for A. B. There are usually five or six hundred students in the other departments. In the college the course after freshman year is wholly elective, and the practice of the more careful students is to devote their last two years almost wholly to some special line of study. There are good opportunities for advanced work in almost any branch: for example, each of the following subjects has from ten to twenty

lectives—Greek, Latin, French, German, Philosophy, History, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, and Natural History, and besides these are courses in many other

subjects. In all departments of the university text-books are used comparatively little, and great stress is laid upon original research.

COLLEGE RECORD.

STEPHEN B. WEEKS.

—Professor Holmes has set out a number of small pecan trees in the campus. We are glad to see this move, for they combine the useful and the ornamental.

—A. H. Blunt, the photographer of Danville, Va., was here not long since, staid four days and was well patronized. He is Vice-President of the American Photographic Association and from what we have heard and seen his work gives general satisfaction.

—Mr. Mehagan of Tarboro, the dancing master, is here in all his glory. He gives lessons every evening in Gymnasium Hall, and there either marshals, reps, ball managers, freshmen and seniors "learn to tip the light fantastic toe."

—The servants are now cultivating the campus on the Gulliverian plan, at any rate the village pigs are doing their share whether the nuts have been planted "a foot apart and eight inches deep" or not. They add much to the beauty of the campus and we most respectfully suggest that they be adopted as one of the permanent attractions.

—"Kuncks" appeared earlier than usual on account of the warm weather. Its followers are numerous and earnest. The Faculty have been petitioned to light up the grounds by electricity. Baseball also returned with the spring.

—Professor James H. Rayhill of Jacksonville, Illinois, taught a class in Elocution recently. As the times for speaking draw nigh the demand for instruction in this noble art increases. Mr. Rayhill came to us with very high recommendations. President Battle giving him almost unqualified praise. He had quite a large class. During his stay he gave a very interesting and pleasing entertainment, reading a large selection of comic and serious pieces.

—Mr. Vernon W. Long of the Senior class will soon have an article in *The Current* entitled "A Leaf from a Bachelor's Life." It will be remembered that he received the Phi. Essay medal in 1885. He is a good writer and we wish him all success.

—The monthly lecturer for January was Hon. John Manning

and his subject was a sketch of the Right to hold alien Lands. He sketched the laws of Anglo-Saxon England on this subject and showed the effects of the Norman Conquest on them, then coming down, he showed how these had gradually been hardened and strengthened during the past and that the advocates of Georgeism were striking at the very root of happiness, prosperity and power for these are founded on the basis of a home, land and education.

THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB is a decided success.

January 12th Dr. Hume delivered before the club a very excellent lecture on Shakespeare's method of Moral Teaching.

January 19th. The tragedy of King Lear was discussed:

Burwell—Sources of the plot, gradual growth of this old story.

Grissom—Lear's madness.

Smith—The expressive use of compound words.

Professor Winston—The character of Cordelia, the author's skill in causing her to be painted in the imagination and not by her own words, the belief in fate running through the play.

Dr. Hume—The heathen setting of the play and still christian light shines forth.

H. Parker—The reason for the death of the Fool.

Reasons for the introduction of the sub-plot of Gloucester and his sons were advanced by Dr. Hume and Professor Winston.

February 2nd. Othello was the subject for discussion. The following criticisms were offered:

Shaffner—On the character of Iago.

McGehee—On the character of Othello.

Baker—Iago and Othello contrasted.

Hester—Recited some choice selections. He introduced a feature worthy of imitation.

Smith—Othello not a perfect character.

Professor Venable—Othello no judge of human nature.

Hackett—Othello a strong character for his race.

Long—Contrast of Richard III, Edmund and Iago.

Grissom—Othello highly esteemed by the senators of Venice.

Dr. Hume—The historical foundation for the play.

The criticisms were good and the meeting one of the best.

Subject for February 16th—Twelfth Night.

Subject for March 2nd—Julius Cæsar.

The ladies and gentlemen of the village were invited to attend the meeting on February 16th and hear the discussion of Twelfth Night.

Professor W. A. Blair, of Win-

ston was elected an honorary member.

—We are very glad to note the great improvement in Merritt's drug store. It is almost as tidy as a parlor. Look at his new "ad" in this issue and if you need anything in his line don't fail to go to see him.

Scientific Society—Report for December.

<i>Solar Eclipses</i>	Prof. GORE.
<i>External Signs of Lodes and Veins,</i>	
	Prof. PHILLIPS.
<i>Isolation of Fluorine</i>	Prof. VENABLE.
<i>Ancient Mathematics</i>	Prof. GRAVES.

JANUARY MEETING.

Meeting called to order by Prof. Holmes. Thirty-seven present.

The first paper was one by Dr. Venable, giving a further account of the

Isolation of Fluorine.

He exhibited a diagram of the apparatus used in the experiment, describing also the mode of carrying out the experiment. The great chemical energy of the element was noted. It was stated that M. Moissau's experiments left little doubt as to the reality of the isolation of this element.

Wool-Grease.

Dr. Venable also read a paper on the rise of this new industry. One-third the weight of unwashed wool consists of this grease. It is

generally wasted in this country. The European manufacturers have long saved the water used in washing wool, distilling from the grease contained in it an illuminating gas, and using the caked residue for the extraction of potash. The wool is now washed by improved methods, the grease saved and used for lubricating or refined and used medicinally and in pharmacy. It is sold under the names lanolin, agnine, etc. Used to substitute vaseline and the oleates.

In the discussion following the reading of this paper, Dr. George Mallett corroborated the statements as to the use of "agnine" in pharmacy, it mixing readily with water and acting better than the oleates.

Can an Air-Bubble Function as an Organ of Respiration?

Under the head of this paper, Prof. Atkinson explained, first, the nature of respiration, and secondly, of organs of respiration. He then discussed the respiration of certain air-breathing insects in water, these insects lacking the usual trachæal gills of aquatic insects. The *Belostoma*, *Notonecta* and *Corisa* were mentioned. The *Corisa* differs from the first two in the length of time it stays under water. It carries a bubble of air below the surface of the water, holding it while passing a current of water by it. This being its sole visible supply for sometimes

in hour, the question arises, can there be an interchange between the fresh air of the water and the vitiated air of the bubble by a species of osmosis.

Prof. Atkinson exhibited specimens of ten insects in water. The theory of osmosis was then discussed by Professors Gore, Venable, and others.

Dr. Phillips then read a paper on the

Classification of Ore-Deposits.

While in Germany, and other continental countries, a close classification is adopted, there seems to be no universal system in either England or the United States. Various definitions of ore-deposits were then given. The German classification of them as regards origin, then effect of originating forces, their shape, position and extent was given. This was then compared with the imperfect English system. A continuation of the paper was promised.

The last paper of the evening was read by Prof. Holmes on

Rainfall Statistics for North Carolina.

The annual rainfall of many stations was given, including the extremes. Greensboro, 20 in., and Henry, 132 in. The rainfall was then given by districts, and lastly for the State as a whole the rainfall of 50.49 was calculated. Among the most remarkable con-

tinuous rains were mentioned one at Henry's of over 13 inches, and several of 8.9 and 10 inches.

Mr. Lynch's name was placed on the list of associate members, and that of Dr. Duggan on the roll of regular members.

WILMINGTON, N. C.,

February 5, 1887.

Editor Magazine:—

I wish to say a few words concerning a matter in which our two literary societies are interested. I allude to the fact that students coming to the University from territory belonging of right to the Philanthropic Society are expected to join, and do join, the Dialectic Society. The counties thus allotted are New Hanover, Sampson, and, I think, Pender. I am led to mention the matter in your columns because the controllers of THE MAGAZINE and those interested in this subject are the same persons, and because it is the best plan for reaching Alumni of the two societies, who may very probably enable us to reach a just conclusion.

Since the writer's first knowledge of the University, it has been a matter of speculation among members of the Philanthropic Society as to why her sister society should have those students who came from several counties belonging to the former. We all know

that the settled custom, whether tacit or formal, has been that students from eastern counties belonged to the Phi. Society, while those from western counties belonged to the Di., and that the dividing line passes from Granville on the north to Robeson on the south, both of those counties being Phi. territory, Wake county having generally the same tendency. Now why does the Di. Society hold counties undoubtedly in the territory of the other society, one of them being in many respects the most important county in the State—certainly in all respects the most important in the east? The following explanation has been made, and seems the correct one: That in the first years of the establishment of the two societies, the western part of the State was so sparsely settled that its students at the University were not nearly so numerous as those from the east, and that the students from the counties named were allotted to the Di. Society to remedy this inequality. That was perfectly right, and redounds to the generosity of the boys of those days. But now matters are changed. The west is as numerous, if not more numerous, represented as the east, and it will manifestly be disadvantageous to the Phi. Society for the Di. Society to longer hold counties belonging to the former. The Phi. Society has

for three years experienced this inequality, and has endeavored to have it remedied, but so far without success. As one who feels a great interest in everything connected with the prosperity of our two societies, and believing that neither one can permanently prosper at the expense of the other, I desire that the question shall be settled with entire justice to all concerned. If it is not settled by those who alone have the power, then the justice of the present arrangement will remain in doubt, and if it is unjust, why it will only increase with time. Some say that if the counties in question were given back to the Phi. Society, the students from those counties would not join that society, because their attachment will be with the society their predecessors have joined. Well, if they should not, the Di. Society would have relieved itself of the responsibility now resting upon it. But I believe that if the cession is made it will only be a question of time—and short time, too—as to their joining the society to which they rightfully belong. Will not the members of the Di. Society settle the matter at once? I hope so. If it rightfully belongs to them, why let them keep it, but if it does not, why let it be properly arranged.

Respectfully,

P. B. MANNING.

BOOK REVIEW.

V. W. LONG.

IN THE CLOUDS. By CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Miss Mary N. Murfree, or as she is better known, Chas. Egbert Craddock, has produced several stories, but none so good and none so extended as this latest. Last spring, "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains" was brought out. Like its predecessors it was enjoyed. "In The Clouds" has the same *locus* and many of the kind of scenes as the prophet, etc. The character of Porinda in the latter is very similar to Lethe in the former, yet the writings of Chas. Egbert Craddock, like the mountains she describes never grow tiresome. She seems to have caught some of that simple, grand, indescribable beauty of her own mountains and put it into her books. It is astonishing how she can take a few mountaineers, tell the story of their life among the glens and crags, weaving in a rain-bow here, a summer cloud there and make of it a glowing scene which never fails. In the present case the plot is simple. Two mountaineers, Pete Rood and Mink Lorey (and

a veritable Mink he is) are in love with the same girl. Love among the mountains is like love everywhere else,—rivals are enemies,—and in this case one injures the other and comes near getting him hanged. Mink like, he escapes, but is shot by a neighbor, who mistakes him for a "haunt." The other lover dies of heart disease, and nobody is married. Sad ending, but the story isn't spoiled. We have often wondered why novelists,—as Scott in the "Bride of Lammermoor" and in "Kenilworth," as Black in "Madcap Violet,"—will make every thing turn out wrong. Of course they are depicting life, but wouldn't it be somewhat better if they wouldn't leave one feeling that nearly all of life is a horrible tragedy? In this novel we can complain (if complain we can at all) at only two things: the story is too long drawn out and doesn't end like we wish. This series of novels is an important feature in our American literature. Cable has photographed Creole life, Joel Chandler Harris has made "Uncle Remus" world-known and Charles Egbert Craddock is sketching the East

Tennessee character with a vividness and truthfulness that will make its place in letters permanent. Every person should read one or more of her works,—they are worthy.



THE PRINCESS CASSAMASSIMA. By HENRY JAMES. MacMillan & Co.: New York.

Here we have London low-life, that same life which Charles Dickens has so well described and which will always interest the student of human nature. Mr. James as a prolific writer, but in our opinion he has never written a story equal to "The Princess Cassamassima." The plot is good and its development, orderly and climactic. After all it seems to be more the story of little Hyacinth Robinson (a most charming character) than of the Princess. As for the Princess she's not an uninteresting character and seems to have two objects in life—never to suffer from *ennui* and always curiously to look into the life of others around her.

There is certainly pathos in the story. In almost every line is woven a sigh for the unfortunate and ignobly-born Hyacinth. Wit, too, is here, and almost every page is lit up by its merry flow.

It seems to be the main idea of the author to discuss Socialism, not in the abstract, but as applied to individuals. Mr. James is un-

doubtedly a *realist*, but he is always delicate—never showing the brutal side of human nature, and we thank him for it,—we get enough of the world's coarseness in every-day life, without reading it in our pleasure-books.

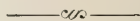


CHRISTIAN REID, our Carolina novelist, has just published through D. Appleton & Co., a new novel entitled "Miss Churchill A Study." We hope to give some notes on it in our next number.



HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK. Chas. H. Kerr & Co.: Chicago.

This is the title of a neat little book issued by Chas. H. Kerr & Co., of Chicago. It contains extracts from Saxo Grammaticus, and other writers of the twelfth century, throwing light on the sources of Shakespeare's grandest play. To the Shakesperian student it is invaluable. Price, 25 cents.



REPRESENTATIVE ESSAYS. (G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York.)

This book is truly one of *representative* Essays. It contains the following:

The Mutability of Literature. By Washington Irving.

Imperfect Sympathies. By Chas. Lamb.

Conversation. By Thomas De Quincey.

Compensation. By Ralph Wal-
do Emerson.

Sweetness and Light. By Mat-
thew Arnold.

On Popular Culture. By John
Torley.

On a Certain Condescension in
Foreigners. By James Russell
Cowell.

On History. By Thos. Carlyle.

History. By Thos. B. Macauley.

The Science of History. By
James Anthony Froude.

Race and Language. By Ed-
ward A. Freeman.

Kin Beyond Sea. By William
Gladstone.

This volume has in it more thought, more *brains*, than a whole library of modern fiction. It is the kind of a book to place in the hands of a young man, to keep on your table, to take with you on a trip. It would make a first-rate text-book for a college or university, while it possesses all the charms which usually attract the general reader of this class of literature.

The more you use a book like this the more you like it. After awhile it becomes like the face of an old friend—always agreeable.

THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

No. 7.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF SENATOR Z. B. VANCE.

The subject of this sketch was born in the county of Buncombe, near the seat of justice, Asheville, in the mountains of North Carolina, on the 13th of May, 1830. His father was a most respected merchant. His mother's father, Abulon Baird, was one of the most respected citizens of Buncombe, for many years chosen as their representative in the General Assembly. His father died when he was quite young. His mother devoted herself to his training with the loving and intelligent care

which so often distinguish and reward the women of our land. Her slender means however prevented her giving him other education in his boyhood than was afforded by the country schools in which Pike's Arithmetic and Webster's Elementary spelling book were the chief text books. But young Zeb. had an inquiring mind. He read with avidity every volume within his reach, and being gifted with great quickness and a strong memory, in his boyhood he began the accumulation of the stores of

illustrations and strong opposite diction which have made him conspicuous in his manhood. He had access to few books, but those were good ones. A gentleman, fresh from the senior class of the University, traveling in Buncombe, was amazed at finding the superior acquaintance and aptness of quotations from the Bible, Shakespeare, and Scott's novels, displayed by our half grown and half educated mountain boy, and twenty-five years ago predicted his subsequent success.

In 1852, young Vance went to the University of North Carolina where he spent a year. He stood among the first in the branches to which he devoted himself. He here began the study of law and soon after was admitted to the bar; he made Asheville his home, and soon commanded a fair share of practice; he early became influential with the jury, humor and ready eloquence telling on the mind of the average mountaineer. He tells on himself with much glee the first compliment he received for his forensic efforts, "Zeb., if you can only get a past the Judge, I'd as lief have you as any old lawyer." It was not long before his "getting past the Judge" was not a subject of doubt.

Like most young men of active and ambitious minds, Mr. Vance went early into politics. He was

elected to the legislature in 1854, where he was one of the most prominent among the young men, being an enthusiastic Henry Clay whig. His peculiar powers were not fully developed, however, until 1858, when he took the stump in opposition to the late W. W. Avery, as a candidate for the national house of Representatives in the mountain district.

This district had once been whig. The people, however, were devoted to Thomas L. Clingman, who for many years represented them in Congress. When Mr. Clingman swung around to the Democratic side, he retained his ascendancy, notwithstanding his change of base, carrying the district in 1857, by 2,000 majority over his whig opponent. When, in consequence of being promoted to the Senate, he resigned his seat, it was generally thought that Mr. Avery, a man strong in debate and of influential family, would easily fill the vacancy. When Mr. Vance announced his intention to oppose him, he was applauded for his gallantry, but laughed at for his supposed folly. In this campaign Mr. Vance, then only 28 years old, displayed those qualities of a stump orator and leader of men for which he is now so conspicuous and unequalled, quick at repartee, teeming with anecdotes which he tells with happy humor, able to pass at will

from mirth moving fun to invective, eloquence and pathos, by his power of presenting arguments and facts in an interesting light, his consummate tact and winning ways, "he stole away the hearts of the people." He was elected by as large a majority as the year before had been given to his democratic predecessor.

In the following year David Coleman, another distinguished democrat, measured his strength with the young whig, but the effort to diminish his majority failed. Coleman met the fate of every, and thenceforth Mr. Vance was supreme west of the Blue Ridge.

In Congress he was an active and watchful member, he took sides strongly and labored earnestly against secession, at the same time warning the country against coercion of the Southern States by force of arms. His appeals for the Union in Congress and before the people were earnest and powerful, but when Sumter was fired upon, like all the leading Union men of North Carolina, Badger, Graham, Ruffin, Gilmer and others, believing in the right of revolution, he cast his lot with his native State and took up arms against the Union.

Whatever Mr. Vance does he does with all his might. He was one of the earliest volunteers, marching to the seat of war in

Virginia as a captain in May, 1861. It was not long before his promotion came, he having been elected Colonel of the 26th Regiment of North Carolina troops in August, 1861. He was among the brave fighters who drove McClellan to his ships on the James, and brought his regiment off safely when Branch's little army was overwhelmed by Burnside at Newberne. He shared cheerfully all the hardships and dangers of his men.

He was a faithful and gallant officer, and civilians and soldiers united in the demand that he should be the next Governor of North Carolina. He was chosen by an overwhelming majority in 1862, and two years later over the late Governor W. W. Holden.

As Governor of North Carolina in those troublous times, Mr. Vance displayed talents for which even his most ardent admirers had not given him credit. Blessed with a strong frame and hardy constitution, he was able to go through an incredible amount of hard work, mental and physical. He exhibited administrative and executive powers of the highest order. It became his duty to aid the Confederate Government in securing and maintaining in its armies the military contingent of North Carolina. It was likewise his duty to assist, as commander-in-chief of the militia, in repelling

invasion of its territory. It was his province to execute largely the functions of a war minister, and when the full history of the war shall be written, it will be found that he excelled all Southern Governors in vigor and ability in these regards. He kept his State up to the full measure of its obligation under the Constitution of the Confederacy. At the same time he was watchful that there should be no infringement of the rights of the State.

In the midst of the very death struggle of the war, he insisted that the military should be subordinate to the civil powers. It should be known and remembered throughout the civilized world, that all during the time when the Confederacy was vainly fighting for life, and when one-fourth of the State was overrun by contending armies, the great privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* was never suspended. North Carolina had judges firm enough to issue that great writ and a Governor brave enough to enforce its mandates in the midst of conscript camps, even in the lines of troops drawn up in order of battle. While Mr. Vance took care that there should be no skulkers or deserters among those liable under the conscript law, he took equal care, that all who claimed they were not liable, should have on their

petition an impartial hearing before a judicial officer.

It was by his efforts likewise, that supplies of clothing and other needful articles were regularly imported from England, through the blockading squadron at Wilmington. All during 1863 and 1864, the departure and arrival of the *Advance* were watched for with breathless interest by the soldiers of North Carolina, whose wants the Confederate Government could not supply. And when in the excitement during the trial of Wirg for bad treatment of Federal prisoners, efforts were made by the enemies of Mr. Vance, to connect him with the sufferings of the Salisbury prison, an examination showed that he had been active in alleviating those sufferings.

During 1864 there sprang up in North Carolina a reactionary party, headed by Holden and others, composed of those who had despaired of the success of the Confederacy. But Governor Vance took the ground that the power of making peace had been devolved on that government, and that any separate State action would bring not only disgrace but ruin to the State. He therefore struggled with unfaltering constancy for Southern success until the surrender of General Johnson to General Sherman.

He now laid down his high office with dignity, conscious that

he had done his best and that defeat of his plans was the act of God. He renewed his vows of allegiance to the general government, determined thenceforth to contribute all that in him lay to the advancement of his native State, and the dignity and glory of the Union.

He was arrested after the close of the war, and suffered imprisonment at Washington on account of his prominence in the struggle, but on examination of his letters, books and other documents, it was found that his conduct in the struggle was according to the rules of civilized warfare, and the sentiments of the North being against personal punishment for treason, he was honorably discharged.

Governor Vance then returned to the practice of his profession, making Charlotte his home.

In 1870, he was elected Senator of the United States, but on account of the disabilities imposed by the 14th amendment to the Constitution, was not allowed to take his seat.

In 1872, he was the nominee of the Democratic party of the Legislature for the same high office, but was defeated in the election, by a coalition between a few friends of Judge Merrimon, and the Republicans. He was nominated for Governor of North Carolina by the Democrats in 1876, and was elected by a large majority over

his opponent, Judge Settle. This canvass will long be remembered in North Carolina. He received the degree LL. D. from Davidson College in 1867.

In 1878 he was again the nominee of the Democrats of the Legislature for United States Senator, and was this time elected. This position he has held ever since. His fame as a statesman has continued to grow, until he is now widely known all over the Union as a leader of the Democratic wing of the Senate. He is ever fearless in his efforts to do that which will benefit his constituents most.

Senator Vance is a married man and has four children. He is exceedingly lovable in private life, and has more warm personal friends, probably, than any man in North Carolina; he is an especial favorite with those judges of a kind heart, ladies and children. He bubbles over with fun and anecdote, his *bon mots* are quoted throughout the State. "Have you heard Vance's last?" is a common mode of commencing a jovial conversation.

He is distinguished as a lecturer, and is often called on by literary societies, and by those desiring to aid charitable institutions by receipts at the door of the lecture hall. His lecture on the "Scattered Nation" delivered some years ago in Baltimore,

Charleston, Norfolk and other cities outside of North Carolina, won the highest encomiums of press and public ; his more recent lectures in Boston, New York and Baltimore in regard to "The South" have been greatly praised. The Senator has found time to read much on social, historical and political subjects, and has the power of presenting his views in an

attractive and interesting manner. When in North Carolina, the Senator resides at Gombroon, his beautiful mountain residence. He has been aptly called, "The Sage of Gombroon." May he live many years, and continue to give North Carolina and the Union the benefit of his wise counsels and wise legislation.

K. P. BATTLE.

GENERAL PETTIGREW'S BOOK.

BY MRS. C. P. SPENCER.

When the University calls over the roll of her sons there are names at which always a pause is made. These are the names of our early dead, who while here gave brilliant promise of the virtues, the genius, the generous ardor which should have added fresh lustre to the annals of North Carolina. Thus much and no more was permitted. They shone, but their light was soon extinguished. Their names we preserve, and from time to time we clear away the moss and mould that gather over them and with fond regret pronounce them aloud once more.

Young and gallant and gifted spirits, once so proudly gay, the

centre of such ardent hopes, such fond anticipations,—where now are ye recalled save here in the scenes of your earliest triumphs?—even here the echoes of your names roll fainter and more faint as the generations pass.

Among them all none stands higher, or is surrounded with a brighter aureole than the name of JAMES JOHNSTON PETTIGREW. To his memory a high degree of romantic interest is attached. He is "the admirable Crichton" of college tradition, always and everywhere first, and easily first ; it was held to have been really a distinction merely to have been "in Pettigrew's class," and to have been second or third to him was

as much as to have been first elsewhere. From the triumphs of college he passed out to the duties of active life, maintaining his high prestige in every pursuit. At the bar, in the forum, and on the battle-field, Johnston Pettigrew was still foremost. And it is not the least among his laurels that always and everywhere he maintained the standard of a true, high-hearted Christian gentleman, and so bore himself through life as to be the special object of love and enthusiastic devotion in the hearts of all who were associated with him—and even of those who had only heard of him.

His untimely death in the skirmish at Falling Water, in 1863, added sensibly to the gloom then gathering finally round the Southern cause, for there were many who believed he was to be the good genius of that cause—he was the coming man who should yet guide us to victory. At this distance of time and remembering all that has happened since, we cannot but think it a fortunate close to his brilliant career that he died in defence of his beloved South, and while the hope of her final success still burned brightly in his heart, "*Felix non solum claritate vitæ, sed etiam opportunitate mortis.*"

Time is fast hurrying away from those who knew General Pettigrew personally, and those also

who are familiar only with his reputation. It is perhaps even now not generally known that he was an author, having published the year before the outbreak of the civil war a handsome volume entitled "*Spain and the Spaniards.*" It was printed at Charleston, S. C., for private circulation only, and but few copies have been seen in North Carolina. It may be of interest to the readers of our magazine to give them some idea of this work, with such extracts as present a fair taste of its fine quality.

In 1869 Johnston Pettigrew was in Europe, having hastened hither on the opening the war between Austria and the Italian states, in the hope of seeing active service in the French-Italian army. The sudden peace of Villa Franca defeated this hope, and he devoted the unexpected leisure to a tour through Spain. A previous visit had predisposed him to like this land and its people. This tour confirmed his liking, which in the volume before us he expresses in no measured terms.

General Pettigrew in blood, temperament and genius belonged rather to the Latin races than to the Saxon or the Anglo-Saxon. His prejudices and predilections were all in favor of the dark-eyed, dark-haired sons of the South. Their history, their literature, their manners, their climate at-

tracted him. France, Italy, Spain, —his sympathies were with them and with singular perversion of his keen and thoughtful intellect he was disposed to believe that among these races lay the hopes of liberty and national progress for the masses of Europe.

It is not a little provoking to note his belief in that stupendous humbug Louis Napoleon, then affecting to hold the destinies of Europe in his hand; and his distrust of the great Protestant powers, and more especially of England, to deride and depreciate whom he omits no opportunity. The first chapter of his book ends thus—predicting the advance and future glory of the Emperor of France—:

—“Prussia will soon be made to surrender her trans-rhenane possessions; and to crown the glory of all, the French tri-color will float over the Tower of London. Every impartial observer in Europe feels that such is the inevitable decree of fate. Its fulfilment may be deferred, but come it must and will.”—

Time has shown the value of this prediction, which is simply another and a very curious instance of the extent to which prejudice may cloud the clearest vision, and warp the soundest judgment.

It is more agreeable to turn to the spirited narrative and accom-

pany our enthusiastic traveler across the mountain barriers and into the valleys of a land which was to him enchanted. He confesses in his brief preface that his object in writing a book was to remove the erroneous ideas prevalent among his countrymen in regard to Spain and the Spaniards. Crossing the Pyrenees from Luchon:—

“For a couple of hours we really toiled, mounting zigzags scarcely fifty feet in length. We finally entered one of the basins so common in the Pyrenees, once the bed of a lake. Then came four pools at different heights filled with almost black water—lonely jewels in a setting of adamant. Then another basin surrounded by lofty, perpendicular walls from which I saw no outlet. It was the dwelling place of desolation. In all the shady spots were collections of snow distilling the headwaters of the Garonne. Overhead hung the ink-blue sky of these altitudes. The view towards France over the plains of Languedoc was boundless. Luchon had disappeared, its valley had become a thread. No sound disturbed the death like silence, nor was aught of life visible except the white speck far, far below representing the hospital. Suddenly turning I saw above us a simple split in the rocky wall just wide enough for a loaded mule to pass, and no

more than ten feet in length. We ascended a staircase of zigzags, entered the pass, and beheld one of the grandest views in the world. It was Spain, noble romantic Spain!—Welcome *dura tellus Iberia!* Welcome to your sunny plains, your naked mountains, your hardy sons, your beautiful laughers! Your honored cities, hallowed by the memorials of a dozen rival civilizations, and your fields watered by the chivalric blood of as many contending races. As an American thrice welcome the land of Isabella, of Columbus, of Las Casas. I reined in my horse, and gazed silently upon the scene. Directly in front rose the savage, craggy mass of the Maladetta, the monarch of the Pyrenees, robed in eternal white. No Eastern Sovereign ever sat in more solitary grandeur”——.

In Zaragoza he moralized on the famous siege, visited the Cathedrals and took his place among the worshippers there on bended knees. He seems to have enjoyed the poetry, the sentiment, the imaginative effects of the Roman Catholic religious ceremonials quite as much as a well instructed Protestant should permit himself to do—: “Some of the pleasantest recollections of my life are these Spanish Cathedrals where the sombre grandeur of the architecture and the devotion of the congregation harmonized in ele-

vating me above the mere materiality of existence.”

From Zaragoza pleasantly by old fashioned diligence to Madrid, where he spent Christmas of '59-'60 visiting galleries, armories, churches, and recording in gayest spirits his impressions of Church, of State and of society. In Toledo he visited the famous manufactory of arms:

“It is strange that some favored spots seem particularly fitted for the production of cutlery, without its being possible to assign any satisfactory reason therefor. Some attribute the virtues of this locality to the atmosphere, others to the water. Whatever be the cause Toledo has always been famous for its weapons. The building itself offers nothing extraordinary nor does the process seem to be materially different from that in other places. In old times a great many demicabalistic expedients were resorted to, but they have been long since abandoned. The weapons are tested in the most effectual manner both as to strength and temper. The sword blades are thrust against a wall and bent nearly double. They are then struck violently on the flat side upon some hard substance, and the edge is finally tried upon one of the softer metals. The daggers are driven by some strong-armed person through a copper or silver

coin. After passing such tests they may laugh at bone or cuirass. Those famous blades that were packed in a circular box are still made."

It is for Seville, for Andalusia that the traveler reserves his warmest praise, his most passionate enthusiasm.

"Andalusia is the poetry of Spain. It is the Spain of which we dream. What glories can compare with its glories. What other land thus combines the remains of Roman, Moorish, and Spanish grandeur? What thus invites every product of the earth, from the orange and the olive to the tender flowers that bloom on the verge of perpetual snow, all in one beautiful harmony? What can boast such treasures of mineral wealth? What such noble specimens of animate creation? What so cloudless a sky? With what rapture did I find myself once more in Andalusia—."

"The beauty of Spanish women has ever been a subject of admiration to all who are endowed with a perception of the lovely. There is nothing so difficult as to explain the fascination which it exercises, for the daughters of Andalusia owe nothing to those artificial processes which may be said to form a part of female education elsewhere. Their taste in dress is excellent, for they have by nature very little disposition

to a variety of colors. The universal costume is dark colored—their innate sense of delicacy, intuitive knowledge of the weakness of men in believing no charms equal to hidden charms, preserve them from those fearful exposures of neck and shoulders; delicate satin slipper encases foot that would not crush a daisy. From the top of the head or comb the mantilla's folds fall gracefully. From the hair massed above the temples, stealthily peeps a rose—two little curls bear it company. A fan completes her costume. Thus armed the maids of the Guadalquivir go forth to conquer the world."—

"A combination of personal beauty such as the world cannot surpass, with a grace of movement and an innate inalienable elegance of manner, which no education can give and no words describe. The pride of her beauty is the large lustrous almond-shaped, velvety eye, half-covered with silken lashes as if to screen her admirers from the danger of being consumed; but when roused into activity flashing forth pride, interest, inexhaustible love, with a fire more irresistible than that of a thousand suns. Then it is that with an imperious wave of the fan she bids you plunge into a maelstrom and you obey."

"Spanish girls are taught to walk gracefully as all girls should be.

The walk of the Seville ladies is something peculiar to Andalusia. That they take steps is firmly believed because required by the anatomical construction of mankind, but in their case the belief is the result of induction, not of peculiar perception. They glide over the earth as though supported by unseen hands, and disappear from your sight ere you can believe they are actually moving. An Andalusian foot is a marvel both for size and beauty——”

One of the most spirited chapters in the book is that devoted to bull-fights. Even for this relic of barbarism he finds apologies. The social life of Seville is very charmingly depicted. In fact everything about Andalusia is *couleur de rose*. The beauty of the women, the valor, the grave courtesy, the temperate habits, the honorable pride of the men—the religious sincerity of the nation—its dignity, its loyalty—these fine national characteristics partially blinded him to other traits and belongings inseparable from the ignorance, superstition and cruelty which, we believe, equally mark the Spanish nation.

Still one reads with allowance, with interest, with reason half reduced, his glowing, graceful tender tribute of love and admiration. His parting salutation to Andalusia is a pathetic strain of music :

“I was now to say farewell to

the Land of the South! farewell to its olives and citrons; farewell to the sweet song of its nightingales; farewell to its gentle zephyrs laden with the perfume of the rose and the violet; farewell to the golden waters of the Guadalquivir and the purple light of its sunsets; farewell to those whose memory lends an undying charm to all that is, and exists in this glowing land; farewell! a long farewell!

Leaving Seville he returned to Madrid, and thence through Castile, to France over the famous frontier bridge of the Bidassoa. The wayside adventures are narrated with great vivacity; the notes of Spanish History, Civil and Religious, the influences which have combined to make the national character of the Spaniards, their capabilities, their probable future, are all touched with grace, spirit and fidelity. When we cannot accept his conclusions we must at least admire his generous advocacy. It has been nearly thirty years since the book was written. Empires have waxed and waned in that time, and some have totally disappeared. The French Emperor and his dynasty—where are they? The map of Europe has been changed. But the British Lion still guards the shores of England,—no foreign flag yet has floated from London Tower, and Protestant England and Protest-

ant America are still friends and allies. So may it ever be. It saddens us to think that he wished it otherwise.

The principal value of the work is that it is all we have that is tangible of Johnston Pettigrew. As such it will have a place in our

libraries, and will be sought and read eagerly as long as North Carolina continues to count her jewels; for so long will she point with pride to *him* as among her most precious, and her best exemplar to the rising generation of her young men.

"ADAM BEDE."

"George Eliot" is a unique character. She is the only woman who has ever written books which rank along with Dickens and Bulwer and Thackeray. She was born in Warwickshire, England, in 1820, and her maiden name was Marian Evans. She owes much of her literary excellence to the advice and inspiration of Mr. Geo. Henry Lewes, with whom she was closely associated. Her first work, "Scenes of Clerical Life," was published in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1857 and republished in book form in the same year. Next came "Adam Bede," published in 1859. As to its history, let George Eliot herself take up the pen and tell it: "The germ of Adam Bede was an anecdote told me by my Methodist Aunt Samuel. We were sitting together, when it occurred to her to tell me how she had visited a condemned criminal—a very

ignorant girl, who had murdered her child and refused to confess how she had stayed with her praying, during the night, and how the poor creature at last broke out into tears and confessed her crime. My aunt afterwards went with her to the place of execution. The story affected me deeply. * * I afterwards began to think of blending this and other recollections of my aunt in one story with some points in my father's early life and character. The character of Dinah grew out of my recollections of my aunt, but Dinah is not at all like my aunt. The character of Adam and one or two incidents connected with him were suggested by my father's early life, but Adam is not more like father any more than Dinah is like aunt. Indeed there is not a single portrait in Adam Bede—only the suggestions of experience wrought

into new combinations." The plot is quite simple. Adam Bede the hero, Dinah the heroine, in reality, though the bulk of the story is devoted to Arthur Donnithorne and Hetty Sorrell, and the circumstances leading up to their first sin. Seth Bede, brother to Adam, first courts the Methodist preacher, Dinah, but is rejected. Adam is in love with Hetty, but her existence is spoiled by Arthur Donnithorne. Then Adam's affections turn to Dinah and are reciprocated. Poor Hetty leaves her child to die, and, narrowly escaping execution, is sent out of the country. Arthur is never married, neither is Seth.

The story shows the relation between the lower and the middle class of England,—between tenant and land-holder,—Adam, Seth, Poyser and his fellow-workers on the one side, and the Donnithornes on the other. In addition we have a fine picture of the Anglican clergyman and his work among the common people. Mr. Irwine is one of the finest, most lovable characters in fiction, and George Eliot draws him with a kindly, sympathetic hand.

The *locus* of the scene is in central England, between the highlands and lowlands, where the bounding hill, the cool woods and the babbling stream teach men that there is beauty in Nature.

The time which the story covers

is about two years, and is a picture of English life fifty years ago. I would say that the principal characters were Adam, Seth, Arthur Donnithorne, Mr. Irwine, Dinah and Hetty. As to these individually: I have never seen a *stronger* character than Adam Bede. It is almost majestic. It is one rarely met with. I think I have seen only one man in my life who is anything like him, and he falls far short of Adam in almost everything. I think that Adam is too strong—drawn in too heroic colors—cast in too warrior-martyr-demi-god-like mould. There may be men made after his pattern, but it is very doubtful that any live to-day—they all died along with King Arthur and his noble knights, or were named Julius Cæsar or Napoleon. Perhaps there is one of his ilk in our country—if so, I want to see him and make my humble obeisance. "O wad some power the giftie gie us" to find even a few such,—to put in public office. Seth Bede is a good character—the quiet, lovable, gentle-spirited man—more capable of *bearing* than of *acting*. We admire him in a certain way, for his gentleness and other *womanly* virtues, but after all we can have no great respect for him; there is not enough of the man—the moving, powerful energy which masculinity in general has inherited as its birth-right.

For Mr. Irwine I feel instinctive respect and love. Like his parishioners, I think him the finest specimens of the *generous*, open-hearted minister I have ever known. With all his religion he is still a "good fellow." With him religion is something to *live by*, to temper the thoughts about one's neighbors, and to help one enjoy life. While not possessing the strength of character and Lutheran energy which would make him a reformer, yet he wins the hearts of his neighbors, first for himself and then for his God.

Now let us take up the women, for women in novels, as well as in real life, constitute the main charm, and if a novelist draws female character correctly he passes without question into a high rank. George Eliot, being fashioned after the pattern of Mother Eve, naturally understood her sister women and draws them with an artist's skill. An unhopeful spinster could scarcely be more quarrelsome than Mrs. Poyser, in her manner, for underneath we can still see the warm beat of her heart. She thinks "the world" of Totty, and although she gives Hetty the warm end of her tongue, yet when she and Mr. Poyser are together she speaks of her as "a good lass" and "a charming wench." She is an example of the thrifty, practical, non-poetical English housewife—as careful of

the cleanliness of her character as of her linen. It is the privilege of workers to grumble and quarrel, and Mrs. P. does her share. Poor, poor Hetty! How much happier would she have been if only she had profited by the constant stream of good advice which (alas!) was 'crammed into' her ears against the stomach of her sense.' Weak, frail, pretty, charming, vain, captivating, foolish Hetty! She was a pretty creature though a poor pattern of womanhood. Baubles delighted her more than the possession of womanliness. One can see all the way through that she *has no heart*—no real sympathy for the pleasure and pain of others, and anticipates the result. She is like a child pursuing a gilded butterfly—when it clasps the gorgeous trifle it stumbles and falls over something hitherto unseen. Weak, romantic Hetty!—we pity her, though we are compelled to see that she deserved and brought upon herself the sadness of her lot. I have hitherto failed to discuss the character of Donnithorne, purposing to put him and Hetty near together—as in the book. A young English land-owner of the average stamp might succumb under the same circumstances, and act as treacherously as Donnithorne, yet this fact doesn't excuse him. If there is any excuse for his sin, we will have to put it on the

ound of unpremeditated injury. One more case of human frailty. This is a character at once contemptible and noble—incompatible as these qualities seem. Contemptible for his repeatedly giving way to his desire to see Hetty and to his worse desires when with her. Noble for his desire to improve the temporal condition of his tenants—his open-hearted way of treating every one; and lastly and mainly, for his earnest efforts to mitigate the suffering which he had brought about.

The gem, perfect in its beauty, is Dinah. Earnest, sincere, conscientious, self-sacrificing—she stands out like a pure white lily in a garden of flowers all crimson with shame and pied with other colorings less pure. Perhaps she is unreasoning in her belief about "calls" and other points of theology, about which all men think as they please, yet we see a striking similarity to Joan of Arc. The belief in them both was that of a martyr—pure, unearthly, sublime. George Eliot in the chapter "In which the story pauses a little" gives us her conception of what a novel should be. She says the novelist ought not to draw the perfect hero, or the griffin or the divinely fair and unreal charming heroine. "There are few prophets in this world—few sublimely beautiful women—few heroes. I can't afford to give all

my love and reverence to such rarities; I want a great deal of those feelings for my every day fellow-men, especially for the few whose faces I know, whose hands I touch for whom I have to make way with kindly courtesy."

Again, "I would not even if I had the choice be the clever novelist who could create a world so much better than this, in which we get up in the morning to do our daily work, that you would be likely to turn a harder, colder eye on the dusty streets and the common green fields—on the real breathing men and women, who can be chilled by your indifference or injured by your prejudice; who can be cheered and helped onward by your fellow feeling, your forbearance, your outspoken, brave justice."

I think her theory of what a novel should be is the correct one. We wish to have our judgment broadened, to have our hearts softened by the pictures of human life drawn in sympathetic colors. The novelist and the poet are the heart-teachers of the world. Listen to the "Cotter's Saturday Night" and see if you are not stirred to interest by its picture of humble human love and life. After one reads "Adam Bede" he feels that his knowledge of human nature is broadened—he is more generous to its failings although he sees them clearer than ever be-

fore. Compensation, like the air about us, is something we can never get away from. Nature keeps open market—we buy good or evil and pay for it in the coin of virtue or suffering. Here we see evil punished in the persons

of Hetty and Donnithorne and goodness rewarded in Adam and Dinah. Would that we had many more such books, to broaden, purify and strengthen mankind.

V. W. LONG.

SOME COLLEGE REMINISCENCES.

As well as yesterday do I remember the eventful spring of 1855, when one day I was told by my father to prepare myself to enter college the following June. I had been looking forward to that time with anxious longings—
anxious as to whether I was prepared to enter, and longing to be one of that mighty band of Chapel Hill boys, who had such a State-wide reputation—I had heard the “Chapel Hill serenade” sung in the local seminaries—had heard of the wonderful exploits of her boys, and had seen them in all their glory, strutting around in “high-heeled boots, standing collars and Kossuth hats,” the then prevailing fashion.

However, in due time I was ready, and was preparing to make my *debut* into the college world—I can see now my father, gray-haired and bent with age, bursting into tears as he bade me good-

bye at the gate and my mother and sisters, gathered on the porch in a weeping circle, to take a last look at the “Freshman” as he starts for college. As I had never before been farther from home than the neighboring town, you can imagine the exultation with which I started in a crowd, with hacks, to cross the country to that Mecca of my thoughts. We were two seniors, two juniors and two freshmen, and after two days lumbering across the sand hills of Cumberland, Moore and the rocks of Chatham counties, we, on the eve of the second day, came in sight of the “old South,” looking from towards Purefoy’s mill. St. Peter and the Colosseum of Rome—the fairest campaign in classic Italy, could not now impress me as did the “Hill,” when we rolled up the walk past “old Mike’s” into the campus; about one hundred students collected around us,

ut under the guidance of the two seniors, I passed muster without serious inconvenience to my personal or mental equilibrium. The wit of college at that time was Felix Roan of Caswell county. Imagine my horror when going to supper the first evening, to hear Felix relating to a crowd at the corner of the now old Phi. Hall, the results of an interview he'd just had with one of the professors. He was *giving it* to the Professor in his peculiar style, and I thought, why if this is the way students talk to their teachers, the sooner I get back home the better, but to my great relief, he answered, when asked if he really did speak in that manner to Professor, "No of course I didn't, but I thought it d—n strong." When I entered college in 1855 there were about four hundred students, over one hundred of whom were freshmen. In my Soph. year my class numbered about one hundred and forty, and was divided into three divisions or sections. The roll made some curious combinations of names, While Lynch, Means, Mebane, Knop, Knox, Koonce and Stockton, Swindle(s) Taylor. Of the one hundred and forty in the Sophomore year, only eighty-five graduated, most of whom delivered orations at senior speakings. Those graduating with first distinction were Geo. B. Johnston,

Edenton; T. W. Harris, Chatham county; W. B. Lynch, Orange county; Frank D. Stockton, Statesville, and ——— Ferguson, Georgia. Johnston delivered the valedictory, Lynch the Latin salutatory, Stockton the German and Harris the Greek orations. I haven't heard from Ferguson since, but from his remarkable energy and perseverance he should have made something of himself before now. He entered the Soph. and the first quarter graded *tolerable*, but went gradually up from that to first distinction in his senior year. To give an idea of his intense application and studious habits, he once studied a Greek lesson from Friday night till Wednesday morning, and then remarked that he hadn't studied it half enough. Dick Badger, Bass Manly, Eure, Latham, W. B. Lynch, McClammy, Withers, Sloan and Harris, have since become prominent in the State. President Buchanan attended commencement at my graduation, and up to that time it was the largest crowd that had ever attended commencement, Gov. Swain was a big man in North Carolina and a bigger man on the Chapel rostrum could scarcely be found than him, but the day he met Buchanan in front of his house to welcome him to the University, I think he was the scarest man I ever saw. Although I remained at Chapel Hill

four years, I don't remember of ever speaking to the Governor outside the recitation room except once or twice when asking his permission to leave the "Hill," I was afraid to speak to him whilst a Fresh, and when I become older and more experienced, I didn't care to. Freshmen generally thought that it was about as much as their lives were worth to make any attempt to speak to him. Gov. Swain gave the graduating class permission to eat with

him and the President at a long table spread in his grove; my seat was so far down towards the foot of the table, that I didn't hear any of the good things said by the President or the Governor (they said any) but I hope they enjoyed themselves, though I don't think I did. The next day we received our diplomas (which some of us could read and some couldn't) and then *exeunt omnes*.

D. P. MCE.

Mill Prong, N. C.

THE CONSTANTINOPLE QUESTION.

It is not the Bulgarian question. It is not absolutely an Eastern question, but it is a question which concerns all Europe. Must Constantinople be given to the Russians?

Russia is at the present unsettled; Russian minds are bent on conquest. Troops are in the South. Men-of-war are in the Black Sea.

France is jealous. Germany vacillating. England is watchful.

Europe was once before in just such a state of things. It was called upon in the name of civilization to defend Constantinople, then the bulwark of Christendom. Emperor Constantine Palæologus was weak; his court corrupt; his

treasury empty; his friends few and his country demoralized. He had for years kept back the ever-advancing Turk, but now all hope was gone. While the nations of the Continent were discussing the question, the Turks captured the city, and have held it ever since.

Will procrastination again decide its fate, and unbar the Russian Bear, and set him up the Supreme Monarch of the East?

The Balkan States are in a state of independence, each and every one. Jealousies and animosity are abroad in their domains. Consequently commotion and disturbance prevail, fed by Russian

money, and Russians are ever at work in Bulgaria, encouraging perpetual dissolution. So long as this state of affairs continues, Russia may well cherish hopes of satisfying thirst for acquiring new territory. For the ruling passion, now absorbing Russian minds, is that the "Historic destiny of their country must be decided;" to subdue Bulgaria, push her domains to the Adriatic and Ægean Seas. Capture Constantinople, the key-port to the Black Sea, and men defy the whole of Europe.

The Balkan States must form a confederation, and expel Russian spies, for united they can stand in defiance of the other Powers, but divided they must yield to outside pressure, lose their independence, and then be creatures of Russian despotism. Bulgaria will make the way to Constantinople sure for Russia.

Will England be silent?

Russia's gain will threaten heavy loss for England. Her commercial worth and foreign capital will be crippled. Her provinces in the East will be disturbed. And she fears a Franco-Russian alliance for the purpose of depriving her of her African colonies.

A gloomy time prevails on the Continent. The dark cloud of war seems ready to burst forth any moment. All are waiting to see, it seems, what the next day will bring forth. Russian civilization, for so long a time pent up alone within its own limits, and that of Western Europe are in open conflict. One must predominate, where territory is so precious, and that eventful day is not far off. Should the God of War be called upon to decide, the conflicting nations will receive a shock that fifty years will not quiet.

PAULUS.

THE HEROES WHO FAIL.

Man's nature is progressive. An endless conflict between truth and error, a constant change from wrong to right, is ever taking place. Progress is marked by the mile stones of mistakes. The changing scenes of years may

erase false methods, circumstances may alter the chief characteristics of an age; yet through all this arises the influence of the voiceless dead, whose muteness makes their warning more suggestive. Man is taught in the school of

disappointments, and nations advance along the highway of crude and clumsy blunders.

Strength is measured by achievement. By the stately arches of triumph and the gorgeous columns of victory the mind of man loves to dwell; but for those who have battled for truth and right and were overwhelmed by defeat, there is no word of praise.

Not alone to the treasured words and deeds of earth's successful ones do we owe the glory of present achievement, but to the restless sons of progress and reform, who have left no memorial, save a sad sepulchre of buried hopes and vain attempts, should a word of praise be given. To the spirit of longing unrest that dares to bid defiance to the restraints of conventionality, is owed the glories of a higher civilization. To this persevering and intense individuality, the human mind owes its vast field of achievement; in this ambition of individuality is embodied human reclamation. A continual struggle for heights beyond is ever taking place, but years mark the internal between the blossoming of the flowers of theory and the ripening of the perfect fruit of practice. Time alone can mellow the bright aurora of fancy into the clear outline of reality. Enduring knowledge comes only after long struggle and then with

a force that cuts a groove in the memory.

Development to-day proceeds with speed hitherto unknown, but it is only the result of the labor of those who have dared, though they might fail; who have battled for truth and right, though we they knew success could never come to them.

To him who first conceived some reformation in existing things, is seldom left its highest fulfilment. Seldom does success in greatest measure come to the toilers after truth. Well has it been said, "progression writes its name in blood," well may it be added the path of progression is marked by the monuments of those who dared but failed.

No great principle ever made its way through the ages without facing the barriers and bursting the chains which kept it back. Thus as the dancing rill leaps from its mountain home and winds its slow but widening way to the ocean, does the eternal principle of progress move down the centuries, daily a deeper and stronger stream.

Obstacles may check it, but quietly it flows around them and onward. The seekers for the unattained may be secured, but they need not the smile of praise. That they may toil is all they ask.

Ever thus do failure's heroes dare to roam beyond the border-

nd of present achievement. To
e realm of the yet undiscovered
ey turn their longing eyes.
hey ever dare to be thinkers
d originators, even though, in
eir day, they see not the fruit
ereof; but to them belongs the
urel-wreath, rather than to those
ho *apply* what they *originate*.

Live then for the right, though
it be scorned! If needs be, die a
hero who dared to fail; for the
lives of these the world's true
benefactors, shall forever shine in
the morning light of truth immortal.

W. T. W.

EDITORIAL.

E. P. WITHERS.

AT THE PRESENT WRITING the Legislature keeps our Faculty in a sweat all the time.

WE ARE GLAD to be able to announce that we have survived the onslaught made upon us by the *College Message*. It was terrific.

THE WEATHER has been on a big spree for a month or more. It is enough to kill any man unless he has iron-clad lungs and is proof against cold.

CONGRESS is voting away millions every day to foster jobs and swindles, with a reckless disregard of public sentiment. It would be refreshing to have certain Senators and Congressmen kicked out of their seats and made to stay at home.

PRINCE BISMARCK is victorious once more; he has a good working majority in the Reichstag, and will carry his army bill. Yet he has two bitter pills to swallow. The fact that Alsace-Lorraine sent a solid Opposition delegation and that the Socialists gained 500,000

votes, will not conduce to Bismarck's joy.

THE STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA deserves the name of Riddle Van Winkle. It doesn't pay its Governor enough for him to live on. It doesn't pay its Supreme Court Judges respectable salaries and, in addition, makes three Judges do the work of five. And now to crown this brilliant record it is trying to destroy its University. This is worse than negro-ridden South Carolina and Mississippi, and the other States are coming to regard us with mingled feelings of contempt and pity,—especially contempt,—and it is well deserved.

WE BEG LEAVE to tell the *College Message*—and we hope we will not be considered ungallant in doing so—that we have not used the earthquake joke in “three consecutive numbers;” that there are no chestnut-bells in this vicinity—if there had been they would have joined in a thundering protest against the worn

out pun on our name gotten off by the *Academy* and gleefully taken up by the *Message* in order to have something to say. Now don't get mad; we'll taffy you a little next time, and that always pleases the girls, and we know it will please you.

WHAT A POOR, ignorant being man is! He talks learnedly, and writes great books on scientific, philosophical and psychological subjects. And yet what does he know? He can't tell you what Heat or Light or Sound or Electricity is. He can't explain the commonest phenomena of every-day life. He doesn't know why his heart throbs and throbs, sending the life-blood bounding through his veins, and thus giving him health and life. He doesn't know how he can walk, talk or see. He can't tell you what his own imagination, memory or consciousness is. He doesn't know what his own mind—his own soul—is. And so he comes and passes away, helpless, ignorant and unlearned, a nonentity—a nothing.

COMMON NUISANCE OF THE DAY.—Boys hanging on the College fence.—*College Message* Nuisance: Ah, well! we would be willing to wager, at heavy odds, that every time a boy hangs on your College fence at least thirty girls stand at the windows and smile at him, kiss their hands at

him, and carry on a desperate flirtation with him as long as he stands there. We have hung on a College fence or two ourselves in days gone by, and were greatly amused at the young ladies. From six to a dozen stood at each window; they would smile and grin and scream and make remarks about our beauty, etc. Many young ladies have told us that their only pleasure, while at a boarding-school, was to flirt with the boys who would hang on the College fence. Take away the boys from the fence and you would deprive our young ladies, who are so unfortunate as to be at a boarding-school, of their only happiness and delight.

THE CANADIAN'S REFUSAL to allow our ships to fish in their waters has caused some fear of a war with Great Britain, and this fear, though slight, has been eagerly taken advantage of by Congress to get rid of the surplus by voting immense sums for coast defenses and a new navy. Fiery speeches have been made, denouncing England, and retaliatory measures have been passed, and \$100,000,000 has been voted away by the Senate for steel-clad forts and a new iron-clad navy. We don't think there is any danger of war, notwithstanding the vigorous twisting of the Lion's tail, indulged in by some of our

bloodthirsty statesmen, whose real object is to gain notoriety and popularity. Two great nations will hardly fight about fishing privileges, but if they should do so, we venture the assertion that our fiery Senators would not do any fighting. The brunt of a war is borne by the laboring men, the business men—by the yeomanry—and these classes should not allow the frothy fury of a few demagogues to plunge this country into such a desperate and terrible struggle as a war with England would be.

"I THINK it a fight in the dark, the blind push of men squeezed past endurance. I think it the first passive form of a civil war which steel-clad forts and armoured ships cannot guard us against—the kindling of passions and the arraying of forces that, roused to full energy, may give cities to the flames and destroy our very civilization itself." This is Henry George's opinion of the late strike in New York, in which 40,000 men took part. Mr. George may be right. The fact that forty thousand men quit work, quietly and orderly, and remained on a strike for several weeks, engaged in a desperate struggle, which was as orderly as it was determined, to overcome the coal combine and the steamship companies, tends to confirm his opinion. Strikes are

becoming so frequent that we pass them by heedlessly and thoughtlessly, but when thousands upon thousands of men make a determined and desperate effort to overcome a gigantic monopoly—and this occurs time after time—there must be some great cause for dissatisfaction and discontent. And he who finds the remedy will prove to be the greatest statesman of his age.

TO CALL these men anarchists, socialists and roughs is nonsense and he who does so brands himself as being painfully and ridiculously ignorant. To discuss the question with him would be worse than folly. But thinking men, honest, earnest men, have had the veil lifted from their eyes. The immense labor vote in New York city last November surprised the world. These men, as Chauncey M. Depew said, had a grievance and that immense vote was a deep protest against this grievance. The grievance is being "squeezed past endurance." A majority of the workingmen of this country are "squeezed past endurance." Their patience is beginning to give out and their passion to rise.

WE HAVE been dignified by the names of crank, socialist, etc., for our views on this question, but we were never hurt by such complimentary titles and can support

the honor thus conferred without undue inflation. If sympathizing with our fellow man when poor and helpless and ignorant, and daring to express this sympathy openly and above board is crankiness then we do not deny the charge. If socialism means that we are no respecter of persons, that we have an utter contempt for the distinctions of birth and wealth, and if it is socialistic to have an honest desire to do what we can, little though it is, to raise the laboring men to a higher, nobler and better plane and to give to them, instead of a sneer and a kick, the helping hand of a fellow man, then we plead guilty to the charge and stand convicted.

THE United States Senate has decided to investigate the Pacific road's management and the conduct of its lobby in Washington. Senator Leland Stanford the California millionaire who is said to have bought his seat in the Senate is charged with a good many unfavorable transactions. So is Chas. Francis Adams the president of the Union Pacific road and the grandson of President John Quincy Adams. The three great trunk lines across the continent owe the government one hundred and sixty seven million dollars and they are

exerting themselves to the utmost to keep from paying this debt. In their exertions to prevent Congress from passing any bill to force them to payment they are charged with having resorted to bribery and corruption. An honest man it is said, should fear no investigation of his acts. This, it seems to us, should apply to railroads also. But the Pacific railroads' attorneys, managers and owners while loudly protesting their honesty still desperately resist an attempt to investigate their methods.

THE discussion on Senator McPherson's motion to appoint an investigating committee was rather acrimonious and at times amusing. Riddleberger and Edmunds hate each other, and Edmunds scarcely deigns to notice the Virginian. While Edmunds was delivering an able and carefully prepared speech, Riddleberger suddenly jumped up and asked permission to interrupt his flow of polished eloquence. St. Jerome turned and with a most courtly bow, graciously consented. Riddleberger shocked the proprieties of the dignified Senators by asking, "Has any one a chestnut bell to sound?" Senator Edmunds didn't reply.

Senator Vance attacked the hypocrisy of Mr. Adams in a very amusing and satirical speech. He gave an instance of Mr. Adams's dishonesty as a railroad manager, and gave the following quotation as expressive of the kind of man he considered Mr. Adams to be :

De bigger dat you see de smoke
De less de fire will be,
And de leastest kind o'possum
Climbs de biggest kind o' tree.

De darky at de ole camp ground
Who kin loudest sing and shout
Is agwine to rob some henroost
Afore de week is out.

PERSONAL DEPARTMENT.

J. C. JOHNSON.

—We prefer to call it "*Knucks omica*."

—"B. F." has been seized with an unaccountable desire to make Durham his home.

—"We defy any college in the United States to produce a *Moore* cheeky man than the University of North Carolina," is the vapid pun a freshman was guilty of.

—Paul Jones and Eggerton tied as contestants for the medal given by Professor Rayhill to his class in elocution and both received a medal.

—The "crab" is allied to the cray-fish (Prof. A.) and the cray-fish is good at boring. Therefore the "crab" is a "borer." (A prize is offered to anyone who will detect the fallacy of this argument.)

—The gentlemen of the Literary Department gave us a good address on the 22nd. The only objection we had to it was that it was too soon after breakfast. We could scarcely digest the address and our breakfast at the same time.

—We wish to correct the statement made in last issue concern-

ing the number of girls the gentleman of the Editorial Department is in love with. The number is thirty instead of three.

—The Professor was reading from the Bible. The Senior diligently turned the leaves of his text-book to find the place for fully five minutes and then asked what the Professor was reading from. When told he was reading the Bible the senior fell into a gentle slumber like a tired child.

—Here are a few statistics that are interesting: Class '77—Married, 2; single 3. Class '78—Married, 1; single, 8. Class '79—Married, 2; single, 10. Class '80—Married are Betts, Coble, Aycock, John, Slade, Vaughan, Sharpe, Phillips; Single are Haywood, Brooks, Battle, Ransom, Cobb, Faison, Craig. Showing 8 married to 7 single.

—Ovid Dupré, who was a student here just before the war, is now practising law at 290 Broadway, N. Y.

—F. F. Patterson is an attorney in Winston, N. C., as is A. H. Eller. Both are succeeding and both deserve success.

—N. A. Sinclair is meeting with success in the Fayetteville graded school. He has kind words and good advice and cash for the MAGAZINE and we greatly appreciate his manifest interest.

—Ex-Judge Louis Hilliard is a commission merchant in Norfolk, Virginia.

—T. D. Stokes is a wholesale dealer in hats, in Richmond, Va.

—Jos. C. Shepherd, class '59, is physician at Scott's Hill, New Hanover county, N. C. Ben. Hall says he is a fine man, fine physician—a fine fellow.

—R. L. Sikes, class '60, is a physician at Columbus, Miss.

—James A. Cody, class '60, is in business at Atlanta, Ga.

—Thaddeus C. Belcher, class '57, is Principal of a school at Oberdun, Miss.

—John Galliway, '59, is at Raleigh, N. C.

—John M. Flemming is Deputy Warden, State Penitentiary, Raleigh, N. C.

—Eugene S. Martin is attorney at law, Wilmington, N. C.

Transcendental Cheek.—Many of the best disciplinarians in colleges prohibit hazing by rule, but make no special effort to pre-

vent its indulgence. They recognize the fact that, just as there are different classes so there should be a distinctive difference in the conduct towards one another of the students that compose those classes. Since the abolition of hazing in this institution, the Freshmen have become more and more cheeky until now it has reached such a pitch that you can't tell the difference between a Freshman and a Senior except on Sunday when the latter wears his beaver. Trustees, Mr. President and Professors it is time to call a halt, the Freshman must be humbled and the dignity of the Senior maintained. Already the assurance of the first year man is usurping the place of the senior in the parlor of the ladies in the village, he wins at base-ball, he "biffs" everyone at knucks, he cuts us out of our best girl, and all with such brazen impudence and self-satisfied conceit that we can endure it no longer. The Sophs. are utterly unable to grapple with him and even compromise themselves by visiting with him. Shall we, after four years amid the struggles and buffetings of our college career, be compelled near its close to revive that good old custom which never failed to keep these new-fangled additions in their proper places?

One visited a few nights ago two of the most popular ladies of

the village. This in itself was enough to brand him with our disfavor.

While returning to his room, he finds he has no light for his cigarette. Not at all embarrassed, he steps across the street, rings up the lady of the house, eleven o'clock at night mind you, and asks for a match, telling her he had dropped his knife. She, suspecting nothing, gives him matches, and to still further assist him, holds a lamp outside her door; he, equal to the occasion, pretends to pick up the knife, and vanishes in the darkness. At the next corner he lights his cigarette and goes smoking serenely to his room. My remarks need no further illustration.

H.

H., at the dance: What makes Pullet so lively to-night?

B.: He's been smelling a bottle.

Just then he sees Miss M. daintily sniffing her vinaigrette. "Oh, yes; I catch on," says H.

The ladies of Raleigh who visited us on the 21st were charming indeed, and danced exquisitely. After gazing at their graceful skill in Terpsichore's art, a sanctimonious Senior was heard to remark, "I was a fool for not taking under Mehegan."

And now they have even topped knucks. The next thing we suppose, Father Wade will be rolling hoops, Jimson and Washburn playing William Trembletoe, and Professors Holmes and Atkinson riding stick-horses.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

CLAUDIUS DOCKERY.

Since our last number, *The Devil*, *The Earlhamite*, *Fisk Herald* and *Scribner's Magazine* have reached our sanctum. We have gladly placed three of them upon our exchange list. As to the other—we have always been taught to say: "Get the behind me, *Devil*."

* *

Mr. E. P. Roe, in a recent article on "How to succeed in Literature," gave the following points: 1. The author must be able to write correctly, if not elegantly. 2. He must interest. 3. No true success can be won by imitation. 4. Sudden and temporary popularity should not be mistaken for true success. 5. The writer should form habits of close observation. 6. He should be receptive and above all things avoid self-conceit and self-satisfaction. 7. He should beware of repeating himself. 8. In all works of the imagination sympathetic feeling is absolutely essential to the highest success. Finally, true success can result only from some worthy purpose.—*Ex.*

* *

Henry W. Austin published in the January issue of the *Southern*

Bivouac an article entitled "My Pilgrim Fathers." The tenor of the article is widely different from that usually employed in describing these distinguished gentlemen as the following extract will show: "Some people, the other day found fault with Mr. Froude for bleaching Henry VIII; but who has protested against the whitewashing of the Pilgrim Fathers which has been going on systematically for two hundred years? Occasionally, 'tis true, at the Plymouth memorial banquets, some gentle speaker gently suggests that while the good old times were very grand, they were somewhat hard and narrow in their religious practices. But such historical heresy is quickly quenched by some historical fountain of eloquent whitewash, and the doubly false, because only half true, pictures of history are disseminated through our newspapers, so that they strengthen the wrong teaching of our school-books."

* *

"How much older is your sister than you, Johnny?" Johnny: "I dunno. Maud uster be twenty-

ve years, then she was twenty,
and now she ain't only eighteen.
guess we'll soon be twins."
There is more truth than poe-
y in this.

* *
*

An exchange says: "In a uni-
versity in Texas, the faculty con-
sts of a father and two sons.
he sons conferred the title of
L. D. on the old gentleman, who
returned the compliment by
making each of his sons Ph. D."

* *
*

We find that we have to go to
press before receiving the verses
we were expecting from Greens-
boro and Salem. We are sure
of receiving them, but we can't
wait longer. If it is insisted
upon, we will have to publish them
in our next issue.

The following are the only ones
we consider worthy of publication
among those we have received
from other sources:

Why not claim her as your own,
Take her to a cozy home,
Kiss and squeeze her when you please,
And live a life of pleasant ease?

[*Walter Curtis.*]

Take your girl in warm embrace,
Heart to heart and face to face,
Eye to eye, and cheek to cheek,
Finish it now if it takes a week.

[*"Jodie" Morris.*]

Put your arm around her waist,
Pull her close up to your face,
Then you feel eternal bliss
In the taking of a kiss.

[*James Green.*]

What's the use of all this rhyme?
Take your girl at any time.
Squeeze her till the blushes come;
Shut your eyes—it's lots of fun.

[*Simmons.*]

I find my way is far the best
To set the senses in a whirl—
Just give your own dear girl a rest,
And kiss some other fellow's girl.

[*Father Wade.*]

* *
*

College papers are doing good
work in drawing the students of
different colleges together, show-
ing the various methods of in-
struction, wiping out old preju-
dices, getting the young men bet-
ter acquainted, and uniting them
in the bonds of a common aim
and interest.—*Ex.*

* *
*

As an example of legislative
liberality, it is interesting to note
that the Michigan Legislature,
since 1867, has given to the State
University at Ann Arbor, by spe-
cial appropriations, an aggregate
of \$1,000,000, or an average of
\$50,000 a year for twenty years.—
Ex.

* *
*

Alabama has a flourishing uni-
versity. It has within three years
expended \$60,000 on new build-
ings, and it had 257 students in
the term for 1885-'6, with 53 grad-
uates. In North Carolina the
talk is to cripple, if not destroy,
our old University.—*Wilmington*
Star.

Yes, that's the talk, and we are
ashamed to confess that there are

so many *pretended* friends of education in North Carolina who are so contracted in their ideas—so narrow-minded in their views—as to encourage such talk. But let us hope that the grand old institution will still survive, despite the savage and unfair attacks of its enemies.

The last Legislature did its part nobly by the University, and the facts go to show that it could not have appropriated the same amount of money in a manner more profitable. To sustain this assertion we have only to refer to the last report of the President. The University is doing a noble work for North Carolina. But some people are so blinded by prejudice that they *can't* see it. Under the wise and able leadership of its most worthy President, assisted by a corps of professors as learned and as determined as any university can boast of, it is making rapid strides, and has already taken its place among the foremost colleges and universities of the South. It is doing a great work in arousing the people of our State, and urging them to the necessity of shaking off that old Rip Van Winkleism that has so long characterized their actions. Its work is grand in dispelling *the black cloud of ignorance* which has always hovered over our people(?), and which has often been pointed to with sneers and in words of derision.

Now, it remains for the present Legislature to say whether or not this work shall continue.

* *

The last *Message* from Greenboro is "bilin all over." *Nancy* is terribly out of humor. *Dina* is not herself. The *High School Bulletin* received a stunning left handed slap. The *Davidson Monthly* was knocked out in the first round and the *Wake Forest Student* can't survive under the terrific blows received. Altogether it has been a fearful time. Our own MAGAZINE is in an awful condition. The doctors say it *may* rally. The case is *certainly critical*. We can only hope for the best. There has been a general "knocking down and clearing out." Still the dread monster has blood in her eyes and upon her forehead is painted, "Destruction and Death." We feel warranted in saying that such a calamity has never before befallen a poor, helpless people. *We* have been expecting such a thing, though. We felt it coming. Our bones ached. This poor mortal frame of ours "*naturally*" trembled for fear. How could we foretell its coming? Why, easily enough. Events of such vast importance cast their shadows before them. The forked lightning and the low rumbling of the distant thunder recently heard in the regions of the north pole were but the precursors of the dread

monster. The terrific shocks of the recent earthquake that caused the loss of so many lives in the eastern world, were but the results of one stamp of her foot in breaking the shackles that bound her. The fetters were loosed and she was free—"to reply." With one hand, majestic wave of the hand oh, 'twas indescribable; and the effects?—*mirabile dictu!* Merciful Jupiter, deliver us we pray from such a *spanking* (?) again. *Selah.*

* *
* *

The "Baby Show" in the *Salem Academy* for January was excellent—of the kind. However, we have never admired *baby's shows* of any kind.

* *
* *

The Chemist's Love Song.

Love thee, Mary, and thou lovest me;
Our mutual flame is like the affinity
That doth exist between two simple bodies.
I am potassium to thy oxygen;
Thou art but that the holy marriage vow
Which shall shortly make us one. That unity
Is, after all, but metaphysical.
Oh! would that I, my Mary, were an acid—
A living acid; thou an alkali
Endowed with human sense; that brought
Us together,
We might both coalesce into salt,
One homogeneous crystal. Oh, that thou
Wert carbon, and myself hydrogen!
We would unite to form olefiant gas
Of common coal, or naphtha. Would to
Heaven
That I were phosphorous and thou wert lime,
And me, of lime composed a phosphuret!
I should be content to be sulphuric acid,
So that thou might be soda. In that case

We would be Glauber's Salt. Wert thou
magnesia

Instead, we'd form the salt that's named Epsom;

Couldst thou potassia be, I aquafortis,
Our happy union should that compound form
Nitrate of potash—otherwise saltpetre.
And thus our several natures sweetly blent,
We'd live and love together until death
Should decompose this fleshy Tertium Quid,
Leaving our souls to all eternity
Amalgamated!

—[Exchange.

The above is very *affectionately* dedicated to our recent graduate in chemistry, Mr. Anderson.

* *
* *

When, in our last issue, we promised to answer all communications addressed to Box 118, we had no idea of getting so much business on our hands. We thought that at Female Colleges the girls were not allowed to write to boys at all. We thought, though, that probably a half dozen *knew the ropes* and would be shrewd enough to get a letter mailed. But it seems we were sadly mistaken, either in our idea of the rigidity of the rules or in our estimate of the number of shrewd girls,—we are unable to say which. But suffice it to say, we were mistaken, and as a consequence we are "*stuck*." The girls will please excuse us, if, in order to get out of the scrape as easily as possible, we answer their letters through these columns. We promise that their names shall not be made known.

In regard to the "photo" which a

majority of them spoke of, we reply that we have none on hand now, and the Old Man would not back us up with the "checks" in having such a number taken to scatter out so promiscuously.

In regard to corresponding, which some spoke about, we beg leave to say that our college duties are so heavy this year that it will be out of the question for us to think of adding any more to our list of correspondents at present.

Now two letters, we confess, were rather *personal* in their nature. These we will have to answer through another channel. We are very inexperienced in answering love-letters, and of course, for our own sake, if not for the sake of those to whom the answers are to be sent, we would not be willing to expose them to the inspection of all those who glance over these columns.

In conclusion, we beg to say that our post-office box has been changed.

* *

Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; morals, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.—*Bacon*.

* *

Of the solutions, which have been sent to us, to the chemical formula in our last issue, only two were correct. Mrs. R. S. McRae,

of Chapel Hill, and Mr. R. Stevenson, of Cheraw, S. C., were the successful ones. After speaking lots of good words for our MAGAZINE, complimenting its progressive spirit, etc., Mr. Stevenson continues: "I notice the chemical question in your last issue, and to what compound the formula given would make. I have not looked in a chemistry in twenty years, but will say that it will make coffee better than anything else." It is one of the most pleasant results of the combination of H_2O with organic matter."

It is needless to say that by return mails the prizes were forwarded to the successful ones, and two persons went on their way rejoicing.

* *

An exchange contains an article on "Dressing for the Photographer." Judging from the photographs which we have seen of famous actresses (and some others), they apparently don't dress for them.

* *

The editor of a Texas paper gives the following figures from a statistical memorandum of his life:

Been asked to drink	11,362
Drank	11,362
Requested to retract	410
Did not retract	410
Invited to parties and receptions by parties fishing for puffs	3,333
Took the hint	33
Didn't take the hint	3,300

threatened to be whipped.....	170
then whipped.....	0
whipped the other fellow.....	4
didn't come to time.....	166
then promised whiskey, gin, etc., if	
he would go after them.....	5,610
then after them.....	5,610
then asked what's the news.....	300,000
old.....	23
didn't know.....	200,000
led about it.....	99,977
then to church.....	2
changed politics.....	32
spect to change still.....	50
tive to charity.....	\$ 5 00
ave for terrier dog.....	25 00
ash on hand.....	1 00

* *

Vanderbilt has decided to issue College Annual. Vandy has made a mistake in putting two men on the editorial staff from each fraternity, but Vandy will see her mistake like we did, in putting two on from each fraternity for the Pandora. The only way to make a success out of a College Annual is to put in the hands of a few, and put the responsibilities on them. The University of Georgia tried sixteen editors on the Pandora last year. This year, seven will serve the same purpose.—*University (Ga.) Reporter.*

* *

THE BROOKLYN MAGAZINE.—An actress's advice to those of her sex who aspire to the stage is naturally of peculiar interest, and one may safely prophesy that Miss Georgia Cayvan's article in the February *Brooklyn Magazine*

will enjoy a wide reading. Miss Cayvan writes in answer to the question submitted her, "Can you advise young women to adopt the stage?" and her arguments pro and con are cleverly made, and have a decided interest. Following in importance in the contents of this number of the *Brooklyn* is the publication of a humorous poem by General John A. Logan, now printed for the first time, entitled "To Mrs. Smith's Bonnet." The lines will be the first intimation to thousands that the dead general had any poetical inclinations. A third feature that is most readable, and certainly very witty, is Mrs. J. H. Walworth's narrative in story form of "My Beautiful Parisian Cousin." Edmund Collins's paper on "Social Life in Canada," with a timely glimpse of Canadian girls on the toboggan slide, is spicy and entertaining, while the description of what occurred during "An Evening With a Spiritualist," by Mrs. F. G. de Fontaine, is a striking story. Seaton Donoho contributes the second of his lively "Stories and Memories of Washington," and tells his stories in a way that will hold the attention of even the most casual reader. Alexander Black furnishes the weighty paper of the number in a discussion of "The Practical Idealism of Emerson," which Jennie Oliver Smith follows with a very

good railroad romance which she calls, "Caught in His Own Snare." Edith M. Thomas, Rose Hartwick Thorpe, Clinton Scollard have each a bright poem, and Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher has her usual "Monthly Talk." The other articles discuss "Smoking Among Ladies," "Shall Mrs. Cleveland Dance?" "A Dutch Landscape," "How 'Camille' Was Written," "In an Italian Gambling Den," "Love in a Dovecot;" the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher supplementing all with four sermons revised by himself for this publication. The number is in every way bright and readable, and offers its readers a great deal of good literature for so low a price as 20 cents a single number, or \$2 a year. *The Brooklyn Magazine*, 130-132 Pearl Street, New York.

* * *

The frontispiece of *Scribner's Magazine* for March is a strong and dignified portrait of M. Thiers, engraved from the painting by Healy, which has not before been reproduced.

The first article, "The Stability of the Earth," by Prof. N. S. Shaler, is a full and comprehensive discussion of the whole subject of earthquakes and kindred phenomena. Professor Shaler writes in a clear and interesting manner of their causes, distribution and effects, and pays particular attention to the probability of

severe shocks occurring in that country, and to the best methods of preparing for and of avoiding their dangers. The illustrations which are very numerous, are mainly taken from photographs which have been collected by Professor Shaler, and cover a very wide area. They include several interesting views of the effects of the recent Charleston earthquake.

"Aunt Fountain's Prisoner" is a short story by Joel Chandler Harris, which displays all the old time skill and cleverness of "Uncle Remus," although it is in somewhat different vein from his previous work.

The third instalment of ex-Minister Washburne's "Reminiscences of the Siege and Commune of Paris" describes the establishment of the Commune, and many of the exciting and terrible incidents that occurred during its reign. The value of the article is greatly increased by the descriptions of prominent leaders of both parties, and by the excellent illustrations, some of which are by artists who were in Paris at the time.

"What is an Instinct?" is the question which is answered by Prof. William James in a thoughtful and scholarly article, which is marked by unusual vigor and freshness of expression. The article deals more especially with the instincts of man, and is of

particular value for its clear statement of the laws which govern instincts and their relation to education and mental development.

"Father Andrei" is a strongly conceived story of Russian Life, by Robert Gordon Butler, in which the character of the simple

old village priest, and his gradual sinking under the weight of imputed crime, is drawn with a firm and realistic touch.

"Cordon!" a dramatic story of a Paris mystery, by T. R. Sullivan, is a fitting conclusion to a number unusually rich in fiction.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

CLAUDIUS DOCKERY.

=At the last examination at West Point thirty-nine cadets were dropped.

=Nearly half of the 10,933 graduates of Harvard have graduated in the last fifty years.

=They are to have a Roman Catholic University at Washington. Eight hundred thousand dollars have already been subscribed.

=Hillsdale and Alleghany colleges, it is said, have changed their weekly holiday from Saturday to Monday.

=The Yale Banner has reached a sale of nearly 1,000 copies.

=One hundred and twenty-four students at Harvard University are working their way through college.

=Pennsylvania's University has liquidated a debt of \$140,000 within the last year.

=Henry Martin of Cincinnati has donated \$25,000 to the Christian College in China.

=Jonas Gilman Clark donated \$1,000,000 to found and endow a University at Worcester, Mass.

=Richard Perkins, of Boston, has left the Massachusetts Institute of Technology \$100,000.

=Daniel Webster was editor of the first college paper published in America—the *Dartmouth Gazette*.

=The University of Michigan was the first institution in the country to introduce the co-educational system.

=The Board of Visitors of the University of Virginia have taken steps to stop gambling among the students of that institution.

=Of the fifteen thousand students who are attending the medical colleges in the United States, four thousand will graduate this year.

=The German Universities have entrance examinations but require credentials from the preparatory schools of all applicants for admission.

=Dr. Happer is canvassing in the cities of this country for funds to found a Christian college in China.

=Chicago University is about to be re-established on a non-sectarian basis. Several wealthy residents have signified their willingness to assist.

=The Whig and the Clio, the two Literary societies of Princeton

pect to build new halls, the estimated cost of each being \$100,000. The Whig society was founded by James Madison and the Clio by Aaron Burr.

=Disputants about the value of college education have drawn up the following lists of eminent names and given them to the public to say which is the greater: Not college graduates.—Trowbridge, Field, Bayard Taylor, Higgleston, Harte, Howells, James, Aldrich, Stockton, Cable, Crawford, Carleton, Mark Twain, Stoddard. College graduates.—Longfellow, Hale, Ticknor, Willis, R. L. Dana, Joseph Cook, Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes, Prescott, Trentice, Slidman, John Fisk.

=Johns Hopkins University bestows twenty fellowships per annum on graduates of that University who propose to devote their lives to special branches of science or literature. The holder of such a fellowship is exempt from tuition and receives \$500 yearly.

=The rules in William and Mary college in 1772 forbade the students to drink anything but cider, beer, toddy and spirits and water."

=Hugh Stowell Brown's advice to Christian students: "Young men, take care that whilst you are putting off the old man you do not put on the *old woman*."

=One of the Yale seniors is fifty years old and has gray locks. His other three years in college ended at Yale twenty-one years ago. He suddenly left at the close of the junior year, and has been roving about ever since. He is now superintendent of the schools at Kansas City, and has hired a substitute while he finishes his college course.

=The Berlin correspondent of the *New York Tribune* says that in the University of Berlin there are 5,357 regularly matriculated students, but that adding other schools, which are parts of the University, the number of students rises to 6,880. Of these, 140 are from the United States. The correspondent says furthermore: "In the American delegation, the number of University of Virginia men is surprising. I believe that old University has had more sons in Berlin than any American college, not excepting Harvard or Yale."

=The Faculty of Princeton College have agreed upon a plan to admit students to a share in the control of the college. Under the plan, a committee consisting of twelve under-graduates—six seniors, three juniors, two sophomores and one freshman—will be elected by the students for friendly conference with the Faculty who, it is believed, will thus be

enabled to administer the discipline of the college with greater ease and justice to all concerned.

=The plans have been drawn for the Jewish Theological Seminary to be erected in New York city.

=Professor Edward Olney of the University of Michigan, the author of a series of text-books in Mathematics, died recently at the age of sixty.

=The library at Cornell receives new books at an average of ten a day.

=The Legislature of California is considering a bill to provide the University with a permanent income.

=In the new grading system at Harvard there are five groups, viz. : A, above 90 per cent ; B, 90-78 ; C, 78-60 ; D, 60-40 ; E, failure, below 40 per cent.

=Dartmouth is the only chartered college in New Hampshire. The legislature of that progressive State will not grant a charter to any new educational institution.

=A Yale College paper says that the secular magazines and papers are removed from the Dwight Hall reading-room Saturday. It is supposed the religious weeklies are substituted, in order to give the students an opportunity on the Sabbath to read the patent-medicine advertisements,

and the long list of 'valuable premiums' offered to subscribers.—*Norristown Herald.*

=The Yale boat crew is no longer to be compelled to practice on rowing machines during the winter months. A tank, sixty feet by thirty has been constructed, in the center of which an eight-oared barge is fastened. Here the oarsmen will have all the advantages of actual rowing, and the fact that the work is harder than if the boat was free, ought to be an advantage rather than a hindrance.

=A vigorous enthusiasm has been aroused in the University of Michigan in regard to the study of elocution. Nearly 280 are engaged in the work. The *Chronicle* advocates the permanent establishment of a chair of elocution in the Literary department.

=We are glad that card-playing is not prevalent in Bates. Such an occupation may do for gamblers and blacklegs, but for honest, intelligent young men, it is not the thing. It may do for the starved in soul and intellect, but college students should find some amusement better fitted to their station than shuffling a pack of greasy cards.—*Bates Student.*

=A "White Cross Army," consisting of eighteen members, has been organized at the University

the City of New York. The objects of the society are, the promotion of personal purity among young men, the elevation of public opinion regarding the question of personal purity, and the maintenance of the same standard among men and women. A committee is entrusted with the management of the Association. All young men over sixteen are eligible to membership.

=Quite a number of our exchanges, from Massachusetts to California, have commented upon the suspension of the two students from the Illinois Wesleyan University. They all seem to think the students were treated unfairly. This is but natural, as the means our exchanges had of determining the merits of the case were from the article published in the second number of the *Bee*, by W. L. Miller, the suspended editor. The article just mentioned gave a very one-sided version of the difficulty between Miller and the Faculty. Had Miller given the real facts in the case, it is not probable he would have received the sympathy that has been shown him by the various college journals of the country.—*The Illini*.

=NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY, EVANSTON, ILL.—Northwestern University is managed by the Methodist Episcopal Church. In the College department it has

twelve instructors, and, including women, about one hundred and fifty students. There is a Preparatory department. Schools of Theology, Medicine and Law are intimately connected with the University, although, to some extent, they are under separate management. The Medical and Law departments are in Chicago; the others are in Evanston, a suburb.—*Ex.*

=UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, ANN ARBOR, MICH.—In the Under-graduate department of Michigan there are about six hundred students. The courses are largely elective. Degrees are conferred in Arts, Philosophy, Science, Letters and Engineering, the A. B. degree being the most popular. In the Law, Medical, Pharmacy, Dental and Graduate departments there are about a thousand students. Women are admitted upon the same terms as men. The University was established in 1841, and is controlled by the State.—*Ex.*

=INDIANA UNIVERSITY, BLOOMINGTON, IND.—The Indiana University belongs to the State. In the College department there are usually about one hundred and sixty students. Degrees are conferred in Arts, Letters, Philosophy, and Science. During the latter half of the course the studies are largely elective. There

are eighteen instructors. Besides the College, there is a Preparatory department with about one hundred students. Women are admitted to both departments.—*Ex.*

=RANDOLPH-MACON COLLEGE, ASHLAND, VA.—Randolph-Macon College, founded in 1842, is the property of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The students are not divided into classes. Degrees are conferred in Arts, Philosophy and Science. There are eight instructors and about one hundred and twenty-five students. Women are not admitted.—*Ex.*

=OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY, COLUMBUS, O.—The Ohio State University belongs to the State, and is managed by a board of trustees appointed by the Governor. The origin of the institution was the national land-grant for the support of agricultural and mechanical colleges. The proceeds of Ohio's share of the grant amounted to more than five hundred thousand dollars. The income of this fund is enjoyed by this University, and there is also an annual appropriation made by the Legislature. The grounds and buildings, now worth some five or six hundred thousand dollars, were in part the gift of the city and

county. Degrees are conferred in Arts, Philosophy, Science, Mechanical Engineering, Mining Engineering, Civil Engineering, and Agriculture. There are about one hundred and fifty under-graduates and about the same number in the Preparatory department. Women are admitted. Since the institution was opened in 1872 it has been steadily growing in favor.—*Ex.*

=MAINE STATE COLLEGE, ORONO, ME.—The Maine State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts owes its origin to the national land-grant, and is controlled by the State. By the will of the late ex-Governor Abner Coburn it received one hundred thousand dollars in 1886. There are courses in Civil Engineering and Mechanical Engineering, leading to the degree of B. C. E. and B. M. E.; and there are courses in Agriculture, in Chemistry, and in general Science and Literature, each leading to B. S. Almost all of the students choose the courses in Civil Engineering, Mechanical Engineering and Chemistry. Women are admitted, but only a few are in attendance. There are ten professors and about one hundred students.—*Ex.*

COLLEGE RECORD.

STEPHEN B. WEEKS.

—Louis Tayloe Winston is now nearly two months old. He can decline *bonus* with ease and has mastered Cæsar's Gallic War.

—Brother Dockey got mad one day. He had just asked for his mail. It was handed him, he found a letter that had been opened, on the envelope was written, "opened by mistake." He was just beginning to make some very forcible remarks about the imbecility of people who open letters without reading the address when the contents struck his eyes and it was this: "Blunt himself is here."

—During the session of the Legislature a visiting committee of three came up to look around. They were Messrs. Fries of Forsyth, Bennett of Stanley and Pinix of Yadkin. Two went away very much pleased and wanted to give us \$40,000. May the number of such men multiply and still increase.

—The sad news has reached us from Covington, Tenn., that Mrs. Emma C. Kerr, relict of the late Professor W. C. Kerr, died in that city February 25th, from congestion of the brain. She had spent

the winter with us and had only left on February 1st. While here she endeared herself to all by her kindness and gentleness and the blow is felt by all who knew her. The remains were interred in Raleigh, Professors Atkinson, Holmes and Love going down to pay the last sad tribute of respect.

—At the close of his instruction in elocution, Professor Rayhill gave an entertainment in Girard Hall. The programme for the evening was divided between select readings by the professor, and recitations by members of the class. These were six in number: J. A. Farmer, Paul Jones, M. W. Edgerton, W. M. Curtis, C. G. Foust and W. M. Little. The contest between them was for a gold medal. The decision of the committee made a tie between Messrs. Jones and Edgerton and a medal was given to each, Mr. Jones declaimed "The Wreck" and Mr. Edgerton "The Sioux Chief's Daughter."

—March 1st Professor Venable delivered a lecture on the Rosicrucians in their relations to Alchemy, under the auspices of the Mitchell Society.

Shakespeare Club.—Wednesday, February 16th, 1887. The subject for discussion was "Twelfth Night." The following offered criticisms:

Starbuck—Malvolio.

Bourne—The Duke.

Hester—Viola.

Grissom—Selections.

Prof. Gore—Olivia's sudden love.

Dr. Hume—Compares with other comedies and notes the psychological study.

By request of the Club, Professor Winston will deliver an address on Wednesday, March 30th, 1887. As this was the meeting set apart for the ladies many favored the Club with their presence.

The subject chosen for Wednesday, April 6th, was *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The ladies are invited to attend the meeting on March 16th and hear the discussion of *Merchant of Venice*. Dr. Eugene Grissom was invited to address the Club soon.

Julius Cæsar, the subject of the evening was discussed:

V. W. Long—Antony, an adverse view.

McDonald—Cæsar, the main-spring of the play.

McAlister—Brutus, in defense of him.

Dr. Hume—Discusses Brutus

and Portia. Also the schools of philosophy represented.

Prof. Winston—Discusses the character delineations, Cæsar's relations to the play that bears his name.

February 22nd.—This national holiday was celebrated by us this year as usual—with feasting and a cessation from college duties. The speaker for the occasion was Mr. Richard N. Hackett, of the Senior class and the Di. hall this place. His subject was North Carolina in the Revolution. He spoke of Lexington and its effect on this State; of the Mecklenburg Declaration, May 20th, 1775, showing that within our borders was to be found the real cradle of American Liberty; of the Fall of 1780, when the patriot cause had suffered so many reverses and that part North Carolinians had in retrieving those misfortunes, closing with an exhortation and an invocation for the future.

The day was rainy and unpleasant and a misunderstanding in regard to the time caused some confusion. The speaker was introduced by Mr. R. G. Grissom while the marshals, Messrs. M. R. Eure and A. B. Shaw performed their duties with grace and elegance.

The ball of the evening before was pleasant and much enjoyed by all participants.

Y. M. C. A.—The last week in February was the time set apart by the International Committee for Southern colleges as a time of special prayer for colleges. The last week in January was observed in the north and at some places has been observed for years. To the beneficial results coming from Ex-President Dwight, of Yale, President Seelye and Professor V. S. Tyler, of Amherst, have given ample testimony. We could have no regular lecture for the month, so the Faculty united with the Y. M. C. A. and invited the Rev. Robert Strange, of Raleigh, to come up and speak. He did so and his words were full of encouragement, comfort and cheer. The programme was: Announcement by the President of the Association here stating the object and nature of the meeting, invocation by Dr. Hume, reading of Scriptures by Rev. J. R. Griffith, singing, sermon, singing, prayer and benediction by Rev. W. M. Clark.

The Executive Committee of Y. M. C. A.'s of North Carolina which has its headquarters this year at this place, now has a State Secretary in the field who will visit as many points as his time and their money will allow, encouraging, directing and strengthening old associations and forming new ones. We hope to have him with us about March 20th.

Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society.—*February 8th, 1887.*—Society called to order by Professor Holmes. Thirty-eight present.

Professor Gore described

THE TRUE SOURCE OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

The reported discovery, or a new source, by Capt. Glazier, reported to this Society some two years ago, was referred to. Since then Lake "Glazier" has been accepted by many as the source. A brief account was given of the earlier discoveries, then a sketch of the last expedition, the report of which has just lately appeared. This shows Lake Glazier to be a myth. A reporter who accompanied Glazier on his expedition acknowledged the bare-faced falsity of his pretensions to any discovery. Lake Itasca, then, remains the undisputed source.

THE NOMENCLATURE OF LODES, BEDS AND VEINS

was continued from last meeting, by Dr. W. B. Phillips. The generic differences between lodes and veins were pointed out, and the reasons for them considered at some length. In the United States writers on Geology and Mining have not adopted the nomenclature used on the continent of Europe, and hence there is some confusion of terms. A lode is a filled-up crack, and is younger than both its walls; a vein, on the contrary, is a member of the stratified

rock in which it occurs, and is younger than its fort-wall and older than its hanging-wall.

An animated discussion followed between Dr. Phillips and Prof. Holmes on the reputed inaccuracy and indefiniteness of the geological use of these terms. Dr. Venable expressed surprise at the unsatisfactory nature of geological nomenclature, the use of local terms and the rejection of the better system proposed by Professor Rogers. This system, Dr. Phillips suggested, was based upon one in use for centuries in Cornwall.

A NEW INSECT EPIDEMIC

was described by Professor Atkinson—that is, a new species of Entomophthora, causing a contagious disease in the beetle known as *Chauliognathus pennsylvanicus*. The Entomophthora is a genus of fungi. Dust-like spores settle upon the body of the insect and germinate, sending a thread-like growth into the interior of the insect. This mycetial thread grows, sewing the body through and through, and causing death of insect. After death they penetrate to the exterior, and on their ends are produced the reproductive bodies which can be borne by wind to other insects. Thousands of these beetles were destroyed in the vicinity of Chapel Hill last fall. In death they fasten to the flowers and leaves of the Golden

Rod. Fifty or seventy-five may be found on one plant. The development and alternations of generations of the fungus were described.

Other species of entomophthora attacking the grasshopper, house flies, etc., were mentioned. Attempts at propagating these fungus so as to spread contagion among injurious insects, were noted. None entirely successful, so far. Mounted specimens of Golden Rod, with beetles attached, and microscopic preparations of the pathogenic fungus were exhibited. Prof. Holmes mentioned a case observed by him, of a parasitic worm attacking an ant.

CARBON DIODIDE IN THE AIR.

Under this reading Dr. Venable gave an account of the resumé recently published by Blockmann (*Annalen der Chemie*, 237, 39–90) of all investigations on this subject since 1807. The importance of an accurate determination of the amount of CO_2 and of throwing light on the question as to its constancy or gradual decrease, was pointed out. Large tables giving the results of the many investigations were exhibited and discussed. As the result of the most reliable experiments, the amount was accepted as fixed 3 volumes in 10,000 of air. The experiments pointed to but slight differences day or night, on land or sea, in

the hemisphere or another. The sites are too few to settle these points. No decrease in amount with the lapse of time is actually proven.

Dr. Venable also exhibited, in its completed form, the new lamp burner to be used with gasolene gas. This burner had been described at the November meeting.

The Secretary distributed the new Journal (1885-'86) to members present.

—The new teacher of German and French, Prof. H. M. Schmidt, arrived March 2nd and took charge of his classes at once and giving great satisfaction. He is German by birth and a native of Goslin in Pomerania on the Baltic, studied a half year at the University of Jena, a year at Berlin and three years at Strassburg where he was thrown into a large French population and learned to speak that language fluently. At this place he passed his *Statts Examen*, (State examination), allowing him to teach in the State academies and gymnasiums. He travelled for some time in South Europe and North Africa has some acquaintance with Spanish and a still more extended knowledge of the Italian language. Has been in America a year and a half, spending two months in Florida and the rest in teaching at Hobo-

ken, N. J. Is deeply interested in early English literature and is an occasional contributor to *Modern Language Notes*. Is about 26 years of age.

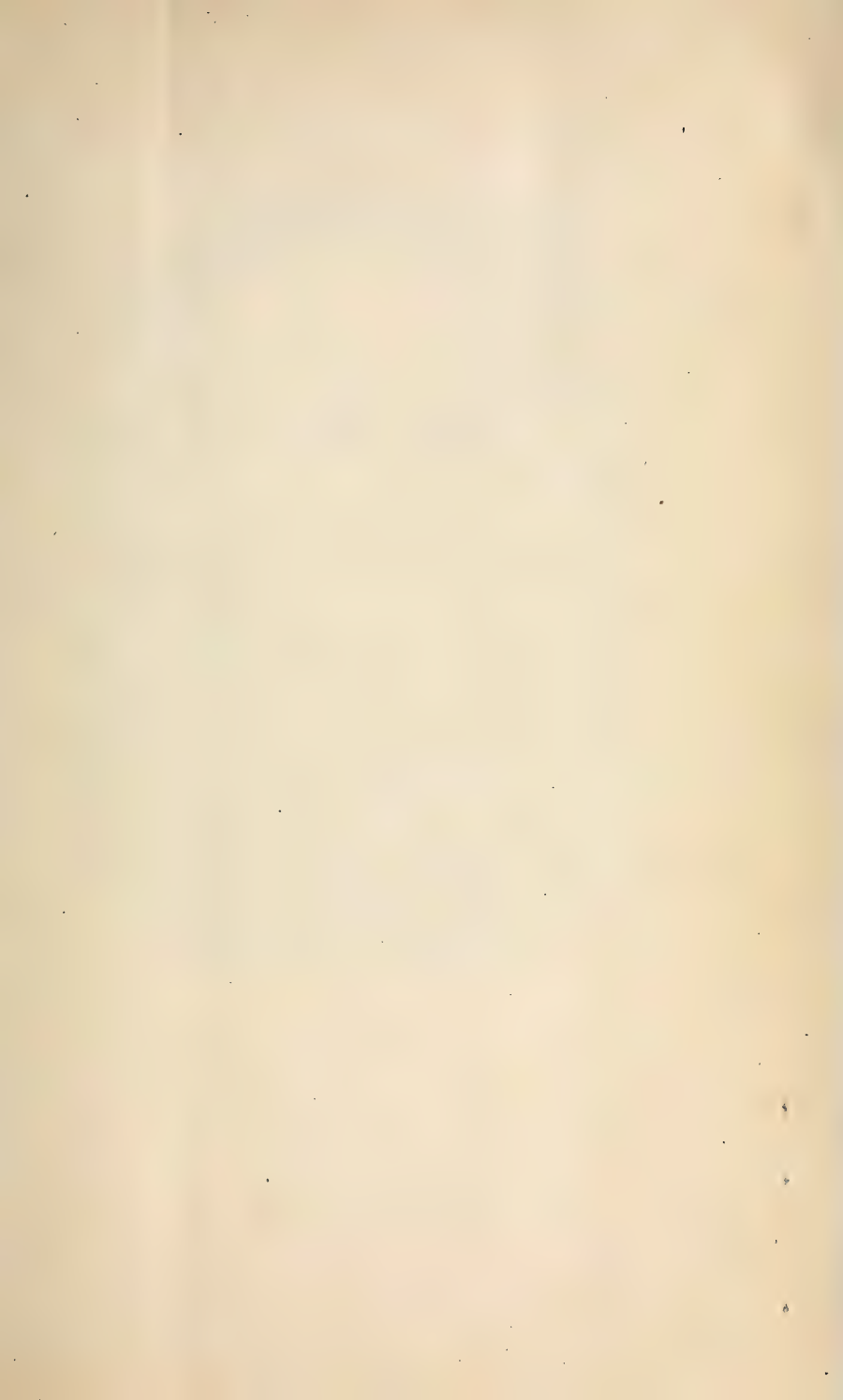
—February 22nd the spring election for medalists was held and resulted as follows: *Ugly Man's*, M. H. Palmer; *Lazy's Man's*, Kirby H. Smith; *Dude's*, J. C. Martin; *Borer's*, Thos. A. Cox; *Cheeky Man's*, J. E. Mebane and E. D. Moore. These were supposed to have been given on merit *strictly*, but a few fellows ever desirous of a change of fortune had a part of the election reconsidered and this result was arrived at: *Ugly Man*, Albert Rosenthal; *Borer*, David B. Perry.

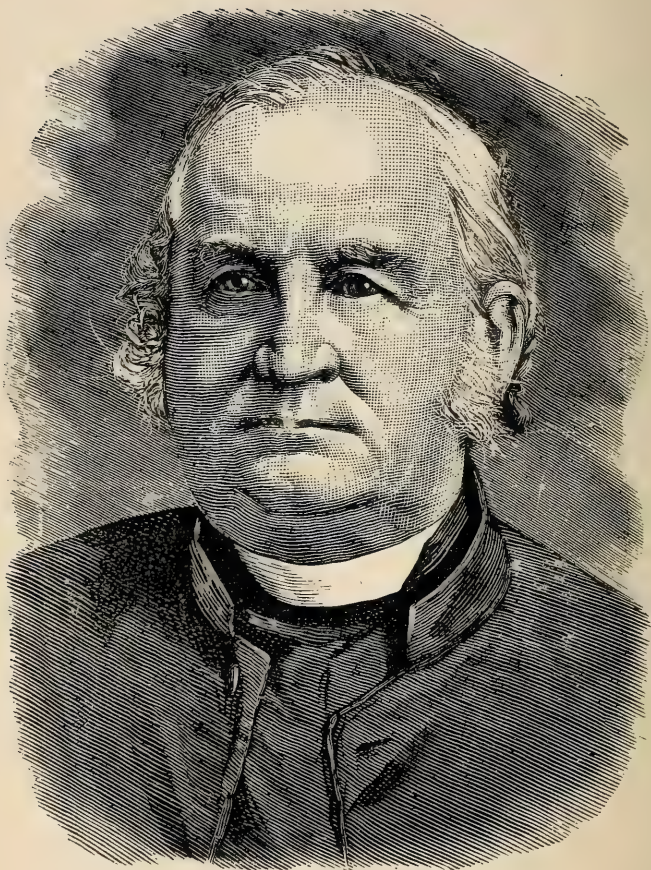
—The last Legislature took away from us the Land Grant fund of \$7,500 and gave it to the new Agricultural and Mechanical College which is to be established soon at Raleigh. We have use of the fund until next year or until the new college is ready for work. None of this money can be used in erecting buildings. It is to be hoped that the next Legislature which meets in North Carolina will be wiser than the last one was and instead of threatening to take away the small pittance the University now receives from the State largely increase it. There is not a University in the world

which can live without an endowment or State aid.

From the last report of President Battle we see that Virginia, with one-third more taxable property gives \$40,000 to her University and \$30,000 to the Military Institute and \$30,329 to the *colored* colleges, while we give \$27,500 to the University and \$8,000 to Normal Schools. These are facts and can't be disputed; but the cry of

poverty can be raised against the arguments for increased appropriation. Yes, we are might poor when the question of *payin* comes, but when we *brag* on our forests, fisheries, cotton and tobacco fields, turpentine business, trucking interests, oyster beds, rich mines of valuable minerals and growing towns, others think us the richest people in the world. "Consistency, thou *art* a jewel!"





RT. REV. THOMAS ATKINSON, D. D., LL. D.

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New Series Vol. VI.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

No. 8.

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R. N. HACKETT.

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF Rt. Rev. THOMAS ATKIN-
SON, D. D., LL. D.

[Condensed from Memorial Sermon, by HENRY C. LAY, Bishop of Easton.]

I would set in the forefront of this discourse the expression of our devout gratitude to Almighty God for the tenderness of his life-long dealing with THOMAS ATKINSON, late Bishop of North Carolina. Few lives have been so even and so prosperous—so laden with substantial blessing, so shielded from calamity.

I am far from suggesting that he did not share to the full in the trials and the griefs common to all great-hearted Christian men.

The flesh could not be subdued to the spirit without anguish of soul. Zeal for God's house could not but consume the heart in which it burned. Sympathies so habitually cultivated could not fail to call forth, in this sad world, many a tear of generous grief. Grave responsibilities could not be borne through a long life, and often under critical circumstances, without heart-ache and anxiety, and many a wound to the sensibilities. But for all this, we may rightly say of

this steward in the family of God, "The Lord was with Joseph, and he was a prosperous man, * * * the Lord was with him, and that which he did, the Lord made it to prosper."

Consider him in his natural endowments and his personal gifts. How goodly a presence was his! A manly form, a noble head, a countenance in which intellectual power, strength of will and sweetness of temper were harmoniously combined, and were the more lovely for the singular absence of self-consciousness. Strangers everywhere turned to look on him as on a man, beyond doubt, a chieftain in his proper sphere.

How suitable was his preparation for his ultimate work! To early familiarity with plantation life and country people were added the study and practice of the law, promoting that judicial mind which, in after years, gave him so much power in debate, and which in the House of Bishops caused him to be deferred to in any emergency specially demanding moderation and just judgment.

During his earlier ministry, the very repression to which men of his ecclesiastical views were subjected in Virginia, served, as in the case of his dear friend, Bishop Cobbs, to make him more cautious, more tolerant, more careful to observe the proportion of faith. But he never wavered in the two

convictions which moulded his ministerial career, viz.: that the apostolic authority has been perpetuated and is now vested in the Bishops, and that in the holy sacraments grace is exhibited and conferred, unless there is a bar.

Success attended his priestly ministry in Norfolk and in Lynnhaven. When he removed to Baltimore, Maryland at once recognized his ability and gave him his confidence. Grace Church is a monument of his success as a Presbyterian of that diocese.

He prospered as Bishop of North Carolina. That diocese had just received in the defection of his predecessor a severe and mortifying blow. The friends of Bishop Atkinson anticipated for him no small difficulty in securing the confidence of people alarmed and agitated, and in preventing the rebound toward denial of catholic truth, which so naturally follows the insidious intrusion of mediæval errors under the color of that honored name.

I need not tell you that, under his firm and gentle guidance, confidence was restored, and your diocese remained true to her principles as in the days of Ravenscroft.

I would mention, moreover, some illustrations of this prosperity, of another sort. Bishop Atkinson was never a man of large wealth. He had never more than

moderate salary; but, through the blessing of God upon a domestic life void of ostentation or extravagance, and a household most prudently administered by one on whom he had need chiefly to devolve that care, he had always enough for reasonable wants; enough for his favorite books; enough to help a poor man; enough to aid a child or a friend in an emergency. Nay, during the years of civil war, when the usual income from the diocese failed him, it was as if the ravens brought him food. An old investment, for long years utterly worthless, became remunerative for the time, and supplied all his needs. In another point of view, the domestic life of our departed friend is remarkable.

To Robert and Mary Tabb Atkinson, of Mansfield, Va., were born eleven children, of whom Thomas was the sixth in order. The first death in this large family was that of the eldest son at the age of fifty. Another son died at the age of sixty; thus, of the Bishop's ten brothers and sisters, eight survive him, and three of these survivors are his seniors. Again, the Bishop's married life extended over a period of fifty-three years. In all this time there was never a death in his immediate family.

Surely, those of you who are familiar with the sorrow of the

"dead lamb" in the flock, and the "vacant chair" by the fireside; will recognize the tenderness of providential ordering, which thus exempted from bereavement one who had a singular appreciation of the family tie, and who especially enjoyed the affection and the companionship of his kindred.

I might multiply these illustrations; I might speak of the absence of all acrimony or defamation in the exciting controversies in which he was conspicuous; of the health usually adequate to his duties, and when it had seemed to fail, wonderfully restored by travel; of the comparatively easy descent into the grave at last—made the easier from the knowledge that the diocese was safe, during his disability, in the charge of an experienced colleague fully adequate to its administration.

In discharging the duty which your Bishop, and other honored members of this diocese, have laid upon me, I cannot easily avoid the strain of personal reminiscence.

Our ancestors were friends and neighbors, and were connected by marriage. My mother was reared in the family, and married at the home of his grandfather, and the family bond was drawn more closely in later years.

My first visit to him was at his home at Lynchburg, in the year 1843. Very pleasant is it to recall the intimacy of the three friends,

Cobbs and Parks and Atkinson; and their discussions, in the presence of a young candidate for orders, of a problem that at that time so agitated the diocese of Virginia—the ultimate tendency of the Oxford Tract movement.

In the year 1850 I found myself with Dr. Atkinson in the House of Deputies, where he was conspicuous as a leader, and we have ever since been associated in one or the other house of the General Convention. When he was consecrated, I was his attending Presbyter; presently he preached the sermon at my own consecration, and afterwards I discharged the same duty in this pulpit, at the consecration of his assistant and successor.

In time of peace, and time of war, we have been associated in council and committee, acting together in critical circumstances, and uniformly agreeing as to the great principles of ecclesiastical administration.

In this connection it may be noted that Bishop Atkinson laid much stress upon the ties of kinship. No man was more free from the weakness of courting the great and the wealthy, or from the affectation of pretending to be the superior of his neighbors in birth or social position. But he held that family connection with worthy people of the past and the present is a privilege to be duly recognized.

A year before his death, at the little cathedral chapel at Easton, he expounded the salutations in the last chapter of Romans. He read the verses, "Salute Andronicus and Junia, my kinsmen; salute Herodion, my kinsman; Lucius and Jason and Sosipater, my kinsmen, salute you."

"See," he said, "how much stress the Apostle lays upon the family tie! And so everywhere. In the Gospels the relationship of apostles to each other is told us. In the Acts of the Apostles, James is our Lord's brother, John Mark is sister's son to Barnabas. I cannot but think it is a Christian duty to recognize and to value these bonds of kinship. When people boast that they do not care for their relations and connections more than for other people, it only proves that they have cold hearts and care little for any one but themselves."

And surely he was right in this position. It does widen our hearts and broaden our sympathies toward to love our kindred. It is, beyond all doubt, a restraint upon the young to know that they bear a name which has never been dishonored, and that any misdeed of theirs will carry personal mortification into an extensive circle of relatives and connections.

As a churchman, Bishop Atkinson occupied no uncertain position. He held that the constitution

n of the Church is divine, imposed upon her by her Lord, and not to be changed in the discretion of men. He maintained that its government was vested in the bishops, and that the authority to govern the Church of God has been divinely transmitted from age to age in the line of an apostolic succession. He affirmed that the Church, in the long centuries of her triumphs and her martyrdoms, was one body, known everywhere as the one holy, catholic, and apostolic Church, with no lines of difference or demarcation save those of nationality. In the denominational arrangement which recognizes no other bond than a common acceptance of evangelical truth, he could not recognize the original, organic unity of the one Bride, the undivided. He held and maintained very pertinaciously that the national Church of England, as a historic Church, as a corporation which has never forfeited the character of the Lord, bears the symbols of authority, and is entitled to the spiritual allegiance of the nation where she resides. He claimed for the daughter Church of America like authority over the nationality which sprang from the loins of England.

Holding these views, he could not and he did not unite in official ministrations with the clergy, however loved and respected, of other religious bodies.

As a matter of fact, Bishop Atkinson, with all his uncompromising adherence to his ideal of the Catholic Church, the Church as it was in faith, in doctrine, in ecclesiastical order, before the division of the East and the West, *did* cultivate the largest Christian sympathies. In every one who loved his Lord and exhibited the image of his holy character, he recognized a brother. So far from disparaging religious excellence, he recognized it, and rejoiced in it wherever it was found. In those systems and organizations with which he could not personally co-operate, he was the last to deny the merit of their administrative methods, the activity of their zeal, or the beneficial results of their ministrations. Himself unwavering in his convictions, he did not pronounce those who differed from him wrong-headed or bad-hearted. The proof of all this is found in his affectionate relations with many not of our communion, in the absence of all bitterness in his teachings, in the respect and kindness entertained for him by persons of all denominations in his diocese. And was he illogical in this? Did the instincts of the heart prevail over the mistaken convictions of a partisan judgment? Remembering how remarkable he was for his love of the truth, for subordinating everything to the truth, for following

out the truth to all its consequences, we might well hesitate to believe that he indulged sympathies which could not be reconciled with his intellectual convictions. Long years ago he called my attention to a sermon of William Archer Butler's on the compatibility of catholic principles with Christian charity. He endorsed it, as fully expressing his own mind, and dwelt upon the pleasure and satisfaction which he experienced in finding his own convictions directly formulated and forcibly argued.

One of Bishop Atkinson's firmest convictions, founded, as he thought, on the general consent of the primitive Church, was that every baptism, by whomsoever administered, where the matter and the form are used, is a valid baptism, and that the person so baptized becomes thereby a member of the catholic body of Christ.

He told me that in St. Peter's church, Baltimore, when a child was presented for baptism, there was a hesitancy in replying to the preliminary questions. On inquiry, it appeared that at its birth the child's life seemed to be in danger, and that the physician, of his own motion, hastily applied the water and pronounced the formula. Bishop Atkinson affirmed this baptism sufficient, and refused to repeat it.

Catholic principles may consist

with Christian charity. I know of no life which more than our departed father's was a proof and illustration of this proposition.

His parents were Church of England people; they lived and died in our communion.

But in their day the Church was at its lowest point of coldness and indifference. There were some able and earnest men of the Presbyterian Church, especially Dr. John H. Rice and Dr. Benjamin Rice, who labored with much success in Southern Virginia in awakening men to religious earnestness. The Atkinsons, while they adhered to the Parish Church, and there frequented the Holy Communion three times a year, came under the influence of these ministers, and were largely guided by them in their spiritual life. Bishop Atkinson was baptized in the Episcopal Church; some of the children later born received baptism at the hands of Presbyterian ministers—and thus the family became divided. The Bishop and two of his brothers remained in the Church of his fathers, while three of his brothers, of whom two survive, took Presbyterian orders, and have been beloved and efficient ministers in that communion. The sisters are divided, in like manner, in their ecclesiastical relations.

I have heretofore intimated that love of kindred was a passion with Bishop Atkinson. It could not

to be a pain and grief to all the members of the family, that in anything which affected their religious life, there should be difference of opinion. But no shadow ever came, by reason of such difference, over the peace and happiness of their homes. I doubt whether in all the land could be found a large family of brothers and sisters so devoted to each other, so delighted in each other's company, so sympathizing in each other's joys and sorrows, so ready to seek fraternal advice, so free to enter all their minds on all subjects at each other's fireside, kindly and courteously, but without reserve.

I pass on to consider our departed father as a Bishop in the Church of God, and of the influence he exerted as priest and bishop, in indicating the just prerogatives of the episcopal office.

The American Church, after emerging from her colonial dependence, entered upon her career under many disadvantages.

For all practical uses, there had been in the colonies no ecclesiastical discipline or subordination. The canonical oversight of the Bishop of London was almost a fiction. The Church was non-descript and acephalous. An Episcopal Church without a Bishop is the very worst form of congregationalism. No wonder that the clergy, hitherto free from any rule or over-

sight, should regard with jealousy and alarm the elevation of one of their number to a superior position.

The question of the ordinal, "Will you reverently obey your Bishop?" was distasteful to republican ears; it was easy to invent casuistry, still much in favor, whereby the solemn pledge should be emptied of all its significance. Some would make it to mean, not that the first impulse shall be to follow with a glad mind and will the Bishop's godly admonitions, and to submit one's self to his godly judgment, as a dutiful child respects the advice and judgment of his father; but this instead: I will reluctantly obey the Bishop when disobedience threatens to entail ecclesiastical censure or deprivation. Thus there grew up the theory that the Bishop has no rights of fatherhood inherent in his high commission, but is the mere creature of the canon. He is *primum inter pares*, appointed to discharge certain ministerial functions. He has indeed the care of all the churches, but with the exception of some definite official acts, must be the curate, not the chief pastor, in any particular church where he officiates. In the fear of episcopal despotism, the office was in danger of being robbed of all its efficiency.

The contest over the just rights and dignity of the episcopate had

to be fought, and in the providence of God, William Rollinson Whittingham was called to be the champion for this principle—I may say the martyr for it.

He had thrown himself into the office with wondrous zeal and energy. For a time the growth and new inspiration of the diocese attested the might which is inherent in a vigorous government sustained by spiritual earnestness. And then there grew up a resistance to the exercise of what he deemed the absolutely essential privileges of his office, so persistent and obstructive that it robbed his work of its sweetness, and entailed upon him a life-long sorrow.

This controversy was the burning question at the General Convention of 1850, and at that Convention and in the preceding Diocesan Convention of Maryland, it fell to the lot of Dr. Atkinson, then Rector of St. Peter's, to vindicate the true ideal of the office of a Bishop.

If these two fathers had no other claim upon the Church's gratitude, they would deserve to be ever held in honor for averting so great a calamity as that of the degradation of the episcopate.

In this Maryland controversy of 1850, it was maintained* that the Bishop had no right to administer

the Holy Communion at his visitation; and, indeed, that "a proper respect for the just influence of his office as a presbyter of this Church" actually *forbade* the rector to "vacate the trust of such administration." It was held that while the law forbade the celebration by the Bishop, it was silent in respect to the pulpit and desk; these the Bishop might occupy at his visitation, but only by the courtesy of the incumbent.

Maryland will not soon forget the magnificent debate which ensued, both sides being represented by men of extraordinary ability. Dr. Atkinson was the author of the report, and moved the resolutions sustaining the Bishop, which were adopted by an overwhelming majority.

Having thus considered Bishop Atkinson's share in resisting any attempt to detract from the catholic features of the Church, we may well proceed to notice his position in connection with a drift of thought in an opposite direction.

The Oxford Tract movement has in the last half century exerted in the Church a wonderful influence for good, not unmixed, however, with grave evils.

From the very first, our Bishop recognized the value of this movement, and sympathized in the purposes avowed. So far as it taught men to reverence the Primitive

* Vide the correspondence in Appendix to the Maryland Journal of the Convention of that year.

Church, and to accept the "*quod emper, ubique et ab omnibus*" as the authoritative corrective of a arrogant private judgment, he deemed it a much-needed revival. So far as it affirmed the grace of Holy Baptism; so far as it affirmed the precious mystery of the Eucharist, that Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, hath given His Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, *not only* to die for us, *but also* to be our spiritual food and sustenance in that Holy Sacrament; so far as these leaders incited men to lead a life of devotion, habitually praying in the house of God, and frequenting His Holy Supper; so far as they persuaded them to resort without diffidence to their Pastors for advice and guidance in their trials;—just so far and no further did Bishop Atkinson favor the new teaching.

He had no sympathy with the formulas, old or new, whereby men sought to explain the inexplicable, and to define the mode of the Real Presence. He had little patience with that extravagance of private judgment, which had led individuals and parties to pronounce doctrines and ceremonies to be catholic, whereof the Church, whose commission they bore, had given them no authority to speak. Auricular confession he regarded as the crucial question. In his charge of the diocese, and in his reply to Archbishop Gibbons (a reply

marked by chivalrous courtesy to his critic, no less than by force of argument), he declared himself invincibly hostile to any theory of confession and absolution which would offer, as necessary food, remedies only profitable for the most serious maladies of the spirit.

In his sermon commemorative of the late Bishop of Maryland, Bishop Atkinson used these words: "*It is not pretended that he liked ritualistic ceremonial; his mind was, as some suppose, not sufficiently æsthetic, or, as I should say, too masculine for that.*"

I ventured to tell him, at the time, that I differed from, both as to the fact and the explanation. Certainly Bishop Whittingham was no ritualist, in the party sense, but he had æsthetic taste, and he was musician enough to read with pleasure the score of the "Messiah."

Bishop Atkinson was neither musical nor æsthetic. In his lofty intellectuality he deemed the truth in her own simple attire, without any extraneous adornment, beautiful enough to win the homage of all minds and hearts, provided only that she were reverently approached.

But I cannot think that the masculine mind necessarily revolts from the æsthetic in religion. Surely the sweet singer of Israel was no effeminate, and yet we cannot repeat his psalms without

feeling that he delighted in the magnificent possession, the swelling chorus of many instruments and voices, the vesture of wrought gold, in which loving handmaids delight to array the King's daughter.

I freely grant that we have need to guard against ceremonies misleading or meaningless; against the unauthorized, the extravagant, the puerile. But if this Church of ours is to do her utmost work in the land, she must be inventive of expedients to win attention and to elicit the affections. Her apples of gold must be set in pictures of silver. Glory and beauty must characterize the adornments of the sanctuary and the sacred services therein.

-I have been admonished that any memorial of Bishop Atkinson would be imperfect which should fail to make mention of the coming together, which he chiefly promoted, of the dioceses, temporarily separated by the civil war.

I may not here rehearse the story in order—the time forbids—but some of its incidents may well be revived.

The war ended, the South lay prostrate and disorganized, and communication, even by letter, was dilatory and uncertain. But it happened that the Bishops of North Carolina and Arkansas had an opportunity of personal conference. It needed but a moment

or two to discover that we were alike convinced, that after the fall of the Confederate nationality, there no longer existed any *raison d'être* for a Confederate Church, and that no time should be lost in seeking a resumption of our organic relations. Thus Bishop Atkinson set forth to the General Convention, while I was glad to follow him, *haud passibus æquis*.

We were presently in very delicate and embarrassing circumstances. We knew well that we exposed ourselves to the suspicion of courting the winning side, and of leaving in the lurch brethren in misfortune, especially in Alabama, where the churches were closed by military edict.

We came into a community exultant with victory and enthusiastic in loyalty, disposed to take for granted that to return was to ask forgiveness. To the tact, the gentleness, the manly outspokenness of Bishop Atkinson the Church is indebted for the honorable result of this venture. To Bishops Potter and Whittingham, who with friendly violence brought us back to our seats in the House of Bishops, standing guard over us to shield us from possible annoyance; to Dr. Kerfoot, now the Bishop of Pittsburgh and then a deputy from Pennsylvania, who resisted any action discourteous to the few delegates from the South; to John and William

Welsh, who laded us with hospitable kindness, we came under lasting obligations.

It soon appeared that the Convention cheerfully acquiesced in all that we desired in behalf of our absent brethren.

But what of the expected *pecuniary*? This issue could not be avoided. Presently Bishop Burgess, of Maine, then in very failing health, offered a resolution appointing an early day to be observed as a Thanksgiving for the results of the war. Among these results, as specified in the preamble, were "*the universal establishment of the authority of the national Government,*" and also "*the extension among all classes and conditions of men of the blessings of freedom, education, culture and social improvement.*"

At the hours appointed for this discussion the Southern Bishops were not present. During a recess Bishop Burgess came to my desk and complained, affectionately yet earnestly, of the marked reflection upon the Bishops, despite the evidence given of their fraternal consideration, in thus declining to attend the debate.

I replied, that but a few moments before, Bishop Atkinson had said to me, that the brotherly kindness of the Bishops had been such as we could delight to remember to our dying day. Some of them (Bishop Burgess knew that

the allusion was to himself) we shall never see again. They are now discussing a resolution in which we cannot agree, and will utter sentiments which cannot but pain us. It is best that we should not hear all the words spoken.

Bishop Burgess was moved by these kind words. Presently he asked, "What is there in this resolution that can possibly grieve you?" I pointed to the words "extension of freedom." I trust in God, I said, that freedom may bring to the colored race all the blessings you anticipate; but wiser men than I, and Northern men at that, honestly doubt whether freedom will prove to them a blessing or a curse. Why should this House commit itself in a matter wherein it has no authority?

He considered a moment, dropped down into a seat, and, taking a pen, erased from his resolution the words objected to. Subsequently he asked leave to amend it by inserting the clause, "*and gratefully acknowledging the special loving kindness of the Lord to his Church in the re-establishment of its unity throughout the land, as represented in this National Council.*"

Upon the sixth day, Bishop Whittingham offered a substitute, and, on the motion of Bishop Clarke, the whole matter was referred to a committee consisting of the five senior Bishops. After

two days, this committee reported a preamble and resolutions. In these we could not possibly concur.

All eyes were upon Bishop Atkinson as he answered the appeal made to him. He knew that he had that to say which must needs be distasteful to men full of exultation at the Southern downfall. With no diffidence and with no temper, rather with the frankness of a child uttering his thought, he opened all his mind.

"We are asked," said he, "to unite with you in returning thanks for the restoration of peace and unity. The former we can say, the latter we cannot say.

"We are thankful for the restoration of peace. War is a great evil. It is clear to my mind that in the counsels of the All-wise, the issue of this contest was predetermined. I am thankful that the appointed end has come, and war is exchanged for peace. But we are *not* thankful for the unity described in the resolution, "*re-establishing the authority of the National Government over all the land.*" We acquiesce in that result. We will accommodate ourselves to it, and will do our duty as citizens of the common Government. But we cannot say that we are thankful. We labored and prayed for a very different termination, and, if it had seemed good to our Heavenly Father, would

have been very thankful for the war to result otherwise than it has resulted. I am willing to say that I am thankful for the restoration of PEACE TO THE COUNTRY AND UNITY TO THE CHURCH."

These words, which I feel very sure are substantially accurate, well illustrate how he labored for peace, and yet without any unmanly concession whatsoever.

His language, "*in consideration of the return of peace to the country and unity to the Church,*" was incorporated in a substitute offered by Bishop Stevens, and adopted by a vote of sixteen to seven, the Southern Bishops being excused from voting. Those of us who were actors in these proceedings were ever after at a loss suitably to express our admiration of the consideration for the scruples of the few unfortunates, displayed by a majority of the Bishops.

It deserves to be noted that so soon as we had resumed our seats in the House of Bishops, General Lee wrote to us a letter of earnest approval and sympathy.

I would not claim for Bishop Atkinson more than is his due. Doubtless the good sense and good feeling of the Church would have secured the same result after a few years. But by his promptitude, by the frankness with which he met the immediate issues, by calm determination to allow no censure to be cast upon those with

whom he had been associated, he secured a speedy adjustment of all possible differences, and promoted no little the spirit of toleration and kindness. A few years have escaped. The House of Bishops has in its ranks five or six ex-Confederate officers. One of them is a Foreign Missionary Bishop; another presides over the diocese of Michigan.

Among the subjects which soon after these events came to be pressed upon the attention of the Church, was the necessity of adequate provision for the social and religious needs of the emancipated race.

The Bishop had no need to learn the lesson of responsibility and of sympathy for colored people. He had always been considerate of them, always anxious to secure for them, while in servitude, adequate protection against abuse of authority, and to promote the patriarchal relation of master and servant, which, when duly observed, made the tie of ownership and dependence very graceful.

One cannot but contemplate with awe the problem to be solved in Southern dioceses, and the larger problem in all the land, touching the practical catholicity of the Church. How shall a church, whose members are chiefly English-speaking and are of the white race, provide for the needs of the

people of foreign speech, or of another race?

As the most practical scheme for methodizing such work, without surrendering the territorial jurisdiction of Bishops, Bishop Atkinson urged again and again, with unwonted earnestness and without any success whatever, the consecration of suffragan Bishops. The mind of the Church is so immovable on this subject, that this device is not to be thought of. Each Bishop must, according to the wisdom given to him, devise such expedients as may best reach specified needs.

But, as for the black race, who knows not that, on any large scale, it is simply beyond the reach of our financial ability to provide in the most of our neighborhoods separate ministers and churches for the white man and the black?

Why should we not worship together and kneel at the same altar? We were wont often so to do in the olden days. I have seen in St. Philip's, Charleston, colored people occupying the range of seats all along the wall, on the same floor with the whites, while an old negress, crippled with rheumatism, crept up the main aisle to a seat provided for her in front of the desk. On the Polk estate, in Tennessee, one used to see the masters occupying the front seats at morning prayer, with the servants in the rear; while at the

evening prayer, the positions were reversed, and the instruction was specially adapted to the humbler members of the flock.

In making a visitation of Louisiana in Bishop Polk's behalf, I have confirmed the well-born, refined young lady and her maid, whom she had instructed, by her side. The chivalrous, high-toned, Christian gentry of the South used to see in such associations no surrender of their dignity.

If the church is to discharge aright her high mission to all sorts and conditions of men, I am persuaded we must at last regard the colored people as parishioners, and give them adequate accommodation in the church.

In this effort we must consider the reluctance of some of our parishioners, and their fear of disturbing the usual order of society. These scruples and anxieties are to be prudently dealt with, not violently forced.

But there is a graver difficulty to be encountered in the unseemly self-assertion of some colored people, and in the persistent demand of theorists (themselves never coming in contact with the negro), that all the lines of color shall be obliterated, and that the two races shall commingle, in all respects, as if they were one race.

I was present once at church, when this demand was made of our Bishop—than whom the col-

ored man had no truer friend. Some murmured at the provision he had directed to be made for them, claiming the right to select their seats at pleasure, side by side with the whites. The Bishop rebuked the demand as presumptuous and disorderly.

I cannot think that this enforced familiarity is reconcilable with the just self-respect of either race. It seems most natural that white people, attending a church of the colored race, should accept the accommodation provided for them. And surely the Christian, taught of his Master to prefer the lowest room, should not thrust himself into a contiguity deemed too familiar by his neighbor.

Providence, not man, has plainly marked the difference of type in the African and the Caucasian. To obliterate the color line is, in the end, to promote intermarriage, to the great injury of white and black alike. I believe that the confusion of the races is a thing impossible. But oh! that the day may come when we shall dwell side by side, exchanging all human kindnesses, while yet respecting the lines of demarcation, which God, not man, has drawn. Oh for the day when white and black shall worship in the same churches without confusion, without rivalry or offence, the rich and the poor together, and the Lord the Maker of them all.

In thus presenting some particulars of the life-work of our revered Father in God, I trust that he is more truly delineated than by any mere enumeration of his mental and moral characteristics.

There was a remarkable *compensation*, so to speak, in these; one virtue supplementing and restraining another, and all combined with rare adjustment into a harmonious whole.

But was he, one may ask, absolutely perfect? Certainly, he himself would have been the last to effect exemption from the common frailty.

Whatever may have been his share of mortal weakness, even if he had the sagacity to discern it, I dare not dissect, in search of flaw, a soul so just and guileless. Of one thing I am well assured, that those who loved him best and knew him in his utmost unreserve, find no note in the tablets of memory whereon this honored name is written, which may not be perused without exciting a serious regret or causing a blush of shame.

The Bishop's life was one of patient industry and uniform labor, with but occasional interruption, until he had passed a little way beyond the Psalmist's pound of three-score years and then, and then it appeared (I am told such is the most probable explanation of his gradual decay)

the heart, as young as ever in its warm affections, first felt the debility of age. The keepers of the house were no more tremulous than before, neither had the strong men bowed themselves, nor those that looked out of the windows become darkened, nor the doors become shut in the streets causing the sound of the grinding to become low. He seemed as strong, as clear in vision, as distinct in speech as in years before. But the golden bowl was breaking, the wheel becoming disabled at the cistern whence issues the stream of our physical being. It remained only to be patient and to whisper in the heart the "*Expectans expectavi*;" for presently this man goeth to his long home, hard by the altar where he delighted to minister, and the crowd of mourners, family and friends, vestries and citizens, white and black, bear him in sad procession through the streets of the city where he dwelt.

The latter months of his life were spent in seclusion; months they were in which with weariness and languor, but without acute suffering, he steadily descended to the grave, released from life so gently that at the last hour there were no pains to add anguish to his dismissal.

Without too officiously opening the curtains of his sick-room, I would tell you, as I have learned

them from those who ministered to him, some particulars of his last sickness.

"You knew him well, and are fully aware how deeply his modesty and profound humility veiled his inward feelings, and especially his religious emotions. He was remarkable for sincerity and simplicity of character, and was always averse to a display of his feelings. Accordingly his long sickness was chiefly marked by the utmost patience and humility and gentleness. So too his thankfulness and Christian courtesy were very manifest to the last. No murmur of complaint ever escaped his lips, and the slightest service called forth his courteous thanks. As it was in his days of health, so in all his sickness, and in his greatest sufferings and helplessness, he would if possible help himself, and would try to lessen the care and pains of the loving ones, who found their highest delight in ministering to him.

"His noble and richly stored mind retained its brightness, and his broad and generous sympathies with all the best interests of man were manifested to the last. He was read to a great deal, and after his daughter came to Wilmingon, she spent much of the time reading to him. Among other things, he would have her read to him his favorite *London Guardian*, and choice articles from

the Reviews, keeping up his interest in the great public movements and events of the time.

"His child-like submission to the guidance of the church was note-worthy. He had the appointed lessons and the daily portions of the Psalter read to him every day, and on Sundays the entire services; and it was ordered that very shortly before his departure, the two evening psalms for the fourth day, so singularly appropriate, were read to him, the twenty-second psalm containing the plaintive supplications of our Blessed Lord upon the cross, and His thankful exultation; and then that beautiful inspired viaticum of the saints, 'The Lord is my Shepherd,' and the words of this psalm were the last words of Holy Scripture which fell upon his ear, and very soon afterwards came the sudden summons of the Saviour calling him to Himself.

"Those who were constantly with him during the last weeks, now see and feel that they were all the time sustained and strengthened by his perfect patience and gentle cheerfulness, and by the atmosphere of peace which his lovely spirit seemed to diffuse around him."

I may best conclude this sermon by uttering concerning him whose episcopate is ended, the words wherewith he sought to encourage, long years ago, a young

man just assuming the responsibilities of that office.

"Men bow themselves to be consecrated as Bishops, feeling that they are about to take up a heavy burden, and yet, after all, it is to him who enters on it with his whole soul, a good work, arduous but glorious. Must we not believe that God gives special grace to faithful men who heartily devote themselves to this work? Are we not permitted to hope that we see the effects of this grace in their increasing ripeness and soundness of Christian character? That the rash and vehement

are softened, and the gentle and yielding are strengthened? And surely, surely we must be persuaded that the reward of a good Bishop hereafter will be something signal and transcendent.

"THE ANGELS OF THE CHURCHES ARE REPRESENTED IN THE BOOK OF REVELATION, AS STARS WHICH THE SON OF MAN CARRIES IN HIS RIGHT HAND, AND THE ELDERS ARE DESCRIBED AS SITTING AROUND THE LORD ON HIS THRONE, CLOTHED IN WHITE RAIMENT, AND HAVING ON THEIR HEADS CROWNS OF GOLD."

THE NECESSITY OF THE UNITY OF EDUCATION."

1. In the beginning were created the heavens and the earth.

2. Then comes the fourth command, "Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed," and *it* was so.

3. Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and *it was so*.
Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, and *it too was so*.
Let us make man after our own image and breathe into him the breath of life, and *it was so*.

Nature, the work of God's own hands, the offspring of his omnipotence is divided into three distinct kingdoms, each of which is marked and peculiarized by its own characteristics.

(1) The mineral kingdom, which is inorganic, not endowed with nor subjected to any organization;

(2) The vegetable kingdom, which is organic and endowed with life;

(3) The animal kingdom, being organized bodies, which are endowed with life and nourished by organic food, having the power of voluntary motion and sensation, consuming oxygen and giving off carbonic acid.

But man was made in the image of his maker, therefore the fairest representative of the animal kingdom.

Like the mineral, his body decomposes and decays. Like the plant, in the simplest signification of the terms he lives, he grows and he dies.

Like the animal he is, for he himself is an animal, and all animals are endowed with sensation. Some of the lowest have only general sensibilities, while others of the higher are endowed with special kinds of sensation, called special senses; the sense of sight, taste, touch, hearing, and smelling.

By a strict examination and close investigation of the branches, classes, orders, families, genera and species, we find man has a striking resemblance in some respects to the rest of the animal kingdom, as before observed, but no connection. He is a fixed specie. He is a peculiar being, endowed with intellect, mind, soul and spirit. Carlyle speaks of him as a tool-using animal, a laughing animal.

Plato says that he is a biped, a two legged animal without a tail. But see the tailless rooster flung near Plato and hear the cry, "Behold Plato's man."

In personality man is one, in substance he is two, and in nature he is three.

Mentally he is composed of the intellect, the sensibility and the will.

By the intellect he knows, by the sensibility he feels, and by the will he resolves and performs.

Here lies the power that resists the rushing waters and rolls back the foaming billows from the hollow sounding deep, here those wings that traverse quicker than lightning, the terrestrial and celestial realms; the ear that listens and learns of nature's ways and profits thereby; yea here the mighty sceptre that lies heavily upon the face of the deep and holds in thralldom earth's domains, and exercises dominion over every living creature.

The very word "*Education*," which forms part of the subject of our discourse, derived as it is from the Latin preposition *e* meaning *out*, and the Latin verb *ducere* meaning to *draw*, undoubtedly implies in itself a certain fixed method of *drawing man out*, when applied to him as an intellectual, moral, and physical being.

For instance, the blacksmith, by a process of hammering and heating, draws or beats a piece of iron out of one state to another, or from a rude condition to an useful article. Now this bit of iron could never have undergone this act of transition without some external force. The heating and hammering, though it might have been of some use in this rude state, yet how much more valuable and to be desired when in its improved state. The bar of pig iron worth only a few dollars, when changed into cambric needles

is of an almost priceless value; and hence this education consists in bringing man from and carrying him to; from zero to something definite. Now by zero I mean not absolutely nothing, for the zero of light is darkness and the zero of sound is silence, therefore the zero of refinement and intelligence is ignorance and its long line of concomitants.

Now it is natural and certainly very reasonable to suppose that man should, for it is his duty, question this word education and cause it to satisfy his curiosity, for it is without doubt a most comprehensive word enfolding in itself vast fields of research, and all directed to man and referring especially and exclusively to him.

But this question arises, why is all this education necessary? Or is it necessary? It must be due to something, and it in itself is something of great importance, you admit, productive of good effect, ennobling in its character, and loyal in its bearing, not in any way seductive, not in any way base or degrading. Man knows it, he feels it. Therefore, that which originally effected this end, which caused education a necessity, and made man defective without its (education's) support, must not be looked upon as trivial or contemptible, or unworthy of your attention and thought.

Man was made pure, situated

where there was nothing but purity, free from mixture, and only one command, taste not. But he touched, he handled, he tasted.

"Earth felt the wound, and nature from
her seat,

"Sighing through all her works gave signs
of woe

"That all was lost."

Hell howled triumphantly and resounded with devilish yells of victory. Death aroused from its shadowy couch by the infernal whoops of Belzebub, tears asunder the adamantine coils of eternity, leaps into its thunder shod chariot and bounds away to strike the fatal blow.

"Earth trembled from her entrails as again
"In pangs and nature gave a second groan."

Intellect impaired, reason crippled, morals depraved and strength weakened. Then, not before, man was, he is a sinful being, reaping the vengeance of a sin avenging God.

Therefore the necessity of man's education, cultivation and efforts for a higher life than the present, grows out of his fallen state, caused by the violation of divine law.

This violation was the sin, this sin had an effect, this effect was the curse, and this curse was on man, because he was the actor.

"Ignorance is the curse of God,

"Knowledge the wing with which we fly to
Heaven."

It must be borne in mind that

by man is meant the intellectual, the moral and the physical man, and these three natures are combined and form in man a unity, and the neglect of the cultivation or development on the part of one or two, will necessarily result in the lessening of the powers of that one or of the two.

If the arm is allowed to remain still, inert, and motionless by the side, all will admit that this limb intended to execute certain functions and be obedient to the will, will in due course of time, become useless as an instrument and deaf to the commands of the will.

If the mind is permitted to be destitute, left unnurtured and uncared for, it will become inactive, void of understanding and in want of knowledge and wisdom, it will degrade and be drawn down.

Moffat, in his "Missionary Labors and Scenes in South Africa," gives a remarkable account of a word of one of the savage tribes that has sunk deep into savagery. This word "Morimo" once meaning "Him that is above," carrying with it the idea of a spiritual being, was found to have vanished from the language of the present generation, and survives now in spells and charms of the sorcerers, who misuse it to designate some fabulous ghost.

And the missionaries corroborate this statement by telling us they find difficulty in conveying

to the minds of the heathen tribes the idea of "heavenly truths," because of the poverty of the language.

Neglect the child's moral character, and grief will be the offspring of your mistaken affection.

What then is this weakness of the limb?

What this degradation of the intellect?

This corruption of morals?

Is it the curse?

It can be allowed more easily than hindered.

Suppliances are at hand to act as a barrier against this weakness, this degradation, this corruption.

Our colleges open wide their doors and spacy halls to admit our young men to their care. Able and learned instructors whose noble lives are spent to counsel, fill the chairs and heartily welcome the young and old to come and join with them in the pursuit of knowledge. They use the best material. They employ the most modern improvements, the best discipline to drill the mind and the best means to instruct the man.

Nature, too, lends her support to all who use her. She will develop the muscle if we join her, she will give physical strength if we use her. For break the constitution and sad the fate.

The church is ever ready to clasp in its mighty but tender

arms the frailties and weaknesses of man's nature and help mould his moral character, and purify his sinful disposition.

He who despiseth wisdom, shall be as he who is dead.

No close observer, yea no one, can look upon the vast and extensive field of thought with any degree of earnestness or strict attention without especially noticing the din and confusion of the present age, and hearing the cry of conflict on all sides. Hypothesis is pitted against hypothesis, theory against theory, philosophy against science and science against philosophy. The combatants are equally honest and earnest on both sides. Their weapons are of the finest steel and they wield them with exactness and precision, yielding fatal blows wheresoever they strike.

This chieftain, who to-day sweeps all before him, has gained the laurels of victory, now stands monarch of the arena and carries with him a train of unnumbered followers, to-morrow lies biting the dust.

Amid such tumult and clashing, is it at all surprising to hear men ask "what is the truth? Where can it be found." Harmony nowhere. Conflict on all sides."

Men of power, men of thought, of sense, of refinement, men of education are arrayed against each other, and right furiously do

they ply their blows. If all are true, how can truth be opposed to truth? There can be no more conflict between truths, than between the rays of light proceeding from the sun.

Education reveals the fact that the truths of science, philosophy and religion, springing and issuing from the same fountain though separated for awhile, blend their waters together in perfect harmony.

Does Education produce such diversity of opinion?

Does it generate hateful beliefs?

Does it beget Infidelity? It is a blessing not a curse to humanity.

The telescope is used by the astronomer to view distant objects. The microscope discloses in a drop of water in the palm of the hand most beautiful and wonderful sights. Turn the microscope to the heavens or lower the telescope to the tiny drop, and on either hand, all is confusion.

Again, the strong man lifts a weight that to him is light, the weak man pronounces it heavy, at his attempt to lift the same. Now, why this difference of opinion?

The muscle of the strong man is well developed, while that of the weak man is undeveloped, and what seems true to one, is untrue to the other. The weak man in his present state can never agree with the strong that that

weight is light until the muscle has power to perform the task with ease.

Culture and use develop the faculties of the mind, neglect and disuse shrivel them.

When great truths present themselves to that side of the mind well developed, they will stand out clear and distant, while those truths that appeal to the undeveloped side of the mind will be dim and misty.

The sweetest strains of angelic music may pour forth in voluminous swell upon the ear of the deaf man, and yet call forth no response. The beauties of nature lie out before the blind man, he exhibits no appreciation of her loveliness.

When such a man as Voltaire denies the existence of a God, 'tis his candid opinion and belief. When such a man as Tyndall sneers at party philosophy and religion, he honestly believes what he says. He has devoted his strong mind so exclusively to the

study of material things, that it has come to pass, that those things, which he cannot submit to the tests of the senses, appear to him false and unreal, and as an honest man, he denounces them as such.

When Pope Pius the Ninth issued his encyclical letter against modern science, he honestly believed all he wrote.

The great cause of these differences is that thinking men do not realize that different departments of knowledge require different means to disclose their specific truths. Means, that are all important for the discovery of one truth, are useless in another.

Can the Idealist, the Spiritualist, and the Materialist ever agree? No.

Whenever and wherever one-sided culture prevails, conflict ensues. All sides of man's being must be developed, and there must be a harmonious culture of all the faculties of man the whole.

"THE MILL ON THE FLOSS."

George Eliot wrote this novel in the full flush of a joyous success not unmingled with a weighty responsibility. "Scenes of Clerical Life" and "Adam Bede" had ap-

peared and had turned the attention of English readers to one who had developed unexpected power in delineating English custom and character. The author di-

not yet care to venture beyond the familiar scenes of English life, but portrayed these respectable and well-to-do country people with faithful vigor and confidence in truth, born, it must be, of personal acquaintance. Perhaps there was the haunting memory of scenes more familiar to her than any she had yet attempted—scenes and experiences that she longed to shape into a monument to her youth—that prompted her to write of these scenes and these characters. There can be little doubt that Maggie Tulliver was, in part, George Eliot's self. We mean by this that George Eliot has placed Maggie Tulliver in some of the experiences and given her some of the impulses she herself had. Furthermore, the family pride of the Dodsons finds a parallel and, perhaps, an origin in the boast of the maternal relatives of George Eliot concerning their ancestry. Just how far the biographical element pervades the book, it is difficult to say, but we suppose that it does not extend at all to the real incidents of the story, and is therefore confined to description and youthful impressions.

The novelist who assumes the task of presenting to the reader with any minuteness of detail the childhood and early youth of his principal characters, takes upon himself a duty which requires a

delicate use of his art to accomplish with any great degree of satisfaction. The lives of children are usually open to the rather paradoxical objection that they are poor in interesting events, yet full of them. Poor in interest, because every one is so familiar with the petty trials and joys, the temptations, the resistances, the falls, the retributions, and the repentances, of childhood, all crowded so fast on one another that the smile of self-approval often lights up the face wet with the tears of self-reproach. Rich in interest, because of the influence these little incidents have in forming the character of children, and on account of the insight they give us into their nature; because of the stages of development we are thus permitted to see from the child to the full-grown man or woman. George Eliot has met this difficulty with happy power and with a consciousness of what is necessary to the interest of such details. Beginning with the uneventful life of a successful and contented family, the interest grows deeper and deeper with the reverses of fortune and the peculiar relations that spring up between the characters, until we reach the tragedy of the close. It is peculiar in the mistaken ideas of love held by some of them, and the awakening to a true sense of what that great emotion is. Through the whole

book the passionate longing of a tenderly constituted soul after love is prominent; not the light foam of a sentimental affection, but deep, full draughts of love and sympathy from a ceaseless source. Above all, this adherence to duty and faithfulness to those who loved and confided in her, rises supreme. Indeed this seems to be the gist of the whole book: that duty is subordinate to nothing, not even the strongest affections of the human heart. The mission of such a book is to teach that the moral obligation to do our duty, irrespective of our own happiness or desires, cannot be avoided. Such a purpose is unimpeachable in its purity and loftiness, and very especially so in one like George Eliot, who believed that this life was not a preparation for the life to come, but was the sum total of existence. With such an idea of life and such a purpose in view, the author has made the book rich in psychological studies. The development of character and its relation to the action of the plot, is well suited to teach a moral. This moral seems to be that rigid uprightness and heartless, calculating honesty is not the "whole duty of man." We are under obligation also to dispense the blessings of love and charity, and to cultivate a widening and elevating interest in the welfare of humanity.

The plot of the story grows in

interest as it moves on to the end. The ordinary scenes of country life are at first introduced to the reader. Our interest and sympathies are soon arrested by the sad misfortunes that befall the Tullivers. With affectionate solicitude we watch the progress of the passionate Maggie as she goes on to meet an awful death. Tom and Maggie Tulliver are the children of an independent miller who is continually going to law, and who has an extreme dislike for Wakem, the lawyer. Tom assumes the hatred also, but Maggie does not, and becomes very friendly with Philip Wakem, the lawyer's deformed son, Tom's school-fellow. Reverses of fortune come, and Mr. Tulliver loses all his property and becomes a bankrupt. Lawyer Wakem gets the mill in his possession, and Mr. Tulliver is retained to work it for him. Maggie and Philip conceive that they are in love with each other, and have secret meetings. Tom discovers these, and makes Maggie promise not to see Philip again without his consent. Tom and his father pay off their debts and, after more humiliating troubles with Wakem, Mr. Tulliver dies. Some years pass, and Maggie becomes the guest of her cousin, Lucy Deane, where she meets Stephen Guest, Lucy's acknowledged lover. Maggie also renews her acquaintance with Philip Wakem, and they

can tacitly recognize the obligations of the old vows of love. Maggie gradually and almost unconsciously falls in love with Stephen Guest, and he returns the affections. In an unguarded moment he speaks his love, and she admits that she loves him. By chance they take a boat-ride together and, unknown to Maggie, Stephen allows the boat to float down the river on the tide, and when they are compelled by an approaching storm to take a trading vessel and go to Mudport, far down the river. At Mudport comes the last great inward struggle with Maggie. This is the turning point of her life. This is her test of duty. Stephen persuades her to forsake Lucy and Philip and marry him. It is a strong temptation, and in giving up Stephen she crushes love in her heart, and goes back home to humiliation and disgrace. She accepts the latter and fulfils her sense of duty. Her mother disowns her, but her father still clings to her. The floods of the river come and Maggie, by accident, is floated off in the boat. She goes to save Tom and her mother. Tom is taken in the boat, but in trying to cross the current the boat is upset and they are both drowned.

There is a successful suspension of the plot, that keeps the reader in doubt as to the end in a very successful manner. At first we are

entertained with the little temptations of Maggie and her sorrows, with now and then an insight into Tom's character. Our sympathies are aroused in the more serious troubles that befall the family, and we are led on with increasing interest to the tragic end. It is a sad close, and we are apt to be dissatisfied with it, but after all, nothing else but death could have healed the breaches destiny had made.

As to the characters, we find a strange contrast in Tom and Maggie. They are almost complements of each other; Tom, fair-haired, quick-complexioned, is cold and selfish, with a calculating principle of honesty, and the egotistic opinion that whatever he does is right, because he himself does it. With no imagination, he was incapable of appreciating the tastes and pleasures of others, and therefore had very little sympathy with them. Maggie knew him, and thus tells him what he is: "You have no pity," she says; "you have no sense of your own imperfections and your own sins. It is a sin to be hard; it is not fitting for a mortal—for a Christian. You are nothing but a Pharisee. You thank God for nothing but your own virtues—you think they are great enough to win you everything else. You have not even a vision of feelings by the side of

which your shining virtues are mere darkness."

Maggie, on the other hand, is quick, impassionate, with a nature tuned to the tenderest chords of affection; always loving and longing to be loved. Full of imagination, she would enter at once into sympathy with every one, and, being possessed of that large-souled benevolence that extends to all human creatures and touches their hearts, she was remarkably fitly constituted for experiencing the purest pleasures and the keenest pains. These alternately filled her life, but alas! there were more pains than pleasures! Tom characterizes her actions with very cold, hard truth when he says: "At one time you take pleasure in a sort of perverse self-denial, and at another you have not the resolution to resist a thing that you know to be wrong."

Mr. Tulliver is a plain, blunt man, with a strong will and a good deal of self-conceit. He never forgot or forgave one who had checkmated his designs, and so bent was he on having his own way and being independent, that he nearly always did exactly what his wife begged him not to do. "I picked the mother because she wasn't o'er 'cute—bein' a good-looking woman, too, an' come of a rare family for managing; but I picked her from her sisters o' purpose, 'cause she was

a bit weak, like; for I wasn't be told the rights o' things by my own fireside. But you see when a man's got brains himself there's no knowing where they'll run to an' a pleasant sort o' soft woman may go on breeding you stupid lads and 'cute wenches till its like as the world was turned topsy-turvy. Its an uncommon puzzling thing," said Mr. Tulliver, very characteristically. Poor Mrs. Tulliver came too nearly perhaps under this description. Weak and effeminate, with no penetration of intellect, given up entirely to providing for her household, she fell into the habit of trying to please every body and was unable to please anyone. She had considerable amount of the family pride that characterized her sisters, but no decided tone of character.

Among other characters Philip Wakem is somewhat interesting in his morbid peevishness, and his aversion, even resentment, to anything like pity for his deformity. This was perhaps due to his delicate sensibilities and habit of brooding over his misfortune. His character develops into beauty though, in its unchanging truth and forgiveness.

Stephen Guest may be set in contrast to Philip Wakem. Stephen, the gay and petted darling of society at St. Ogg's, has a certain grace of intellect that makes

pleasant companion, but he is voluble and light-hearted; instant in love and with a strong disposition to sacrifice the obligations of friendship to his own ends.

Among the subordinate characters that have to do very little with the action of the plot, we meet Mrs. Glegg and Mrs. Pullet, with their respective husbands; and we do not name them in this order in mere indifference, but from a sense of their relative importance in their families. Mrs. Glegg was a woman fashioned by ancient family customs and traditions. She was a woman whom Dickens would have described as "invariably certain in the uncertainty of her temper." Mrs. Pullet shares Mrs. Glegg's inheritance of family pride and customs, but in her is concentrated all the sympathies of her ancestors for generations back that manifest themselves in remembering the strange diseases that occur in the range of her observation, the horrible deaths that some die, and in fact every form of suffering. This information she readily dispenses on all occasions if the slightest opportunity is given.

There is another character drawn with happy art, and though given an humble place, yet he performs quite a necessary part in the action of the story. This character is Bob Jakin. He is not

before us so much, perhaps, as others that interest us less. When he does appear he is drawn with successful strokes. He is one of the quick-witted, self-reliant kind of fellows, that get their good fortune by a natural insight into the ways and characters of men. He shows a clumsy reverence for what is higher and better than he has known, and in his simple way does his best for unfortunate friends.

Another character that we must mention though we know not what to say of her is Lucy Deane. Kind-hearted, confiding, innocent, Lucy Deane. Her girlish trust and forgiving love make us love her, and we instinctively refrain from looking too critically into her nature.

In this "tragi-comic" romance we have depicted the life of simple country people living near a thriving trading town. The life described is such as we would expect to find among such people, with their thrifty industry and plain ways. The peculiarities of the characters are perhaps the least bit too strongly drawn to be true to nature, but this may be excused by the purpose of the author in impressing on the reader these distinctive traits. The life is described with truth and minuteness. The visits among the relatives, their conversations, the amusements of Tom and Maggie

are all as natural as life in the country is.

There is a nice transparency in some of the conversations, through which you may see every character.

Mr. Tulliver in telling his plans concerning Tom, speaks thus:

“‘Why you see I’ve got a plan i’ my head about Tom’, said Mr. Tulliver, pausing after that statement and lifting up his glass.

‘Well, if I may be allowed to speak and its seldom I am,’ said Mrs. Glegg with a tone of bitter meaning, ‘I should like to know what good is to come to the boy by bringin’ him up above his footin.’

‘Why,’ said Mr. Tulliver, not looking at Mrs. Glegg but the male part of his audience, ‘you see I’ve made up my mind not to bring Tom up to my business. I’ve had my thoughts about it all along, and I made up my mind by what I saw with Garnet and *his* son. I mean to put him to some business as he can go into without capital, and I want to give him an eddication as he’ll be even wi’ the lawyers and folks, and put me up to a notion now and then.’

Mrs. Glegg emitted a long sort of guttural sound with closed lips that smiled in mingled pity and scorn. ‘It ’ud be a fine deal better for some people,’ she said, after that introductory note, ‘if they’d let the lawyers alone.’”

Again, after Mr. Tulliver stricken sick and has been so out he returns to consciousness for a while and Tom seeks advice and said firmly, ‘yes, father, a haven’t you a note from un Moss for three hundred pound We came to look for that. Will do you wish to be done about father?’

‘Ah! I’m glad you thought that my lad,’ said Mr. Tulliver. ‘I allays meant to be easy about that money because o’ your au. You musn’t mind losing the money if they can’t pay it and its all enough they can’t. The notes in that box, mind! I allays meant to be good to you Gritty,’ said Mr. Tulliver turning to his sister but, you know you aggravated me. When you would have Moss’. At this moment Maggie re-entered with her mother who came in much agitated by the news that her husband was quarrelling with himself again. ‘Well, Bessy,’ said as she kissed him, ‘you must forgive me if you’re worse off than you ever expected to be. But it’s the fault o’ the law, it’s none of mine’, he added angrily. ‘It’s the fault o’ the raskills! Tom—your mind this: if ever you’ve got the chance, you make Wakem smart. If you don’t you’re a good-for-nothing son. You might have whipped him—but he’d set the law on you; the law’s made to take care o’ raskills.’”

George Eliot's style is interesting and clear, with a sort of grim humor pervading it. She has a quick imagination that enables her to enter into the spirit of all her characters. Her diction is pure and generally simple, sometimes becoming learned and classical. Her opinions on life and its elements often crop out in her writings. She says, "But these lead-tinted, hollow-eyed, angular skeletons of villages on the Rhone oppress me with the feeling that human life—very much of it—is a narrow, ugly, groveling existence, which even calamity does not elevate, but rather tends to exhibit all its bare vulgarity of conception; and I have a cruel conviction that the lives these ruins are the traces of, were part of a gross form of obscure vitality that will be swept into the same oblivion with the generations of ants and weavers."

Of Society: "But good society, floated on gossamer wings of light ivory, is of very expensive production, requiring nothing less than a wide and arduous national life condensed in unfragrant, deafening factories. . . . This wide national life is based entirely on emphasis—the emphasis of want, which urges it into all the activi-

ties necessary for the maintenance of good society and light irony—it spends its years, often in chill, uncarpeted fashion, amid family discord unsoftened by long corridors."

Grim satire!

The book is sad throughout and this same satire permeates the whole, making us feel that life is not so pleasant and interesting as it might be. We lay it aside inclined to the opinion that a great deal of the sorrow and suffering of this world has no compensation. And yet on second thought we cannot but be affected by the self-sacrifice that stands out in the book in its intrinsic beauty and is its own reward. George Eliot presses relentlessly upon you the sense of the disparity or deficiency of things in this world that are not balanced at the end and according to her left uncanceled on the Ledger of Eternity. We often find the want of compensating justice in life. Life has its tragedies, as well as its comedies, and it is well so. Though we oppose George Eliot's atheistic theory it is well that there should be the idea of incompleteness in life, since it argues gloriously for a life to come.

J. C. JOHNSON.

GOVERNMENT HISTORICALLY CONSIDERED.

It is probable that, in the morning of the world's history, a patriarchal dominion was the only form of government. The father of each family exercised control over his own children, and, even after age had sapped his strength and rendered him incapable of arduous exploits, they would still hearken to his counsel and obey his commands. In the course of time the different branches of each family would probably come together to concert measures for the common good, and they would, in all probability, choose the hardiest or the most cunning of their number to lead them in the chase or marshal them against their enemies. The frequent occurrence of such expeditions would lead to an exercise of the elective power, hence hereditary rule could only be established by a succession of able chiefs arising in the same family. A leader would be chosen for one expedition, or, if chosen for life, he would probably be removable on suspicion of cowardice or incapacity. But the ruler of the clan or tribe would not content himself with authority so precarious; he would call in superstition to aid in establishing his power more firmly. He would pretend that the gods of the clan

sanctioned his authority; that they spoke to him in the awe-inspiring tones of the thunder and appeared to him in the lightning's vivid flash. As the years rolled on, the people, forgetting that the chief was but the creature of their choice, the servant of their will, readily bowed their necks to the yoke of despotism. For ages mankind remained in this condition; Nineveh rose, reigned and fell; Egypt waxed great, built her pyramids and dived deep into the mysteries of the universe; Israel wept by the rivers of Babylon; but mankind were still slaves. The human race, however, could not always remain thus; a blaze of light was to dispel, for a time, the surrounding darkness. It was in Greece, the home of a people of rare endowments, that freedom was to begin her desperate struggle. In Athens monarchy was, at an early date, superseded by oligarchy. For a long time the nobles ruled the city with ruthless vigor; but finally, their oppressions becoming too heavy to be borne, a leader sprang up and called upon the people to resist. The oligarchy was abolished, but the people were not yet prepared for freedom. They followed the leader who had liberated them from the oppressions of

oligarchy to become tyrant of the city. But the nobles soon returned to the struggle, the tyrant was deposed, but the oligarchy did not succeed in regaining its power, the people now resolved to govern themselves. All Greece, save Sparta, which retained the oligarchical form of government, followed in the footsteps of Athens. Thus Greece began that career of glory which has for centuries dazzled and astounded the world. After the fall of Greece the struggle was renewed at Rome, but that country never attained the perfect freedom of her predecessor. The republic was established only to be superseded by the empire. And, after awhile, when the empire tottered and fell under the pressure of the savage hordes of the north. But, though the great city lost her imperial position, she bequeathed to posterity a rich heritage in her laws. After the dismemberment of the Roman Empire, darkness settled over the face of Europe, the human intellect fell into a deep sleep—a sleep full of wild fancies and strange dreams. Sovereigns were again absolute masters of the destinies of their subjects. Immense multitudes of men gathered together and hurled themselves upon the East; two civilizations met in desperate combat, and, even while the contest yet lasted, the first step was taken toward a

change in the form of the governments of the world. In the early part of the thirteenth century, John ascended the English throne. His tyrannical character and total disregard of even the private rights of his subjects forced the barons to unite with the people in resisting his oppressions. The whole nation rushed to arms and John, driven to desperation, was compelled to agree to meet the rebel leaders to discuss the terms of a compromise. On the morning of the 15th of July, 1215, near the meadow of Runnymede, the delegates met their sovereign. All the world knows the result. A charter was granted to the people securing each citizen against the tyrannical acts of the ruler and providing further that, "no scutage or aid shall be imposed in our realm save by the common council of the realm." It is true that only the prelates and greater barons were members of this "common council," but the right of taxation was afterwards transferred to the commons, and this one provision revolutionized the British government. While the people had the power of granting or withholding supplies, no ruler could afford to be despotic. With an energetic sovereign upon the throne, the shadow of its power might, for a time, fall like a deadly blight upon the nation, but it could not last, the many were

steadily advancing in power and influence. Up to this time the advance of freedom had been slow and halting, her footsteps were marked with blood; she had advanced through time as the gods of Homer move through space, she took a step and ages had passed away; but her cause was now secured and she came on with rapid strides.

Perhaps no event aided so much in unsettling the minds of men and preparing them for the reception of new ideas of civil government as the discovery of America. Men had to cast aside old ideas and discard the traditions of their ancestors; everything was questioned and a new and brighter light was dawning upon the human race. With the minds of men in such a condition we would expect that a part, at least, of mankind would burst the bonds of hoary tradition and throw off the yoke of degrading superstition. Accordingly Luther is soon heard thundering his denunciations against the papal see. His opinions spread with wonderful rapidity, for men were no longer abject slaves to superstition. It would have been strange if, while so many great changes were occurring, men had not attempted to tear away the veil of reverential awe that had so long surrounded the throne of kings. In England the change was great. It is true

that Henry the Eighth totally disregarded the rights of his subjects and ruled the land with despotic severity. But it is also true that there were some who sternly resisted the encroachments of the crown upon the liberties of the people. New ideas and new theories were becoming popular, men were bold enough to avow opinions which, a century before, an Englishman would have dared not utter. The *Utopia* of Sir Thomas Moore embodies these new theories of government. Time has established the utility of many of the theories set forth in this remarkable book. In the commonwealth of Utopia or Nowhere, the power rested with the people; there the aim of legislation was to secure the welfare of the community at large; there they did not punish the guilty in order to avenge a crime that had already been committed, but to prevent the commission of new ones; there a sovereign could be removed on suspicion of a design to enslave his people. Here we may see a fore-shadowing of the awful tragedy that was enacted a few years later. Moore paid for his temerity with his head, but the cause he advocated could not die. Not many years had elapsed when the whole English people rose to vindicate their rights; Charles the First was beheaded, and, after a few fitful changes, the house

anover, became seated on the English throne. Thus English liberty was forever secured against the encroachments of the sovereign; for the reigning house, seated on the throne by the people, is a living monument to the right of the people to dethrone a ruler when he does not act in accordance with the national will. But liberty did not pause here. Crossing the Atlantic, she achieved her crowning victory in America. England attempted to tax her colonies there; this the colonies resisted, contending that they ought not to be taxed by a legislative body in which they were not represented. England relinquished the point only to return to it. Blood was shed and the colonies, electrified by the battle of Lexington, took up arms to resist the mother country. The two armies met first at Bunker Hill, and the noise of the battle shook the whole earth. Kings trembled in their palaces and despotisms reeled upon their thrones. And well they might, for Freedom had begun her soul-stirring anthem and the world was marching to the music. After a desperate struggle, the colonies secured their independence, and it now became necessary to establish a government that would secure to them and their posterity the blessings of freedom. In the Declaration of Independence it had been as-

serted that all men are equal in their rights to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," and upon this foundation they resolved to erect their government. How well they built all the world knows; guided by a wisdom akin to inspiration, they erected a government that has realized the fondest dreams of the philanthropist. The blessings of freedom and justice fall, like the dews of heaven, upon all. Time has proven the efficacy of our government while foreign and domestic wars have demonstrated its stability. Its establishment brought about a change for the better in most of the governments of the world. America's song of victory was the death march of the French monarchy. Stimulated by the success of the colonies, the French people rose up in their strength and hurled to the earth the throne that had tyrannized over them for centuries. What if they, in the first wild delirium of their fancy, passed the bounds of prudence and justice? It but proves more conclusively the deep, the damning guilt of those who rendered them incapable of self-government. The people of France, after passing through various vicissitudes, now a republic, now an empire, have established a government upon the same plan as that of the United States.

We have traced civil govern-

ment from its earliest to the present form. In the early ages the governments of the world were absolute monarchies. This was undoubtedly the best form of government for that period. Men were fierce in their nature and wild and lawless in their habits. Under such circumstances, it was better for a country submit to the dominion of a ruler who, though he might plunder himself, was yet strong enough to prevent others from exercising a like privilege. But as people advanced in culture and refinement, such absolute dominion would have been injurious. Accordingly it became necessary for the throne to relinquish some

of its power. We have seen that this change was accomplished and that the many triumphed over the few. No one can say whether or not the governments of the world are to undergo still other changes. Wild and startling theories are being advocated, but the signs of the times do not warrant us in asserting that the Socialist will realize his dream. The science of government must advance with the development of the human race, but we could weigh the matter in a grocer's scales as easily as we could predict the changes which time may make in the governments of the world.

EDITORIAL.

E. P. WITHERS.

[The Editor of this Department was unfortunately obliged to leave the Hill on account of illness. The performance of his duties is being attempted by another member of the staff.]

MARK TWAIN has written a view article in the April *Century* on "English: How She is taught." Poor, poor Mark; his article is unilluminated by any flash of wit. We are anxious about you, Mark; we are afraid you've lost your mind! How the mighty have fallen!—Mark Twain writing a dry book review! Revive, revive, Mark, and again let that broad smile greet your words, in days of yore.

EACH YEAR carries many of the ablest, strongest young men of North Carolina into other States, simply for lack of encouragement at home. Several men from every class which has graduated since 1865 have found homes, friends and encouragement outside our State borders, and have become valuable, progressive citizens. At the same time we are offering, through the Immigration Department, every species of inducement to outsiders, trying to get them to settle among us. Why not give our own young men an opportunity—a *liv-*

ing chance—offer them at least as good inducements as other States, and thus keep them among us? Of course legislation can't accomplish anything, but if every man of means within our borders would be public-spirited enough to back up the brains, character and energy of their younger brethren with the solid *cash*, this old State would get on such a boom that the outside world would wonder. We know of dozens of well-educated, energetic young men of *character* who will seek "pastures new" unless their worth is recognized at home. A good citizen is of *money value* to a State. "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country," and if we, North Carolinians, allow the best blood and brains of our State to leave us for want of encouragement, attempting to substitute Yankee trash or foreign scum, we shall perpetually deserve the name of Rip Van Winkle, and the name Tar-Heels will have another and shameful meaning—that of men

who are too slow to progress—men stuck fast to the traditions of our past.

WE NOTICE in the April *Scribner's* an article by Thomas Nelson Page. This gentleman wrote an article, "Mars' Chien," for *The Century* last year which elicited the highest praise. He is a young Virginian, a University of Virginia college man, and is rapidly rising to prominence as a magazine writer. We are glad to see it; one more example of Southern brains recognized.

WHAT WILL BE DONE WITH IRELAND?

England is upon the verge of another mighty political struggle. Salisbury and Gladstone will lead the opposing forces, and the great battle will be fought in the English Parliament. A Coercion bill—the most oppressive, cruel and outrageous of them all, it is said—will be introduced by the Government to utterly crush Ireland. Gladstone himself will lead the Opposition, and we imagine it must be a sight almost sublime to see him, as the old fire flashes from his eye and the old eloquence comes to his tongue, to plead for the liberty of his fellow-man. It will be a mighty battle. How will it end?

Two events stand forth in the history of the world unequalled for oppression, for the usurpation

of a country's rights and liberties for the misused use of military power, and for the almost abject slavery to which two peoples have been subjected for hundreds of years. These two events are the subjection of Ireland and the dismemberment of Poland. We propose to speak here of the former and we would that we had the massive grandeur of Demosthenes, the polished eloquence of Cicero, and the glorious fire and brilliancy of Grattan, to tell the tale of Ireland's wrongs.

Until the year 1172 Ireland was indeed "a gem set in the silver sea," but then the English arm came upon her, conquered and enslaved her, and blotted her name from the roll of nations. Since then her history has been but a recital of wrongs and a tale of woe.

England's course towards Ireland has ever been one of tyranny and oppression, unless we may except a few years in the latter half of the eighteenth century. We have neither space nor time to enter into a full discussion of the many nefarious acts passed by the English Parliament to coerce Ireland, but we can at least give a few instances and cite a few examples to prove our assertion. Payning's act, passed in the sixteenth century, was one of the most damnable acts ever enacted by any legislative body, even though it was composed of men

ty-minded bigots and knaves. Under this act it was no crime to shoot down (for the fun of the experiment, as it were) in cold blood any Irishman who dared appear in public without an English dress and the protection of an Englishman. Irishmen were forbidden to learn to read, Catholic schools and churches were torn down and rewards were offered for the arrest of priests.

But the Payning act was not sufficient to put the finishing touches to the brutality of the eighteenth century. Something more was necessary, and English statesmen soon found what was needed. *Sixty thousand Irish boys and girls were sold as slaves to West India planters.* Think of it! Sixty thousand human beings, having as much right to the blessings of Freedom and Liberty as you and I, are torn from father, mother, home—all that is dear and loved—and carried to the burning fields of the West India lands, there to be condemned to servitude and slavery, to the debauchery and licentiousness of brutal masters, and to a life to which death is far more preferable. The women, ravished by their English masters, finally died of shame and grief, leaving their children bastards and outcasts from the world. The men drop senseless under the brutal lash, or, added to desperation by cruelty,

while making a hopeless effort to escape, fall in some swamp or jungle, pierced by a bullet from a pursuer's rifle and die helpless and uncared for, while blood-hounds tear their flesh and lap their oozing life-blood.

Oliver Cromwell stands forth as one of the grand men of history. He was the chief of that great army of reformers, in the ranks of which were such noble souls as John Milton and John Hampden. He almost overthrew royalty in England, and he gave her the first true Light of Liberty. Yet Oliver Cromwell oppressed and outraged Ireland. It was he who, when he had captured Drogheda, wrote to Parliament that "by the help of God," not an Irishman escaped. It was he who wrote, "We knocked them in the head, too," referring to the gallant Irish officers who surrendered the place; and it was Cromwell who gave all the lands owned by Irish Roman Catholics (which was four-fifths of the island) to his troops as pay, and he left the people on the verge of starvation and the country almost a desert. And still this man loved liberty and was the greatest soldier and statesman of his age. O Prejudice! O Passion! How they can warp the souls of men!

The revolution of 1798 was provoked by Pitt, who took away the Irish Parliament, in order to kill

by legislation, Irish industries and thus give free scope to England. It was Pitt who sent 137,000 men, under Lord Cornwallis, to subdue the "Irish dogs once more." Lord Cornwallis himself said that "the violence of our friends and their folly in trying to make it a religious question, adds to the ferocity of our troops, who *delight in murder*." Gordon, an Established Churchman, said: "No quarter was given to persons taken prisoners as rebels, with or without arms." And so the tale of death goes on, for one hundred and thirty-seven thousand English bulldogs, trained to tear the flesh, mangle the limbs and lick the life-blood of the nation, "were turned loose upon Ireland." Once more were the "Irish dogs" subjugated, and once more the demons of Disease, Famine and Death, drunk with joy, held a grand carnival of ruin throughout the land.

But this was long ago. The nineteenth century, the noontide of the world's history, the age of progress, learning and humanity, would suffer nothing like this. Well, let's see.

Soon after the passing of the Coercion and Eviction acts of the latter part of the last century and the first of this, the Irish began to be evicted. Eviction meant that, for failure to pay an enormous rental or tax, and for so-

called political offences, an Irishman and his family were turned out of their house and home and his lands were confiscated for some knavish English nobleman's benefit. In 1824 Francis Blackburne was appointed by Parliament to administer an Insurrection Act. He says: "I had to dispossess forty or fifty families, having persons of all sexes and ages, and this is not one incident alone, but it is so all over the island." A committee appointed by Parliament made the following report: "It would be impossible for language to convey an idea of the distress, disease and misery which the evicted tenantry have been reduced. A vast number have perished." Another committee investigated the condition of the Irish peasants in 1836, and reported: "They eat one meal a day of dry potatoes, and never get meat except Christmas, Shrove-tide, and Easter." One Episcopalian Archbishop exhorted his rectors to drive the popish rebels and illicit distillers "from the lands and put Protestants in the stead." This inhuman brute, with devilish depravity heated his courage, exclaimed: "I trust that every true and faithful minister of God would sooner have potatoes and salt surrounded with Protestants than live like princes surrounded with Papists." The Established Church was endowe-

While the Catholic was taxed. From 1838 to 1843, 356,985 people were evicted, and in Meath county alone 369,000 acres of land were confiscated. In 1849, 50,000 families were turned from their homes. This is a part of the nineteenth century's record. It is enough. Alone of the Christian nations, Ireland's march has been backward. Her population has decreased, many of her sons have perished, and many more, driven from their homes, have become vagrants, wanderers on the face of the earth and exiles from the land of their birth.

The Famine! It would be vain for us to attempt to describe it. It would take some weightier mind, whose genius could paint in flowing words, the horrors of Hell, to picture that scene on the highways, in the fields, in the bogs and the swamps, the Irish peasants all, unwept, unhonored and unknown, food for the vultures and howling curs. The skeleton of Death stalked through the land, and the rattle of his bones and his horrid laugh alone broke the mournful stillness. The sun of Hope veiled himself and sadly withdrew from that scene and left Ireland enveloped in the blackness of the night of Despair. All the world wept for that hapless people, and we imagine a mighty silence prevailed in Heaven, broken only by a wail of pity uncon-

sciously wrung from a seraph's bosom.

The English claim that the Irish are lazy, lawless and licentious. When a people have been dispossessed of their possessions and hunted down as outlaws, it is but natural that they should be discontented and ever ready to rebel? When a poor, half-starved, half-crazed Irish peasant stabs to death some brutal English officer, a mighty howl of holy horror rises from all England at the enormity of this crime, and the fact that for a long period of seven hundred years, assassinations and butcheries have been legalized by its own Parliament is all the while forgotten. Oh! England, England, thou hast been a tender nurse to her! She will never forget it; should memory fail, there are wounds—quivering, gaping wounds—to quicken it and its thirst for vengeance.

This is the year of the Queen's jubilee. Victoria has ruled fifty years, and during this time England has most wonderfully progressed. Victoria is ruler over the greatest and wealthiest empire in the world. It has the greatest navy, the biggest commerce, and more manufactories, than any of the nations. Her people are engaged now in honoring a Queen on whose dominions the sun never sets. London is at its gayest; magnificent balls and fêtes and re-

ceptions are given, where lovely women and titled men revel in scenes of beauty and splendor, and everything seems to breathe only peace and prosperity and happiness. The English heart is proud, and all England is joyous, for to England Victoria's reign has been great and wise and good.

But Ireland? All Ireland is sad. What will her offering be?

"A crystal cup of bitterest tears,
A golden goblet of noblest blood,
This be our tribute for fifty years
Of a reign so wise, so great, so good."

The present seems an age of change; the earth has been convulsed by the cataclysms of the earthquake, the heavens have been

torn by the cyclone's whirl of ruin. Man, in unison with this feeling is more restless and discontented than ever, and the low, deep mutterings of his discontent can be heard in all countries and in every land. The tendency of the age is towards greater enlightenment and liberalism. Gladstone, who leads the Irish hope, stands like a hero ready to lead his people to victory, while Salisbury is like some monster to block and bar his way. But the Irish hope is the hope that rises in the hearts of all men, and "standing upon the mountain-top of thought and looking over the shadowy ocean, we may behold the loom of the land."

PERSONAL DEPARTMENT.

J. C. JOHNSON.

—“Make way for liberty”—he died, (*he-he-e-em*) made way for liberty”—and we wish they’d died. The new version handed in by the who rooms in the N. E.

—K. S. Uzzell, ’86, was on the till a few days since.

—All were pleased to have Col. Gurgwin and C. B. Aycock, Esq., both honored alumni’s with us during the contest for the medals at the Phi. Society.

—Ah lovely Spring I thought you here
And quickly donned my thin blue pants;
When lo! old winter shook his mane,
And chilling snow-flakes ’gan to dance.

—Steevy P. Graves who obtained his license before the court in February, has settled at Mt. Airy and has gained his first fee.

—G. B. Patterson, ’86, is teaching in Laurinburg.

—Wm. J. King, A. M., class ’60, is Real Estate Agent and collector at Castalia, N. C.

—Chas. S. Shorter, ’60, captain U. S. A., is a planter at Walla Walla, W. T.

—R. L. Sykes, class ’60, ex-Surgeon of Charity Hospital, N. Y., a physician at Columbus, Miss.

—Jas. A. Cody, ’61, is a commercial salesman, Atlanta, Ga.

—Jas. A. Everett, ’61, is a planter and lumber-man, Fort Valley, Ga.

—A. C. Jones, ’62, is at Matagorda, Texas.

—B. C. McIver, ’85, is a teacher in the Goldsboro Graded school.

—Francis Womack is now in Reidsville, N. C.

—J. H. Field, class ’58, is at Columbus, Miss.

—A. H. Galloway, class ’59, is Sheriff of Rockingham county and lives at Reidsville, N. C.

—Oscar F. Hadley, class ’59, is at Livingston, Ala.

—Thos. W. Jarratt, ’59, is at Montgomery, Ala.

—Geo. P. Tarry, ’59, was of class ’53 University of Virginia, is now a planter at Tarry’s Mills, Va.

—Chas. E. Gay, ’60, is Clerk of Chancery Court, Oktibbeha county, Miss.

—David E. Jiggitts, ’60, is a planter at Vernon, Miss.

—One of our Professors has recently received a letter from Mr. F. M. Carter, class '62, in which he expresses a very warm interest in the University and inquires after old friends made while here. Mr. Carter is now practising law at Farmington, Mo., his native State.

—L. "Mr. S. has gone home to-day without even telling his room-mate." Mr. B. "Where does he live"? L. "He lives in Caswell." Mr. B. "What county is Caswell in"?

—We are in receipt of a letter from J. F. West, class '85, containing one of his announcements for the office of Commonwealth's Attorney of Sussex county. We wish him success, but are afraid Jesse Felix is ambitious to become like Mark Twain's "concentrated inhabitant" as he is already Notary Public.

—One of our "*new students*" is making a specialty of Irving's Sketch Book. On hearing some one pronounce the names Shadrack, Meshack and Abednego he inquired if they were the proper pronunciations of some of the big words in the Sketch Book.

—Memorial Hall is to have a tablet to the memory of the late Bishop Green who was before his death one of the two oldest graduates of the University.

—Here is a plea for education in North Carolina in the shape of a letter to President Battle, which we copy verbatim:

Hon. K. P. Battle, LL. D., Pres.

DEAR SIR:—I am not thinking of coming to school for a while yet and I would like to no if you will write a Speech on any subject and if you will I would be glad to have a Speech written on love. a full history of love, I will tell you why I want the Speech we are going to have a public Debate and our Subject is Resolved that love is a Stronger passion than anger and if you will Send me Speech on love. and will trust my honor for pay I would would Send your Pay but I don't know what your price is.

Yours &c.

—"J is for J-c-b, and J-hns-n too
Who edits the personals of N. C. U.
He touches on games, the "colonel"
tames
But one thing he fails to do.
He goes for the Freshmen in haste
He yells at the Freshmen's taste
He sighs to be witty, but *knows* he
pretty (?)
But his constellation of so-called wit,
Humor and personals in the U. N. C.
MAGAZINE
Is a barren waste."

We publish the above, not at all from any merit we are able to see in it, but because it is the only production from the same source that will probably ever be seen in print and it may gladden the heart of its author. We would beg him in the future not to strid

in ass for Pegasus for in that case
 e halts along in an uncertain
 measure and stumbles piteously
 t the end. The writer protests
 against joking at Freshmen. We
 re very sorry if the writer has
 suffered any humiliation on that
 core. We have always consid-
 ered the Freshman a living, mov-
 ing, breathing joke. He would
 be taken for a joke anywhere we
 think and if he is often a poor one
 we are not at fault. Nature seems
 to have sent him into this world
 in a jocular and facetious sort of
 spirit. We suspect that all the
 Freshmen were created in April
 and nature was trying a little
 game of April Fool on the world.
 We cannot give up the Freshman
 as a "joke-root" and we think it
 ought to be a source of self-con-
 gratulation to him that he is able
 to be of some little service in this
 world. For this unfledged poet
 we have the following advice
 which we put in the form of a
 stanza that he may better remem-
 ber it:

When next you woo the Lyric Muse,
 Dear friend, we kindly would advise
 That you would not at any time,
 In any place or any wise,
 Suppose she smiles when she does not,
 Assume her favor not obtained,
 For this is self-deception base
 And made us laugh as you complained.

A PROTEST.—We are some-
 what in favor of, in a measure, re-
 instating the old custom that stu-
 dents who attend prayers should
 have a regularly assigned seat. It
 is a great annoyance to those who
 try to have one place to sit to be
 crowded out by some fellow who
 goes to prayers perhaps once a
 month. You go in and take your
 accustomed seat and settle down
 comfortably when here comes
 some great elephantine fellow
 who straddles over you like a
 horrid spider and sends successive
 waves of chill creeping down your
 spine or else jostles you along to
 the other end of the seat and
 crams you in one corner so that
 you miss entirely the point to Dr.
 Battle's morning joke. Of course
 we can only offer this mild expos-
 tulation to those on whom nature
 has bestowed more weight avoird-
 upois than we can boast of, in
 the hope they will remember that
 we have feelings if we *are* small,
 and that we are almost sure to
 get tired in the course of a long
 prayer under the burden of a ton
 of flesh. We enter this protest
 not so much from the hope of any
 good it will effect, but from a
 natural desire to relieve ourselves
 of some things we've thought on
 this subject. LITTLE MAN.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

CLAUDIUS DOCKERY.

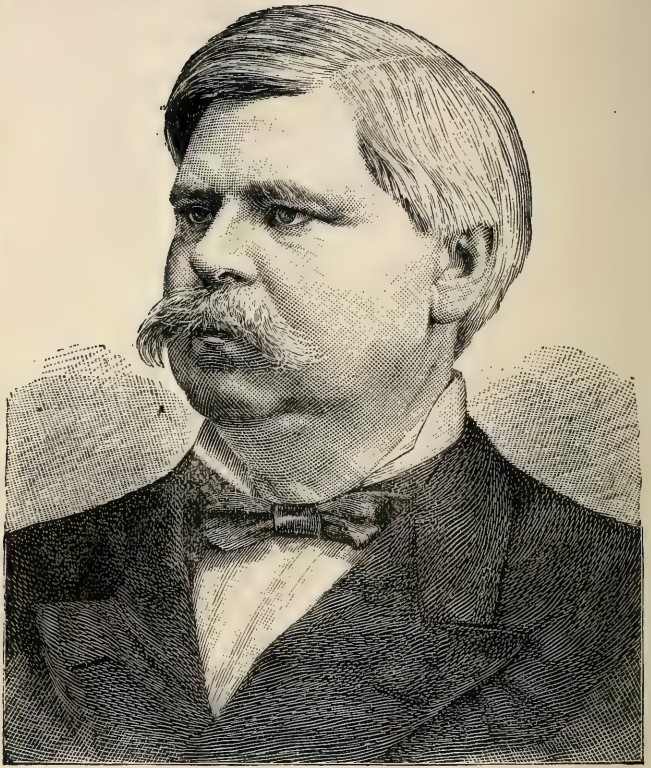
One of the greatest obstacles that any college paper could have to encounter is a spirit of indifference on part of the students. And we venture to say that there is no college paper that has not this evil, more or less, to contend against. Our MAGAZINE, we are sorry to say, furnishes no exception to the general rule. We believe, however, that this spirit with us is gradually disappearing and that, at no distant day, we will have the sympathies if not the active support of most of our boys. We have reasons to be hopeful of such a state of affairs at any rate. We have tried so far to do good, honest, faithful work; and the extent to which we have fallen short of success should be ascribed to our heads and not our hearts. We have been very much encouraged by the complimentary terms in which many of our exchanges have spoken of us. We appreciate the compliments exceedingly much and hope that we will be excusable in clipping three of them for this issue. We are opposed to too much of such, ourselves; but, *in the course of human events*, it should sometimes be permitted. We wish it clearly

understood, however, that we do not do it with any spirit of egotism, for we detest the egotist as much as any one on earth.

The following will explain:

The North Carolina UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE is one of our most interesting exchanges. The February number does credit to its editors. We note the report of the "Shakespeare Club," and regret that we have not some such organization here. Never mind, though, just tackle us on Anglo-Saxon or Chaucer, and though we may not know very much about Shakespeare, we can talk all day of the beauties of the writings of Ælfric, or Alfred, and the originalities of Chaucer.—*S. C. Collegian.*

We rank the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, of the University of North Carolina, among the first of college journals. Its matter is well written and edited. Its biographies of illustrious men, with their portraits, is a feature of the paper. We congratulate the exchange editor on the able manner in which he conducts his department. We would suggest that the person who writes the edito-



ZEBULON B. VANCE.

als stop harping upon the girls.
-*Antiochian*.

The UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE of March is the most interesting and decidedly the best issue we have seen of this publication for years. President Battle gives us a sketch of Senator Vance. It is a graphic portraiture of "our eb," which every one would enjoy. Then comes an article from the facile pen of Mrs. Spencer on General Pettigrew's book. Here our best female writer had a subject worthy of her pen, and it is needless to say that this article, too, is well done. We congratulate the editors on this number of their MAGAZINE. We are interested in everything that pertains to the University, and wish there were a thousand young men there to enjoy the culture imparted by its learned faculty.—*Home*.

* *

We give below a list of our more prominent exchanges:

Cornell Daily Sun, The Aegis, University Reporter, Pacific Pharos, Tuhlenburg Monthly, Pennsylvania College Monthly, The Messenger, Swarthmore Phoenix, College Journal, The Occident, Antiochian, South Carolina Collegian, Southern University Monthly, Weekly University Courier, Virginia University Magazine, Texas University, University Monthly, Miami Journal, American Magazine, Niagara Index, Phrenological Journal, The

Student (Pa.), The University (N. Y.), The Lincolnian, Easthamite, High School Bulletin, (Mass.), University Argus, Students Herald, Fisk Herald, College Portfolio, Scribner's Magazine, Roanoke Collegian, Davidson Monthly, Southern Bivouac, North Carolina Teacher, The Academy, Wake Forest Student, College Message, The Oak Leaf, The State Chronicle, News and Observer, Asheville Citizen, Newberne Journal, Biblical Recorder, Wilmington Star, Twin City Daily, The Equator (Fla.), Raleigh Signal, Pittsboro Home.

* *

A perfect recitation is called a "tear" at Princeton, "squirt" at Harvard, "sail" at Bowdoin, "rake" at Williams, "cold rush" at Amherst. A failure in recitation receives the title of "slump" at Harvard, a "stump" at Princeton, a "smash" at Wesleyan and a "flunk" at Amherst.—*Amherst Student*.

* *

Several of our exchanges have been giving the "College yells" of the different colleges and universities. Our yells are so numerous that we could not, for want of space, attempt to enumerate them. However, for the benefit of our readers, we will give some of the yells of other colleges. Michigan University has "U. of M.! Rah! Rah! Rah!" repeated as many times as the occasion demands.

Cold-blooded and cultured is the super-refined squeak of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, at Boston. It is, "Rah! Rah! Rah? Tech-nol-o-gy!" Trinity, at Hartford, has "Trin-eye-tee! Trin-eye-tee! Trin-eye-tee!" and Brown, of Providence, is not much behind with "Rah! Rah! Rah! Brown!" Williams, of Williamstown, Mass., calls out "Ra! Ra! Ra! Williams! Yams! Yams! Williams!" A curious yell is that of Union College, of Schenectady, New York: "Rah! Rah! Rah! U-n-i-o-n! Hika! Hika!" Tufts, College Hill, Mass., has one of the most interesting of the lot: "Hoop-la! Boom-yah! Rah! Rah! Tufts! Hoop-la! Boom-yah! Rah!" Amherst yells thus: "Rah! Rah! Rah! Amherst!" Rutgers: "Rah! Rah! Rah! Bow-wow-wow!" Syracuse startles the air in this fashion: "Srah! Srah! Syr-a-cuse!" three times repeated. There is one more to give, and we cannot refer to it in a manner more unique than quote what one has said of it:

"Oh, what a fine one it is, and what sweet memories are associated with its osculatory sound! The word yell, as a characterization, is dismissed, for it has a harshness about it that is not suited to convey a sound, a strain of music which is altogether tuneful, and which has in it all the softness and tenderness and pleas-

ant fragrance of roses and moonlight and mellow youth-tide."

This is quoted from one whose peculiar fortune it was to hear the yell as it was "*whispered*" to him by a lovely young form on a moonlight excursion steamer, when the gentle breezes seemed to act as carriers of Cupid's arrows, and the rippling waves, as they greeted with kisses the prow of the rushing steamer, sang for Love a sweet lullaby to the tune of fair Vassar's melodious yell:

"Rah! Rah! Rah! Yum! yum! yum! (Kiss! kiss! kiss!) Vas-sar?"

* * *

The session of the Missouri Legislature just closed made the following appropriations; Support of the University for next two years, \$65,300; for various improvements of University, \$60,911; for support of the three State normals, \$70,000; for improvement of the normals, \$8,218; total \$204,429. The Columbia (Mo.) *Herald*, speaking of the \$126,211 appropriated to the University says: "The most gratifying fact is that it has not been grudgingly given." The Legislature also set apart one-third of the general revenue as a public school fund which, since 1875, has been one-fourth of the revenue.

It would be advisable to import some of these legislators into North Carolina. We are sadly in need of liberal-minded, patriotic

makers—men who are not
 said to pass progressive meas-
 es and vote appropriations when
 ey see that it will be of invalua-
 aid to the people of the whole
 ate. The trouble in our last
 legislature was that it was com-
 sed largely of the professional
 ss-roads politician—there were
 table exceptions, we are glad
 admit—who thinks that his
 ly duty is to act as a *great*
Watch-dog of the Treasury,” and
 at it is the duty of such a *dog*
 down any enterprise that re-
 quires one dollar of the dear
Good People's” money. Poor
 llows, if they can only stand in
 e capital at Raleigh and *squall*
 the pitch of their voice that
 ob'ry is 'bout to be *puppy-*
eated,” and that the “suplus is
 be squandipated,” they will
 ueeze the old eagle until —
 ell, they can go home and tell
 eir constituents of the Hercu-
 an efforts they had to put forth
 save the State from bankruptcy
 id disgrace; and that if they are
 ot returned to the next “legisla-
 r” the State will be ruined. But
 as! the couplet is too true—

ere's many a bud the cold frosts will nip.
 ere's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the
 lip!

* * *

I was very much pleased to learn
 om President Battle yesterday
 at Mr. P. C. Cameron has signi-
 ed his intention to place a tablet
 the memory of his old friend

and his father's life-long friend in
 University Memorial Hall. Bishop
 Green belonged to the class of
 1818. The venerable Dr. Morri-
 son, first President of Davidson
 College, was a class-mate, and is,
 I think, now sole survivor. From
 1820 to 1850 Bishop Green was
 associated more or less intimately
 with all the men then prominent
 in North Carolina—Bishop Ra-
 venscroft, Bishop Ives, Judge Cam-
 eron, Judge Badger, Judge Hen-
 derson, Judge Nash, Judge Battle,
 Governor Swain, Senator Man-
 gum, Governor Graham, Hon.
 Hugh Waddell.”—*Mrs. C. P. S., in*
News and Observer.

* * *

Our American colleges are be-
 ginning seriously to consider the
 importance of religious education.
 Professor Noah K. Davis, of the
 University of Virginia, says:
 “Any religious instruction what-
 ever in a State school is a viola-
 tion of religious liberty.” Presi-
 dent Galusha Anderson, of Chi-
 cago University, says: “The peo-
 ple need to be taught religion for
 the good of the State, but the
 State is not the proper teacher.”
 Dr. Malcolm MacVickers, of To-
 ronto, says: “No teachers can
 appear before their class.” Dr. J.
 C. Welling, of Columbian Univer-
 sity, says: “Elementary educa-
 tion is all the State should as-
 sume.” Dr. Nunally, of Howard
 College, says: “Moral training

must be had or the Government must be destroyed. The Government cannot give this moral training without being a violator of its own organic law."

* *

A very pretty custom adhered to in many colleges is that of presenting to the college library an album containing pictures of all the graduating class.—*Ex.*

* *

To My Pony.

AFTER BURNS.

Thou'st borne me safe o'er classic soil,
And safe thro' monie a bloody broil,
And gi' me help in a' my toil,
My bonnie steed.
Let ithers burn the midnight oil.
Wha hate thy breed.

Wi' ye, thro' Gallia's fertile land,
Wi' ye, to Britian's rocky strand,
I followed Cæsar's conqu'ring band,
My trottin' pride,
Wha, led by sae smb' mucker's hand,
I swiftly ride.

Wi' ye, I enter Ilium's walls,
And wander thro' auld Priam's halls,
And sigh when valiant Hector falls,
My pony swift,
And laugh when sae puir grubber calls
To get a lift.

Guid health to thee, my bonnie steed,
Guid health to a' thy bonnie breed !
Whene'er a bit o' help I need,
I'll gae to thee.
Thou'st iver been 'i word and deed,
A friend to me. —*Ex.*

* *

THE BROOKLYN MAGAZINE.—
"Is the American Woman Overdressed?" gives Mrs. Helen Campbell an excellent subject for a

bright and well-written paper, and which is deservedly given the place of honor in the *March Brooklyn Magazine*. Thousand of women will doubtless read Mr. Campbell's article with keen interest. "Queen Elizabeth and her Suitors" is another gossip and entertaining paper in which Mr. Edward B. Williams reviews the loves of England's fascinating queen. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage tells his experience in smoking "My First Cigar," and Seaton Donoho relates several spirited stories in the third of his series of papers "Stories and Memories of Washington." The quaint religious customs adopted by the Tennessee mountaineer are graphically described by William Perry Brown, and Herbert Hall Winslow tells a thoroughly American story in "Old Man Daggs." A sensible article is contributed on "The Evils of Unequal Marriages," by Edith Langdon, which William H. Rideing precedes with a narrative of "The Boyhood of Clark Russell," the famous nautical story-teller. Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher discusses "The Servant Girl Problem," and two other writers describe the lives of "Turkish Women at Home," and Germany's famous watering-place Weisbaden, as it appears in winter. Other papers treat of "Young Men and Single Life," "Women in China," "Is the American Po-

"Our Familiar Sayings," "Enterprise in Business," while Beecher closes this number of a variety and interest with four of his sermons, revised by himself. The *Brooklyn* certainly gives its readers a great deal for their subscription of \$2 a year, or, buyers of single numbers, for 20 cents. The *Brooklyn Magazine*, 130-132 Pearl Street, New York.

* * *

THE KINGS OF ENGLAND.—The majority of young students of history find not a little difficulty in remembering the order of succession of the kings and queens of England, and the approximate time when each ruler was upon the throne. The following little mnemonic verse may help them :

Who will *Heaven* seek hath rich *joys*,
 His each *effort* endeth *right*, *||*
 Partly he hope employs,
 Ever reaching higher *height*. *||*

Fort makes *each* *joy* complete,
 Claimeth joy with *warranty*, *||*
 Gels gently, gladly *greet* *||*
 Goodness winning victory.

Now, if we wish to know the order of succession of the kings and queens, let us observe the initial letters of all the words used in the verses, and the order in which they follow each other, and we will find that they correspond with the initial letters of the names of the sovereigns in their order of succession. It must, however, be noted that the word

"with warranty" in the second line of the second verse of the mnemonic should suggest to us only one person; but he ruled under two titles, first, jointly with his wife as William and Mary, and then, after Queen Mary's death as William III. Hence the words of the verses suggest :

Wm., the Conqueror, Wm. II., Henry I.,
 Stephen, Henry II., Richard I., John,
 Henry III., Edward I., Edward II.,
 Richard II.,

Henry IV., Henry V., Henry VI., Edward III.,

Edward IV., Richard III., Henry VII.,
 Henry VIII.

Edward V., Mary, Elizabeth, James I.,
 Charles I.,

Charles II., James II., William and Mary
 William III.,

Anne, George I., George II., George III.,
 George IV., William IV., Victoria.

In order to tell the approximate time when each king ruled, we must notice the words of the mnemonic that are in italics. These may easily be remembered by observing that they are the *third* words of the 1st, 2nd, 4th and 5th lines of the mnemonic, and the *last* words of the 1st, 2nd, 6th and 7th lines. Of these italicized words, the first *three* suggest kings that began their reign with the century in which he ruled; and the last five, kings whose reign closed with the century in which they were upon the throne. By noting these facts we can mark off the centuries in the

mnemonic as above. These centuries extend from the 11th to the 19th, from the reign of William the Conqueror, 1066 to Victoria.

—*University (Va.) Magazine.*

* * *

We very much regret to lose the *Pharos* from our list of exchanges. It has always been on time and in every instance was filled full of interesting matter. It was a valuable exchange and we shall miss its bright face and cheering words. The following card explains itself:

DEAR SIRS:—The Faculty of the University of the Pacific, having denied the students the privilege of expressing their opinions on College topics, the *Pacific Pharos Publishing Association*, believing that a students' organ should be permitted to express, in a respectful manner, the sentiments of the students, have decided to *suspend the publication* of the *Pharos* indefinitely.

Regretting the necessity of this action, we remain,

Yours Truly,

PHAROS PUBLISHING COMPANY.

We shall reserve our comments upon the action of the faculty for a future issue.

* * *

Scribner's Magazine for April opens with the first instalment of the long-expected "Unpublished Letters of Thackeray," which more than justify the great interest

aroused by their announcement. These letters were written chiefly to Mrs. Brookfield, who is still living in London, and her husband, the late Rev. W. H. Brookfield, who were among Thackeray's most intimate friends, and they are marked by a freedom that is simply charming, while in no case do we feel that anything is made public which should not properly be revealed. The great novelist's overflowing humor is everywhere apparent in the letters; they abound in shrewd and wise observations on men and things, and are especially interesting for their allusions to literary matters, and to Thackeray's own works in particular. Some of the letters are enlivened by original sketches, the reproduction of which adds much to the interest of the publication, and there are many other illustrations, including a full-page portrait of Thackeray from the painting by Samuel Laurence.

Mr. F. D. Millet contributes a charming story of artist life, called "Tedesco's Rubina," the scene of which is laid in the island of Capri, a field affording full scope to his powers of artistic description.

Professor A. S. Hill, of Harvard, closes the number with a short but vigorous article on "English in our Colleges," in which he discusses the question

what branches of English instruction are of greatest importance to college students, and pays particular attention to the method of teaching English composition.

Miss Edith M. Thomas has a noteworthy poem, "The Quiet Grim," and shorter pieces of which are contributed by Julia C. Dorr, Charles Edwin Markham, and Elyot Weld.

Ex-Minister Washburne concludes in this number his interesting "Reminiscences of the Siege of the Commune of Paris," with a striking paper on the Downfall of the Commune, which abounds in graphic description and anecdote.

Of especial interest is his account of the imprisonment and execution of Archbishop Darboy. The illustrations are of extreme interest and abundant, many of them being from sketches and photographs which probably exist only in Mr. Washburne's possession.

Professor W. B. Scott, of Princeton, has a valuable paper on "American Elephant Myths," in which he discusses in an extremely interesting manner the evidence, in tradition and inscription, of the existence of elephants in America in ancient times, and recounts many of the popular fallacies in regard to them.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

CLAUDIUS DOCKERY.

=Wentworth's Geometry is used in 350 American colleges.

=The University of California has over one hundred instructors. The salary of its President is \$8,000 a year.

=Julian University, New Orleans, has received a donation of \$100,000 from a New York lady, with which it is to establish a college for the higher education of women.

=There are said to be over fifty applicants for the office of President of Nevada University, on condition that the Legislature vote a salary of \$5,000 for the position.

=Justin McCarthy, Gen. Lew Wallace, Henry George, Carl Schurtz and James G. Blaine are expected to address the students of the University of Wisconsin during the spring.

=Earlham College, at Richmond, Indiana, is probably the highest-toned (from a purely moral standpoint) institution of learning in the country. Its faculty recently expelled five students for attending the play of "Richard III."

=The marking system with reference to the sessions has been abolished at the College of New York.

=Petitioning, at the University of Vermont, is punishable by suspension.

=Mr. W. H. Walker, who is raising money to build a chapel at the University of Michigan says: "Five of the faculty Unitarians, eight are infidels, thirteen decline to express their religious belief." Dr. Fitzpatrick says this is the result of a non-sectarian school.

=Miss Van Zandt, who so persistently tried to marry the anarchist Spies, is a graduate of Vassar. She has recently graduated, and they say a Vassar never sees a man. This possibly accounts for her strange fancy. Spies may have been the first man she saw when she left.

=Father Duffy, of Brooklyn, has issued an order to the young ladies of St. Agnes Seminary forbidding the bang and friz, insisting that the scholars should not make themselves look like poodle dogs, but wear their hair plain and neatly brushed back.

At the thirty-first annual commencement, which took place on March 17, of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, thirty-five diplomas.

Vassar, Wellesly, Smith and Bryn Mawr are the only colleges giving instruction to ladies alone, there are in the United States more than one hundred and fifty colleges which also admit them. The great English universities, Oxford and Cambridge, have made arrangements by which ladies can attend a large number of lectures.—*Ex.*

In speaking of the difference between Yale and Harvard, President Dwight says: "Yale cares for the individual, Harvard for the institution. Yale tries to develop man's character, and we should have an excellent and definite element as to what that character should be. Yale tries to give to the world. Harvard tries to give an institution to men, to give them a place where they can develop themselves and work out their own character. Harvard's principle recognizes more fully the difference in men. It has far less possibilities, and is based on a great confidence in human nature."

Trouble seems to be brooding over Yale. We clip the following from the *New York Times*: "Alexander Erskine Duncan, a graduate of McGill University and a

member of the Senior Class in the Yale Divinity School, has decided to withdraw from Yale, and in a day or two will return to his family in Baltimore, Ontario, Canada. He has come to the conclusion that statements made in the lectures of the Rev. Dr. John E. Russell, Winkley Professor of Biblical History, savor strongly of heresy, and says that others in the seminary are of the same opinion. He said to-night: 'I should have left Yale before to-day had I not thought that I had better lay the matter before President Dwight, who has been very kind to me. My reasons for the step I am about to take are now in his hands. I know that it is the policy of institutions of this kind to smooth over difficulties of belief, but I have decided not to take a degree from men who believe in teachings striking at the fundamental teachings of Christianity.' Mr. Duncan declined to state the precise grounds upon which he differs from Prof. Russell, but said that the questions at issue were connected in a measure with those which arose before the Andover Prudential Committee in the case of Missionary Hume. Dr. Russell, he said, took very much the same ground as did Mr. Hume regarding the probation-after-death theory. This, however, was not the exact question at issue. He said also that Prof. Russell's orthodoxy

was questioned last year and the year before. It was no new matter in the school, according to one of the theological students who is in sympathy with Mr. Duncan. Other Professors than Dr. Russell are criticised sharply by those students who think that the school is inclined to be too liberal in its teachings. Prof. Russell, when questioned in regard to the matter, said that he had heard of no dissatisfaction in the Senior Class, and had supposed that the men were unusually well settled in their beliefs. If any dissatisfaction existed it was confined to a small number. Mr. Duncan, of course, was at liberty to go if he did not like what was taught at Yale. 'It is not true,' said the Professor, 'that the Yale Seminary is in sympathy with Andover.'

=Garfield University will soon be established at Wachita, Kansas. The building and grounds will cost \$200,000, of which the town gives \$100,000 in order to have the university located there. This is a sample of Western liberality, and shows that the people of Wachita possess the characteristic "push" of the West. The university will be under the management of the Disciples of Christ..

=The Sophomore girls of Iowa College have immortalized themselves by coming out in a uniform of dark blue cloth, stitched in red

silk, made up with plaited skirts and Norfolk blouses belted in, the belt-clasps bearing the figures '88 caps of the same blue, with red silk tassels, complete the suit.

=The gift of Andrew D. White of a valuable historical library to Cornell is to be followed up by the erection of a large library building by the University authorities on the site of the signal station. The building will cost several hundred thousand dollars, and will be one of the most complete structures of its kind in the country.

=It seems to be a settled fact that a new Catholic University is to be established at Washington. The following cable dispatch from Rome to the Baltimore *Sun* explains itself: "As anticipated, the Pope to-day approved the plan of the new Catholic University which is to be situated in Washington. By his instruction, the Secretary of the Propaganda waited upon him with a brief, fully, heartily and emphatically endorsing the project. In the matter of location as in other respects, the Pope confidently defers to the judgment of the Bishops, and places the institution directly and forever under the sole jurisdiction of the American hierarchy. In all the terms of the brief are used enthusiastic terms of endorsement in the same spirit as the language of the Pope on the occasion of the private

ption to the Cardinals after Thursday's consistory, namely: "This is the pride of our pontificate and the glory of the church in America." The brief will be signed by the Pontiff next week. Bishops Ireland and Keane are delighted at this manifestation of cordial approval, and will leave for America as soon as the brief is received."

=A Latin lexicon containing a history of every word in the language, beginning with the earliest records and including the ecclesiastical writings of the Middle Ages, is being prepared by several noted scholars, headed by Herr Hofflin, of Munich. It is expected that this tremendous work cannot be completed in less than twenty years.

=The statement that "among the positions of honor and honorable success in life, the per cent. of college graduates who gain them increases in proportion as the office or place is higher or more important," is supported by the following: House of Representatives, thirty-two per cent. college graduates; United States Senate, forty-six; Vice-Presidents, fifty; Speakers of House, sixty; Presidents of United States, fifty-five; Associate Judges of Supreme Court, seventy-three; Chief Justices of Supreme Court, eighty-three.

=The annual boat race between

Oxford and Cambridge Universities, took place March 26, over the usual place on the Thames—a distance of four miles and two furlongs—and was won by the Cambridge crew. Before the start betting was fifteen to eight in favor of the Cambridge.

=Of the 333 colleges in America, 155 pronounce Latin by the Roman method, 144 by the English, and 34 by the Continental.

=For some time past there has been talk of establishing a college for young women at Princeton, and recently the promoters of the plan met together and elected the following Board of Trustees: The Rev. W. H. Green, the Rev. E. R. Craven, the Hon. T. N. McCarter, of Newark; the Rev. C. W. Hodge, the Rev. F. L. Patton, of the Princeton Theological Seminary; C. A. Young, W. A. Packard, the Rev. J. O. Murray, and Allan Marquand, of Princeton College; the Hon. A. N. Van Fleet, Vice-Chancellor of New Jersey, and Cortlandt Parker. The new institution will open next September. There will be two courses—the collegiate department and a preparatory department. Requirements for admission to the collegiate department will be the same as those of Princeton College. The college building is situated about a mile from the centre of the town and

some distance back from the main street, from which it is secluded by a beautiful grove, and is otherwise admirably adapted to its purpose. The interior is handsomely finished in modern style, with hard-wood floors. The classrooms, library and dining-room are large and well-ventilated, and the sleeping rooms are carefully arranged, with every attention to sanitary requirements. All the studies of the Freshman and Sophomore years except Greek will be required. In the two higher classes the regular course may be modified by lectures. An advanced course in the French and German languages, and literature, may be substituted for Greek, and other changes made, as in the lecture system of Princeton College. Opportunities have been made for the study of music, art, and modern languages, with conversation in French and German. The Rev. J. H. McIlvaine is the Principal of the new institution, and instruction in the various studies will be conducted by the Professors of Princeton College.

=HAMPDEN SIDNEY COLLEGE, Hampden Sidney College Post Office, Va.—The college is a Presbyterian institution that was established in 1776. There are seven professors and about one hundred and twenty-five students. Almost all of the students take

the classical course of prescribed studies. Women are not admitted. A theological school and preparatory school are in the immediate neighborhood and are managed in sympathy with the college.—*Ex.*

=KENYON COLLEGE, GAMBIER, OHIO.—Kenyon College has nine professors and about sixty students. There are two courses, the classical and the philosophical, each composed wholly of prescribed studies. A theological seminary is connected with the college. A stone building for the library has been erected recently. Kenyon is the most important Western institution belonging to the Protestant Episcopal church.—*Ex.*

=HANOVER COLLEGE, HANOVER, IND.—Hanover was founded in 1833 and is controlled by the Presbyterians. Women are admitted. In the college department there are six professors and about ninety students. There is also a preparatory department.—*Ex.*

=UNIVERSITY OF WOOSTER, WOOSTER, OHIO.—The University of Wooster is a Presbyterian institution. In the collegiate department there are fourteen instructors and, including women, about two hundred and fifty students. Degrees are conferred

arts, philosophy and literature. There is a large preparatory department.—*Ex.*

=JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY, BALTIMORE, MD.—The Johns Hopkins University is best known because of the prominence it gives to post-graduate study. Yet there are also undergraduates. There are usually about one hundred and seventy-five post-graduates, one hundred undergraduates and forty or fifty special students. There are forty-three instructors. The institution is only ten years old, and its almost immediate advance to the front rank was due to its great wealth and intelligent management.—*Ex.*

=UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS, LAWRENCE, KANSAS.—In the college department of the University of Kansas there are about two hundred students, one-third being women. Degrees are conferred in arts and in science. There is great freedom in choice of studies after the sophomore year. There are also normal, law, pharmacy, music and preparatory departments. The institution is under the management of a board of regents appointed by the Governor of the State, and receives its financial support from the sale of university lands and from appropriations made by the Legislature.—*Ex.*

=DE PAUW UNIVERSITY, GREENCASTLE, IND.—De Pauw University was founded in 1837, and until 1884 was known as Indiana Asbury University. Schools of theology, law, music, fine arts, pedagogics, military science and horticulture have recently been established. The university was recently endowed by W. C. De Pauw, and \$84,000 have been expended on grounds, buildings and apparatus. The college department has four courses of study and is called the Asbury College of Liberal Arts. The college has thirteen instructors and about two hundred and fifty students. There is also a preparatory department. Women are admitted to all departments. Tuition is practically free. The aggregate number of students in all departments is six hundred and eight.—*Ex.*

=CORNELL UNIVERSITY, ITHACA, N. Y.—Cornell has about sixty instructors and six hundred students. The studies are largely elective. A majority of the students are candidates for degrees in arts or philosophy or science; but there are over two hundred in the courses in architecture, engineering, and agriculture. The university was incorporated in 1865 and opened in 1868. It is not a sectarian institution, and it is not in any strict sense a State institution; for New York's share

of the Congressional land grant for agricultural colleges is not the principal part of the university's support, and the Governor and other public officials who have seats as trustees are the minority of that board. The university campus is one of the finest in the United States. Its chief beauties are the walks, drives and trees and the view over Lake Cayuga.—*Ex.*

=COLUMBIA COLLEGE, NEW YORK, N. Y.—Columbia College is one of the wealthiest institutions in the United States, and also, if the students in all departments are counted, one of the largest. There are one hundred and five instructors and about fourteen hundred students. The school of arts has about two hundred and fifty students; the school of political science, about seventy; the school of mines, about two

hundred and fifty; the school of physicians and surgeons, about five hundred; and the law school, about three hundred and fifty. The last two are in the front rank of professional schools. The school of mines was established for the especial purpose of giving instruction in studies pertaining to mining, but other lines of work have been added, and now the courses cover almost all branches of science. It has for twenty years been the prominent undergraduate department of the college. The school of arts, founded in 1754, and for many years the only department, is now growing in favor, and it has recently been reinforced by the founding of the school of political science. Columbia has always been under Protestant Episcopal control, but the denominational bias is not noticed except in the school of arts.—*Ex.*

COLLEGE RECORD.

STEPHEN B. WEEKS.

—Mr. Gabriel Utley, an old resident of the village and a brother of Mr. Foster Utley, died in March.

—A revival was carried on not long since at the Baptist church by Rev. E. S. Alderman and we are glad to say with happy results, several of the students professing faith in Christ. Towards the end of March Mr. Alderman resigned his pastorate here and is now in Louisville, Ky.

—The winner of the Phi. debater's medal this year was St. Clair Lester, '87. S. M. Blount, '90 received the declaimer's. The medals were not decided by an election but by a committee which consisted of Professor Winston, Col. W. H. S. Burgwyn, of Henderson and C. B. Aycock, of Goldsboro.

—The Senior class will have its class day on May 2d. The officers are: Orator, Claudius Dockery; Historian, Haywood Parker; Prophet, H. R. Starbuck; Poet, J. T. Burwell; Marshal, C. F. Smith. [This was the programme, but the "no holiday" of the Faculty has nipped the play.]

—March 22d, Prof. Ralph H. Graves delivered a lecture entitled "X+Y." It was a sketch of the rise and progress of the study of Mathematics and the physical sciences from the days of Aristarchus to Hipparchus.

—There have been some 200 books recently added to the libraries, many of them new and valuable. The reading room is frequented much and with a few exceptions the conduct of the students is very good, but a few will forget all the rules of decency, propriety and honesty and cut out the pictures from *Puck* and *Judge* when it is intended for them to be bound and placed in the library, a few carry off some of the dailies and some a magazine or two. This ought to be stopped. The room is open all day to all and this very confidence placed in the students ought to command respect. If it gets none it will be necessary to open the room only at certain hours and employ some one to keep the files. This will be a cost to the University and inconvenience to the students, so let us respect the room as it should be.

Methodist Church.—The work on the new Methodist church has commenced in earnest and the pastor Rev. J. R. Griffith, hopes to have it done by next November. He is a man of energy, pluck and perseverance, and we wish him all success. This church will be for the whole State and not for this village alone and for this reason it is the duty of all North Carolinians to help in its erection. The people of the State make use of it in person of their sons and so send in your contribution at once and if the pastor writes you don't send him about twelve pages of foolscap saying why you *can't* and that you *would like* to give but send your check for five dollars and it will do both parties a far greater amount of good.

Italian Class.—A class has been organized in Italian and Professor Schmidt is the teacher. This is perhaps the first class of the kind in the State, certainly at the University. We are nearly a hundred years old and it seems to us that it is about time for us to make some progress in regard to the modern languages, until two years ago they never had any showing at all and now the University, thanks to a niggardly, ignorant Legislature, is too poor to make an appropriation of twenty dollars for instruction in Italian from

now until June! We know of three or four men who are studying Spanish privately, simply because they have no one to instruct them. This sounds rather humiliating to a "*Tar Heel*," to a son of the "GRAND OLD NORTH STATE." If it is our good fortune to secure in 1889 a Legislature with one grain of common sense, and if in the meantime we can get clear of a few hundreds of the cranks who are groaning under the onerous tax of *eight cents* on the one thousand dollars of property in the State we may be able to present to coming classes the beautiful Castilian language and the smoothly flowing Italian as well as French and German.

Col. Saunders.—The Philanthropic Society was recently the recipient of a life size portrait of Col. William L. Saunders, Secretary of State, presented by himself. The picture is done in oil and W. Garl Browne, of Washington, D. C., is the artist. Col. Saunders is a member of the class of 1854, and hailed from Orange county, N. C., studied law and practised in Salisbury until the war began when he entered the C. S. A. as a private and rose to the rank of Colonel, having received two severe wounds. After the war he planted in Florida until 1870, and then became editor of

the *Wilmington Journal* and in 1876 of the *Raleigh Observer*, was appointed Secretary of State on the death of Maj. Joseph C. Englehard in 1879, elected in 1880 and re-elected in 1884, is Secretary of the Board of Trustees of the University and is untiring in his devotion to his Alma Mater and to his Society. May he live long and prosper.

Shakespeare Club.—The meeting of March 16th was largely attended, many ladies being present.

The comedy of *Merchant of Venice* was discussed by the following:

Burwell—Shylock compared with Barabbas the Jew of Malta.

Wilkinson—Antonio.

Johnson—Remarks on Portia.

McAlister—The two Portias.

Baker—Portia, the ideal woman.

Dr. Battle—Why a young girl could impersonate a judge.

Davis—Remarks on Portia.

Dr. Hume—Contrasts of characters. The high and low love represented.

Professor Winston addressed the Club on March 30th, his subject being Iago vs. Goethe's Mephistopheles.

WEDNESDAY, April 6th, 1887.

Dr. Henry E. Shepherd, of Charleston, S. C., and Mr. T. B. Kingsbury, of Wilmington, N. C.,

were elected honorary members. On recommendation of the Executive Committee, it was agreed to have associate members. Mr. E. P. Mangum was elected an associate member.

The subject for April 20th is Shakespeare's Sonnets.

Midsummer Night's Dream was then discussed.

Parker H.—The dreams within the dream.

Davis—Helena.

Hester—Bottom.

Dr. Shepherd—The practical points of the play and upon invitation suggested some excellent lines of study on the Sonnets.

Dr. Manning—Encouraged Club in its work.

Professor Winston—The Purport of the Drama—and how acted on German stage.

The Club adjourns after one more meeting.

The Secretary read a criticism of Mr. E. P. Mangum on the *Fairies*.

University Lecture.—March 26th, Professor Eben Alexander delivered the "University Lecture" for the month and his subject was "Mythology and Folk Lore." He discussed carefully some of the various myths and fables which we hear in every day life, showing how they at first had a real meaning, and that this was

gradually lost and forgotten. Then he took up some of the most prominent features of Greek and Roman mythology, traced them back and showed them to be not only the common inheritance of the Aryan races but also of the world, that at first they explained and referred to the forces of nature, then lost their original ideas and came to have a literal meaning; and that this was not due, as Max Mueller thinks, to a disease of language, but to a method of thought which is common to all races. He showed how efforts had been made to identify Napoleon with the sun god Apollo, how in future Gladstone would be shown to be a myth, and then went into an inductive argument to show there was no such person as Zeb. Vance. The lecture was very interesting and instructive, and at times highly amusing.

Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society.—The March meeting was presided over by Prof. Holmes. Forty-seven present. The Secretary read a paper presented by Dr. H. Carrington Bolton on

SEPULCHRAL AND PERPETUAL LAMPS

(previously published in a foreign journal). This paper outlined the history of the belief in ever-burning lamps, and gave many of the most noteworthy legends concern-

ing them. The wide-spread and persistent nature of this superstition were pointed out. Some of the ancient recipes for the fluid and wick to be used in these lamps were mentioned. A list of authorities in the controversy concerning them was also given, and some of the suggestions offered in early times explaining such perpetual combustion.

A NEW TEST FOR IRON

was then described by Dr. Venable—one stumbled upon by him in the course of his class-work. A solution of Cobalt nitrate in strong hydrochloric acid is blue. The addition of a small amount of ferric salt changes this to green. This test is distinct for $\frac{1}{100000}$ of iron. Ferrous salts do not give it. It is especially useful for detecting iron in strong acids.

Dr. Phillips read the first of a series of articles on

THE CHANGES IN BOTTLED SAMPLES OF ACID PHOSPHATE.

The sample was taken from the pan just before dumping, closely bottled, cooled, and examined at once, and for twelve consecutive weeks thereafter. Besides the ordinary ingredients, free phosphoric acid was also determined, and the phosphoric acid present as mono-caleric phosphate. Tables were given showing the changes in soluble, insoluble, reverted and free phosphoric acid.

The members present asked Dr.

Phillips several questions as to his investigation.

There was also exhibited a specimen of the Lenoir county

MAD STONE,

received from Mr. Donald MacRae, Wilmington. Dr. Phillips said that the stone, in its ordinary condition, absorbed 27 p. c. of its weight of water, and this might account for its virtue as a madstone.

MEAN ANNUAL TEMPERATURE OF THE SEVERAL REGIONS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

In this paper, by Prof. Holmes, the temperatures of a number of stations located in different parts of the State were presented, and now the following averages: Coast Division, 61° F.; Eastern Division, $59^{\circ} 5'$; Middle Division, $59^{\circ} 6'$; Piedmont Division, 57° ; Mountain Division, $52^{\circ} 6'$. The annual temperature at Smithville, averaged from 28 years of observations, was given at 65° ; at Chapel Hill, 33 years observations, 59° ; at Asheville, 11 years observations, 54° . The highest temperature on record at stations in the State are: At Raleigh, 88° ; and at Chapel Hill, 105° in 1868. The lowest on record are: Lenoir, -16° , December, 1880; and Murphy, -16° , January, 1877.

Sixteen Strong.—On Tuesday, March 15, a few of our students

assembled to discuss the propriety of organizing a minstrel troupe, and those present were so enthusiastic that they determined to give an entertainment on the following Thursday evening; so after two rehearsals, they performed before a crowded house in Natural History Hall, and the following is their programme:

- (1.) Overture—Medley, by troupe.
- (2.) Jokes, by End Men.
- (3.) Solo, by Hester.
- (4.) Dance, by Battle W. S., and Winborne and Hackett.
- (5.) Song, by Battle G. and W. S.
- (6.) Sermon, by Hackett.
- (7.) Recitation, by Wilson J.
- (8.) Mock arrest and trial, by End Men and Eure.
- (9.) Banjo, by Hogan.
- (10.) Chorus, by troupe, who march off stage.

II.

- (1.) Song, and Jokes by End Men and Interlocutor.
- (2.) Shuffle, by Winborne.
- (3.) Duet, by Battle G. and W. S.
- (4.) Banjo, by Hogan.
- (6.) Shaving scene, by Winborne, Hackett, Eure and Wilson, J.
- (7.) Mock Shakespeare Club.

The whole troupe participated in the act of Julius Cæsar, which had been previously discussed by the Shakespeare Club. Wilson (as Secretary Grissom) nominated for President, McDonald (as Dr. Hume), who in turn appointed him Secretary. End Men: Same

old quill Hume and Grissom, running Shakspeare Club. McDonald thanks the Club for this *unexpected* honor. Hackett (Dr. Phillips) moved that we consider the play of Julius Cæsar. Long (as H. Parker), Hackett (as Phillips), Hester (as Winston), and Scott (as McDonald) discussed the various characters, each mimicing well his own man.

Behind a thick coat of blacking, every one exhibited his talents, cheek, etc., and all present will testify that they spent a pleasant evening, and are indebted to the actors for their efforts, which do not go unappreciated. Proceeds to the Shakspeare Club. The troupe appeared in Chapel Hill Easter and the proceeds went towards buying costumes for its members, who will show in Durham, April 29, for the benefit of the Methodist Church.

List of Amateurs—Hester, Grissom, and Shaw A. B., stage, door and floor managers; McDonald, Interlocutor; Scott, Bones; Williams, Tambo; Wilson J., Battle G., Battle W. S., Winborne, Parker F., Hackett, Long, Edgerton, Green, Cates, Hogan, Eure, Braggaw, Smith K.

Y. M. C. A.—Mr. H. O. Williams, the State Secretary employed by the Executive Committee of the Y. M. C. A. of North Carolina, was with us March 19

and 20. We regret that he could stay no longer. He had visited Charlotte, Asheville, Davidson College, and other points in the State, before coming here, and was then to visit Durham, Raleigh and New Berne. His work has met with success; in Charlotte by his efforts, nearly \$1,200 was raised to employ a General Secretary, and \$4,000 was subscribed towards erecting a ten-thousand dollar building. On the Saturday night spent here he made an informal talk to the Association and students generally, on the need of personal work, and on Sunday evening, in the chapel, he sketched to a general audience the fourfold work the Associations are doing in the physical, intellectual, moral and spiritual world. His words were deep and earnest. He also made a plea in behalf of the Association here, asking the ladies help in fitting up it shall. This is much needed; a carpet, a chandelier, papered walls, and a better arrangement of benches, would do much towards increasing the attractiveness of the hall. The ladies have promised to assist in decorating and adorning.

Not long since President Battle kindly loaned the Association the use of the organ belonging to the University. Mr. Harry Darnall, class '90 is the organist, and with an increase in the quantity and quality of the music, the attendance has increased.

The Association sent a delegation of four to the late Convention at Raleigh, April 1-3. They were J. M. Curtis, D. J. Currie, H. L. Harris and Stephen B. Weeks. They report a pleasant and successful meeting. There were about thirty delegates in attendance, representing three college and seven local Associations. Mr. Williams was there, as were E. T. Dadmun, General Secretary for the Norfolk (Va.) Association; R. E. Turner, editor of *The Christian Voice*, Norfolk, Va., the official organ of the Virginia Associations and now of our State also, and A. M. Ingham, of Brattleboro, Vt., who is to be the General Secretary for Charlotte. The meetings were held in the First Baptist Church, and many of the delegates were enthusiastic and earnest. Three hundred and fifty-nine dollars was raised for the State work for the present year, and the vacancies in the Executive Committee were filled.

The opening address was made by Rev. Robert Strange, pastor of the Church of the Good Shepherd, and was replied to by Rev. W. R. Atkinson, of Charlotte. The members of the Ladies' Auxiliary, gave the delegates a very warm reception at the Association rooms the evening of their arrival. A supper of ice-cream and cake, together with other articles of a more substantial character, were served and were enjoyed by all present.

Steps were taken to raise money for employing a General Secretary for the Raleigh Association, and \$384 was raised on his salary.

The earnestness of Dadmun, Ingham, Williams, E. L. Harris, and others, had a good effect, and the delegates went away from there fully determined to do more in the Master's service.

We were pleased to see the great improvements in the Raleigh Association. It has come out with new life, and has a long career of usefulness before it. New rooms on the second floor of a new building on Fayetteville street have been secured and nicely fitted up. One is used as a reception room, one as a parlor, and the other as a gymnasium. The Association is much indebted to the active, earnest Christian ladies of the city for their present comforts. We shall be very glad to see the ladies of Chapel Hill come to our assistance here, as they have promised to do.

Henry Asbury Wilson, a member of the Freshman class departed this life in room No. 13, Old West Building at half past six o'clock, Friday evening, March 18th, was from Yadkin county, and eighteen and a half years old, had been sick a few days of a cold and was improving when a sudden relapse brought on congestion of the lungs and this soon carried him off. He was a bright boy, a

good student, very quiet and well-behaved in his manners, and no one had any fault to find with him. He had professed a faith in Christ only a few days before, and perhaps our Father in mercy took him while he was pure and unspotted by the sins of earth. His death was unexpected, and for that reason should be the greater reminder to us that ever in life we are in death.

The Societies met and passed resolutions of respect and appointed an escort to accompany the body home, the Di. (of which he was a member) sending C. P. Robinson, '90, the Phi., C. D. Bradham, '90.

Funeral services were held in the chapel. The coffin, decked with flowers, was borne in by six of his class-mates—Collins, H. Shaw, and Miller (Phi.), Bellamy, Redfearn, and Valentine (Di.) The choir sang "I Would Not Live Away," Rev. Joseph R. Griffith offered a short prayer, and Dr. Hume read the Bible. After the exercises were finished the Faculty and students followed the cortege to the depot, and there took their last farewell.

Dr. Hume read I. Cor., chapter 15, and then said :

"It seems to have fallen to my lot to say just one word here, but it is a word of hope and comfort for us. 'The righteous hath hope in his death:' there is none right-

eous, by nature—no, not one; yet there is a perfect merit in the Lord our righteousness—the Savior and Elder Brother of man. We feel as if we could stand, as if we were righteous. And to-day we can plant a flower of immortal hope on the grave of this our fellow-student.

"It was my pleasure to see him a few days ago, when we had no thought of death. I said to him in a natural way: 'I suppose you take the opportunity to think while you are lying here? It is a blessed chance. The Lord sometimes lays us aside so as to allow us to think, and to speak to us in that still small voice.' He said he had intended to go to his home soon, and ask his uncle (who is a minister) to baptize him and introduce him into the church, for he thought he had a Christian experience. It was a perfectly joyful and hopeful interview. And so it is a great comfort to feel that this young man is laid aside, leaving this legacy of a young life lived in faith and love, and of words charged with a strong purpose to serve his God. My friends and students, it is a sudden stroke. Let us 'Hear the voice of the rock and of Him who hath appointed it.' God has come into the midst of us. His steps have been heard several times recently. We have had many reminders that He would speak face to face with our

souls. Let us not defeat His merciful severity. But let us remember, that as the ancients thought that the ocean surrounded the earth, so His eternal invitations and influence surround us all the time. May we listen to this voice, the message of this silent face, cold in death, more eloquent than any words of mine; and may we be won to Christ.

"We send out our Christian sympathy to the widowed mother and children of the household. We do not believe our friend's education has ceased. No; in the

school of Heaven, his Eternal Father will teach him. I remember how honorable and gentle he was; how his upturned face shone bright and always responded in advance. How often he would come, with modesty, to ask some question and get fresher information! God has him now, we trust, and is making him wiser; and through the great teacher, Death, he is learning in these few hours of eternity more than all our earthly philosophy can bring us for years to come here."

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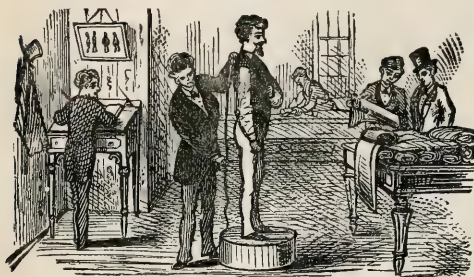
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SUNDAY IN TWO CITIES.

Travel abroad and in other States convinces one that the Sabbath is observed nowhere with more punctiliousness than in North Carolina. The regulations of society compel men in a measure to abstain from work, and the day is spent in rest and quiet if not in devotional exercise. Public opinion and the laws of the State demand its recognition.

Imagine, then, the feelings of a young Tar-Heel, never before outside the boundaries of old North Carolina, where obedience to the fourth commandment is taught

to be a matter of necessity and not of choice, when he lands early Sunday morning in the great city of St. Louis. Like a new legislator when he first goes to Raleigh, he wishes to see the sights the first thing. With this in view, having no definite plan, he boards a street-car with the intention of riding out five cents. Miles of crowded streets are gone over; busses, drays, cabs and hurrying men rush past; collision every moment seems imminent; accidents are always just on the point of taking place; while the eye grows weary of look-

ing, and the ear becomes deafened by noise. Our hero rides to the end of the line, where a transfer ticket is given him, and he finds he is still entitled to a second ride on another line twice as long as the first.

After paying fifty cents to ride a mile in Chapel Hill, he feels as if acting the dead-beat by taking all his nickle had paid for; so he alights at the entrance of the Zoölogical Garden and enters on paying twenty-five cents. Here he sees more animals, elephants, monkeys, lions, tigers, parrots, etc., than are exhibited in four shows like John Robinson's. Ladies and gentlemen, nurses and children parade the graveled walks, admire the graceful swans swimming on the artificial lake, and the little fishes darting after crumbs beneath the surface; tempt the bears with biscuits and feed the monkeys with apples. All seem to be out on a pic-nic listening to the music of the band.

In search of further adventure, we find him presently gazing in open-mouthed wonder at the most imposing edifice in the city—the Exposition Building. The stream of people continually pouring in the entrance attracts him, and soon he finds himself within the great hall. A group of preachers and a picked choir sit on the stage in front of a wonderful organ with three different rows of keys and

as large as an ordinary dwelling house; the parquet, dress circle and galleries are crowded with men, women, and children, while from the highest point of the convex ceiling hangs a bouquet of electric jets, shedding a dazzling brightness over the sea of humanity below. A brilliant scene it was. After a prayer and hymn, a tall, lank, sun-burnt man arose and began to talk. He proved to be none other than the original and only Sam Jones, of Georgia. He seemed to be kind o' feeling his audience as if to find out what sort of stuff it was made of at first. But he found out pretty soon, and then he tightened up his armor, pushed up his sleeve, and opened his revival battery on the sinners and back-sliders of the congregation. His shots flew wide of the mark at first; but as the firing grew faster, his aim became more steady and began to tell. The applause was now loud and frequent, roar after roar of laughter would answer his slightest sign, his backwoods slang and rail-splitting gestures were too much for the dignity and prejudice of those who had come mostly from curiosity to hear him. All boisterously expressed their appreciation. Then he changed his tactics; he pitched into the sinners with gloves off; he dealt them sledge-hammer blows on top of the head till the hardest shell was cracked, the

blindest eye could see, and all began crying for mercy together. Every drop of Methodist-shouting blood was aroused in our hero, and being able to stand the pressure no longer, and afraid to display his enthusiasm before so many people, he went for the street on a run, convinced he'd seen the biggest show in all St. Louis. Outside the news-boys were selling papers, the postmen carrying the mails, masons laying brick, carpenters building houses, fakirs inviting purchasers, and the stores open and selling. Bar-rooms stood temptingly at every corner; entering one, our best Sunday-school boy in North Carolina was conducted through several alleys into a handsome room where men were betting on a horse-race then going on in New Orleans, and discussing a big game of baseball to begin in a few moments between the St. Louis Browns and the Chicago, for the championship of America. Not long after, the crowd adjourned to the grounds. On payment of fifty cents, they enter a large inclosed square, in one corner of which, behind the catcher's stand, stood a large covered building packed with men. About ten thousand people had assembled to see the game. They ate peanuts, bit apples, and yelled themselves hoarse when a good play was made. Although the professionals conducted the game

in a splendid way, and it is very interesting to see a truly scientific game, the presence of so many toughs and a thirst for scenes anew, caused our hero to leave at the third inning. Not more than four blocks away, a brass-band had attracted a large crowd to a tall building painted in many colors and decked with fluttering flags from side-walk to roof. Pay ten cents and you are entitled to see all the sights in the Museum—the fat woman, the skeleton, the monkeys, the performing birds, the missing link, the tattooed girl, the educated dog, the giant, the trunk in which Maxwell's body was found, the man-fish, all claim your attention on one floor; then you are invited down stairs where a stage performance, consisting of songs, dances, tricks, and a farce concludes an hour and a half's entertainment, all for a dime. Our rover now resumes his journey.

When night was closing in over the great city and its lamps were being lighted one by one, he was speeding away towards the far West, then only wrapped in the loneliness of his own thoughts, did it occur to him that the day just passed was the day he had been taught from childhood to honor and keep holy. Sunday seems to get lost in St. Louis. If you have forgotten or have not a calendar handy, you would never know when the day of rest

comes. You could certainly not tell from the appearance or action of those around you. Everybody looks busy, the cars and drays are running, the shops and marts of trade are open, the theatres and places of pleasure attract you as you pass along, and every kind of work goes on as usual. Ask a man what's to-day, invariably he'll tell you the date of the month. The days of the week are not in his schedule. A leading dry-goods merchant closes his store Sundays, and though he neither belongs to nor attends any church, business men call him a religious man.

That there is a brighter side to her Sunday life is not to be disputed. Several splendid churches and many good men are to be found within her limits, but the fact remains that Sabbath-breaking is more honored in the breach than in the observance. This is largely due to her large foreign population. All the "ists" that harrass and conspire against the governments of Europe have followers here. Little do they care for American institutions, and still less for a day of praise and thanksgiving. The Jew goes to his pawnshop, the German seeks his beer-garden, the Swede dissatisfied sweeps the street or cleans out the gutter, the Italian plays his organ or stands at his fruit-stand thinking not at all of the day, intent only on gain. With the Ameri-

cans it is different; they, as a rule nominally at least, observe the Sabbath. And in that part of the city where the handsomest residences are, everything is as beautiful and decorous as one could desire. The foreign element in our large cities is a power threatening our country, and a moment's reflection will bring to our mind the conviction that this unrestricted immigration is a source of great evil, and that it would be wiser for our missionary societies to turn their efforts more toward the heathen at home than to the distant fields of China or the islands of the South Sea.

A fine Sunday morning the Bohemian Tar-Heel turns up again in New Orleans, the Crescent City, the metropolis of the South. The great annual firemen's parade has been arranged to take place to-day. New Orleans take great pride in her fire department. It is entirely a volunteer service; the best men in the city belong to its different companies, and, in fact, it is quite the thing. They have elegant club-houses, and no man has any social position unless he is a fireman. To resume our narrative. The engines, trucks and hose-carts, decorated profusely with the most fanciful and artistic designs of bunting and flowers, form on Canal street, the principal thoroughfare of the city. Troop after troop of men fall into their re-

spective places, each headed by a brass-band or drum-corps, and the line of march begins. To see the procession as it went past a gallery on Magazine street was truly a grand scene. From where it turned into the street the eye could follow it to where it wheeled once again into Canal, one unbroken line moving with even step of brilliantly uniformed men, glittering engines hidden completely in some instances by the floral decorations, proudly-stepping steeds in gorgeous trappings, with hoofs gilded specially for the occasion, embroidered banners and silken flags fluttering in the breeze, while a dense mass of human beings fill the galleries, porticoes and windows overhead and the sidewalks below, making the passage of the procession a matter of difficulty in many cases. Everybody turns out to see it, the descendant of the Spanish grandee, the versatile Frenchman, the dark-skinned Creole, the union of the two, the enterprising American, the delighted Negro, all meet here on common ground. Sunday is not forgotten here—oh, no! It is the day of idleness, recreation and pleasure; the holiday of the week; the day specially appointed for the greatest celebration that takes place in the year. The shops are open, restaurants and coffee-houses are more than usually splendid, the theatre more numerous and

eagerly frequented than on other days; it is the chosen time for military reviews, the inauguration of public buildings and public festivals; the day for excursions, balls, promenades, concerts, and festivities of all sorts. With the Creoles is this especially true. After those hours the church of Rome claims for her service, they devote themselves to the celebration of the day with sport and pleasure. As the business of the day closes, parties begin to assemble with music and song and evening gathers with its votaries of gaming, and dancing, and folly.

No one knows anything of New Orleans life unless he has walked the streets under the glare of the electric lights. If such a term can be used without irreverence, she can boast of being the paradise of gamblers. Starting with the Louisiana State Lottery, which holds the biggest stakes and is the most noted of the gaming combinations, they descend in successive grades till the lowest dives are reached, where negroes play seven-up for a three-cent glass of beer. Royal street is headquarters; some of the most splendid gambling-halls in the world are to be found there. Enter No. 12, denominated "The House," you see four or five hundred men, most of whom are seated at a table placing buttons on cards before them as a man calls monotonously the numbers of little

balls taken successively from a revolving wheel at one end of the hall. This is keno, the most popular game, which you can play for five cents per card. Around the sides are others betting at chuck-a-luck, roulette, and twenty-one. White-aproned waiters are constantly coming in with beer, whiskeys, and wine, in their salvers, which they place before any of the players giving them a sign. Cigars, drinks and ice all to be had at the asking, without thanks or money. A corridor leads you across to No. 18, called "The Senate," where poker and faro are to be found in addition to the games in "The House." The stakes are heavier, the winnings and losses greater, the drinks finer and stronger, the fixtures of the finest wood; everything here has a powerful fascination which wrecks fortunes and lures men to destruction. You go out intoxicated by a small winning and crazed by a heavy loss. Down a little further you come to the dancing halls, the variety shows, and beer garden. Here women, some of them young and beautiful, dancing in semi-nudity, before drunken toughs and rowdies, curse and use obscene language over their glasses with them, and solicit trade as "beer-slingers" for the bar, which is usually run in connection with the stage management.

Pitiable picture this. Woman, sweet type of the angels, degraded

and profaning the Sabbath. W turn in sadness from the prospec

"O, woman, men's subduers!
Nature's extreme! no mean is to be had,
Excellent good or infinitely bad."

While New Orleans has never been called a straight-laced city and though her Sundays are of the continental type, her record shows little crime, and her people are happy and law-abiding. She is free from the socialistic agnosticism which flaunts itself in the face of law and order in St. Louis, Chicago, and Cincinnati. And there are many reasons for the lax observance of the Sabbath. The French influence, the Roman church, the inherited love of pleasure, the custom handed down from father to son, are among the causes. The State of Louisiana has made repeated efforts to force a Sunday law on her, but New Orleans has strength to defeat the rest of the State at the polls, and money and influence sufficient to control the Legislature. There seems to be an inherited disposition in her people to resist any movement tending to interfere with their manner of spending the Sabbath. Though we in North Carolina are behind in many things, we should be content to remain so in this respect, and should feel thankful that the holy Sabbath is still observed among us with quietude and devotion.

Who keep the Sabbath as God commands
does well,
What they that choose their Sabbath do, who
can tell?

ST. CLAIR HESTER.

GLANCES AT OUR ADVANCEMENT.

Standing as we do to-day, at the close of so many centuries of strife and discord, of mad clamor and bloodshed, while the waning light of the nineteenth century is fast disappearing before the glorious dawn of the twentieth, we are tempted to exclaim, "What progress! What are our possibilities?" And when we contemplate the mighty forces that have been subjugated, the startling changes that have been wrought upon the face of nature even in the past few decades, we are lost in amazement.

Nature, with her lofty barriers, has not been able to restrain man from his ambitious designs, but, guided by intellect and the accumulated wisdom of the ages, he has marched proudly on, subduing with a master hand the seeming impossibilities that beset his way. The earth has opened her bosom and laid bare her dazzling treasures; the mermaid's home has yielded its wealth of shell and pearl; the sparkling raindrops now transport the commerce of every land; and even the electric spark has descended from its cloudland home to bear the messages of man.

In all these achievements, in all these wonder-working changes, the people of the United States have

taken a prominent, yes, a leading part. Young though we are in years as a national government, young even in known geographical existence as a part of the globe, still the great lessons from the book of time and human experience have not been written in vain for us. Our sons have read, heeded and gone forward to a higher and nobler plane of thought and action. From the highways of civilization the wisdom of the dim past has been gathered to enrich our store of example and experience. From the catacombs of buried slaves came the echoing wail of millions of fettered souls that had passed their lives in bondage, and exerting its influence upon our institutions has given us a government the noblest the freest the world has ever known.

Our national and material development and our extension of territory have kept pace with the march of time, and now, only one hundred and ten years after our first existence as a national government, the fame of our free institutions and rapid advancement has encircled the earth, exciting the wonder and envy of aged and stagnant kingdoms. We began with a few scanty settlements along the Atlantic coast-line, but

to-day are a mighty nation with a vast expanse of territory stretching from ocean to ocean, and from frozen lands on the north to almost burning lands on the south, embracing more square miles of territory than Rome, "imperial Rome," ruled over in her palmy days, after more than seven hundred years of national growth. And the sound of this mighty nation has gone forth throughout the earth. It has reached the oppressed and toiling millions of Europe, and they are swarming to our shores to share the blessings of liberty; it has gone to the isles of the sea, and they have sent their living contributions; and nations, pausing in the beaten track of forty centuries, are gazing with wonder and amazement on our national growth and national possibilities. Because of this rapid development into great States and Territories, has come this immigration which is even more wonderful than that which overran Europe from Asia in the latter centuries of the Roman empire. From the crowded nations of the East would they come in two endless fleets, eastward and westward, "and the highway is swung between the oceans for them to tread upon."

A few examples of our unparalleled prosperity may be mentioned. A century ago the production of corn and wheat barely

supported the scanty population to-day we produce annually over nine hundred million bushels of wheat. Scarcely fifty years ago our first railway iron was laid, now we have one hundred and twenty-five thousand miles in operation, enough to reach five times around the globe! Now thought is borne on lightning's wings over more than two hundred and sixty thousand miles of wire, while less than half a century ago the idea was ridiculed and pronounced only the dream of a disordered brain. These few examples might be extended to embrace the development of our coal, and iron, and oil, and copper, and gold, and dozens and dozens of other industries, but it is needless. The world knows well our wonderful growth. The most favored portion of Europe increases only one per cent annually in valuation, while we have an annual increase of five per cent. Since 1800 our population has increased over one thousand per cent. In sixty-seven years we have added over two million eight hundred thousand square miles to our territory, thus acquiring possession of four-ninths of North America, or more than one-fifteenth of the entire land surface of the globe!

But why dwell upon the evidences and illustrations of this growth and possibilities of our land? Why attempt to recount

evidences and illustrations of the march of mind and the progress of improvement? The hundreds of instances by which we are surrounded charm though they defy enumeration. They constitute the distinction of the present age and the hopeful pledge for a perpetually progressive future.

The great fundamental cause of all our progress in every channel of thought and department of human labor is that our forefathers had the energy as well as the ability to catch the spirit of true progress, and did not take up the worn-out issues of the dead past. Guided by the free spirit of liberty of our western wilds, with quickened pulse and throbbing heart, they marched forward to success.

Liberty, which is destined to spread its irresistible empire over this whole continent, found the germ for its future development in the hearts of our earliest fathers. This safeguard of races, this ennobler of thoughts, this blessing of blessings, has ever migrated

with advancing humanity from age to age until here in our own land of balmy breezes and waving fields, of rolling prairies and towering mountains has been found a fitting field for its full and complete development.

The past, with all its feuds and follies, stands as an eternal object-lesson to the present. Guided by the accumulated wisdom of the centuries; relying upon the mighty achievements, and the triumphs of inventive genius of the present; inspired with the glorious hopes for the future, what power, what but Omnipotent power, can check our onward march? Through shame and struggle we have passed; in power and glory we shall rule.

"O, 'tis a noble heritage, this goodly land of ours,

It boasts, indeed, no Gothic fame, nor ivy-mantled towers,

But far into the closing clouds its purple mountains climb,

The sculpture of Omnipotence, the rugged twins of time."

W. T. W.

CAIUS CORNELIUS TACITUS.

As it is the office of light to illustrate other things and not itself; so it is with genius and learning. As a rule, the men who have transmitted to posterity the

profoundest maxims, the noblest thoughts, the greatest knowledge of what the world has been, and the most enduring examples of manhood, have given us compara-

tively nothing of their own biographies. The histories of their lives must forever remain unwritten; from the nature of their writings, however, and the condition of the times in which they lived, we may learn something of their character and the vastness of their genius and learning.

Born about the middle of the first century after Christ, it is evident that the childhood of Tacitus embraced a period by no means favorable to the cultivation of the intellect and the development of a good character. Despotie tyrants, filled with vice and crime, had worn the imperial purple till their immorality and base customs had a telling effect upon the whole people. Rome, the famed "seven-hilled city," had extended her arms farther and farther, until she had brought under her sway the whole civilized world. The Republic had just reached the climax of its greatness, and its downfall seemed inevitable. The bitterest poison was instilled into the fountains of learning. The general tastes and desire of the people were below the requirements of a high order of civilization. Voluptuousness and Epicureanism were taught to the Roman youth as the greatest good in life. Literature, science and art were falsely and frivolously taught by debased Grecian instructors. In short, all that tends to lower mankind in

the scale of being reigned supreme throughout the imperial city.

Educated Marseilles the "Athens of the West," and possessing the foresight to detect the wrongs and evils of his day, Tacitus despised all base and meaner things and aspired to something higher and nobler than the general inclinations of his times. No doubt it is partly to these evils and to this turbulent state of affairs, that we are indebted for the matchless wisdom and soul-stirring eloquence of this celebrated historian and orator. For if the truly patriotic heart ever longs for freedom, it is during tyranny and anarchy, and if man ever desires more and better knowledge, it is when the waters of learning have been poisoned. His youth was passed during the reign of the blood Nero; but his manhood experienced a better state of affairs, stronger government and greater prosperity under the succeeding reign of Vespasian and Titus. This prosperity and moderate peace ended in the vice and bloodshed and terror of Domitian. With Domitian also, ended the most serious results of Imperialism and it was the good fortune of the Roman world to enjoy a firm and just government, for the first time since the death of Augustus, when as Tacitus himself expressed it, they enjoyed the rare happiness of a time when the

might think what they pleased and speak what they thought. The age before him had produced Cicero the orator and philosopher and Virgil justly styled the greatest of Roman poets while among the contemporaries of Tacitus, were many illustrious stars in the field of letters.

Notwithstanding the obscurity that hangs over his private life, Tacitus was a distinguished personage in Italy, especially in the literary circles of Rome. The careful student of his writings can but mark the lofty patriotism, noble sentiment, and burning eloquence of his "Germania" and "Agricola." The former, an account of the manners and customs of the early Germans, is of especial interest to us, not on account of anything it tells of Rome, but because it carries us back to the home of our forefathers. Our blood connection with those early Germans is at present very faint; but with what eager zeal do we peruse this famous production, and how our hearts thrill with admiration not only for the free, easy and unrestrained life of that far-away people, but also for the unapproachable genius and talent of the author.

The noble spirit and indomitable will of that fierce and warlike people have perpetuated themselves on the field of history, moulding, at one time, the char-

acter of the mighty kingdom of Great Britain; at another, having crossed the Atlantic, they found a home in the united colonies, and ultimately established the American Republic—an asylum for the oppressed of all lands. In his description of the customs of the Germans, Tacitus compared the hardihood of their lives with the luxury and effeminacy of the Romans. In their poverty, purity and simplicity of life, he saw a rude counterpart of those days of Rome "when consuls drove their own ploughs or roasted turnips on a Sabine farm." There is a prevalent opinion that this treatise was written solely as a satire on the evils, vices and luxuries of the Romans; yet from its conciseness, impartiality, and attention to details, we are forced to believe that the author had some other object in view. What great courage it must have taken to publish such a work at that time, utterly condemning the practices in which a great majority of Romans indulged! He condemned vice *everywhere*; his great love and admiration for the virtues of a people did not render him blind or insensible to their crimes. Of all the German's failings, drunkenness was the greatest. Just as the Gods in Walhalla, it was the supreme joy of these people to spend whole days and nights at the table, and the blood of some

of the revellers was often spilled. This and all other vices among them, Tacitus strongly condemns. The "Germania" is a piece of literature worthy the careful perusal and sincere admiration of all classical scholars.

No greater or more enduring monument was ever erected to the memory of a departed spirit than the "Agricola" of Tacitus, written with the utmost sincerity in commemoration of the manly virtues and deeds of his honored father-in-law. What thrilling emotions rush over us, and how our blood stirs in our enthusiasm and admiration for the laudable life of Agricola. With what tenderness does he describe the days of his early youth, how finely he touches upon the deeds of his manhood, and with what deep pathos does he relate the closing scenes of his earthly career! It is a just and noble tribute to a great and good man.

Tacitus wrote a description of the events occurring between the death of Augustus and the death of Nero, a period embracing 54 years, called "Annals;" but unfortunately the greater and most interesting portion has been lost. He also wrote a "history" chronicling the affairs of Rome from the arrival of Galba in 59 to the surrender of Domitius in 96 A. D. As he was a youth during a part of this period, he retained a good

recollection of the events following the death of Nero, which marked a great convulsion of the empire. As he himself says, it was a "period rich in disasters, fruitful in its wars, torn by civil strife and even in peace full of horrors." But we possess only four books and the beginning of the fifth of this great work. In this "History" are combined the merits of the historian, philosopher and statesman, and it is an excellent specimen of political wisdom. Now and then in his writings, he turns his back upon Italy and indulges in what may be called a romantic story, and in describing the domestic condition of some people. This peculiarity is highly acceptable to the reader as a relief from the never-ending scenes of crime and bloodshed, vice and misery which prevailed at Rome.

There existed between Pliny the younger and Tacitus a most beautiful and intimate friendship. Pliny himself says, "each viewing the other as the ornament of his country, each urging the other to write a history of their age, and each relying chiefly on the genius of the other for his own immortality." The high appreciation of his talents by one of his most distinguished contemporaries is a marked evidence of the degree of estimation in which he was held by those capable of judging his character.

In the age immediately preceding Tacitus, had flourished Livy, who wrote a history of Rome from its first founding to the death of Drusus. The word *historian* means "a patient inquiry into facts and circumstances," and that Livy was not, but Tacitus certainly was. We are acquainted with no historian who wrote in as utter disregard of truth as did Livy. His sole object appears to have been to extol the fame of the Roman people, and to display his own rhetorical powers, while for reliability and impartiality, Tacitus stands preëminent. Livy's histories embraced a period of centuries, and his chief reliance was tradition; Tacitus confined himself to the narrow scope of a few years, and penned every line after most diligent research and inquiry, and even from actual observation. The pages of Livy teem with the description of the gods, and imaginary heroes and myths; but Tacitus records the deeds and actions of living men. Every page of Tacitus glows in oratorical powers, poetical gems and sage-like wisdom. His "History" has justly been compared to that of Thucydides, the famous Greek historian, for the accuracy, veracity and impartiality of whose writings critics, both ancient and modern, have been unanimous in commending. The untiring efforts of Tacitus were directed against Imperialism;

he did all in his power to render the names of Tiberius and Nero infamous forever. His feelings toward the earlier Emperors may be well expressed by the words in which Shakspeare represents Cassius condemning the First Cæsar's usurpation:

"Age, thou art shamed;
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble blood!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than one man?
When could they say till now, that talked of Rome,
That her wide walks encompassed but one man?
Now is it Rome, indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say
That there was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his State in Rome,
As easily as a King."

The style of Tacitus is graphic and often sublime. His literary excellence is universally acknowledged, while as a teacher of morality he exerted a wholesome influence upon his own and succeeding ages. Great was his power of depicting character and penetrating into the minds and hearts of men. The unprejudiced reader, overcome by the force and beauty of his language and his admiration for virtue, will not criticise his accusations of the Cæsars, no matter how severe they may be.

Judging from the study of his works, one would regard Tacitus as a grave and sarcastic personage; yet

this would be unjust. Pliny's great affection and admiration of him, and the tenderness and pathos with which he describes the life and death of Agricola, are sufficient proofs to convince us that he was not harsh and sarcastic.

His writings possess a greater affinity to modern than to ancient history, and this may be one cause of their lack of early appreciation. The men of his age were unable to appreciate his productions. Several centuries passed before Tacitus attained his due rank among the noted writers of antiquity. Pliny the younger, and other personal friends duly appreciated his great works, but at the time of his writing, there was a radical change in the nature of literary works; all narrative was assuming a biographical form, and hence the chronicles of the Cæsars, the so-called "Augustan historians" were eagerly read while Tacitus slumbered on the shelf. An order was given by his namesake, if not his remote relative, the emperor Tacitus, that copies of his work should be made and placed in every public library of the empire; but this decree was not executed. Besides, there was no demand for literature of a high standard, in an age so turbulent for in the last century of the commonwealth, Rome was not educated, refined and great; but only the head of an ignoble empire

extending from the Grampian hills on the North to the first cataract of the Nile on the South and from the Atlantic on the West to the Euphrates on the East. It is unreasonable to suppose that Pliny's deep thought and concise style were advantageous in preserving his works in an age when something shallow and fitful was greatly to be desired. It is a cause of deep regret that we have but few works of many worthless writers of his day almost complete, while at least thirty books of the most reliable Roman history have been lost. Such small portion of his works as we now possess were rescued, by fragments, from decay and after a lapse of fourteen centuries, the world awoke to a sense of his greatness. Since that time he has been almost universally received with enthusiastic applause and his works have been pronounced "one of the grandest efforts of the human intellect." From the sixteenth century he has been consulted as an oracle by politicians and philosophers and many of our modern authors have taken him as their model.

He was a man who revered truth, admired virtue, condemned vice and spent his life in endeavoring to elevate his race; for this reason fame has wreathed him with a crown of immortal glory.

"Quicquid ex *Tacito* amavimus

quicquid mirati sumus, manet
mansurumque est in animis ho-
minum, in aeternitate temporum,
in memoria rerum. Nam multos veterum

velut inglorios et ignobiles oblivio
obruit; *Tacitus* posteritate narra-
tus et traditus superstes erit."

A.

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE.

It is pleasant and profitable to study the life and character of a great man, and much more pleasant to trace the footsteps of a nation or a race of great men. The most important part of European history since the Dark Ages, and the lustre of our nineteenth century civilization, both European and American, began with the Anglo-Saxon race and the various elements that united to form it.

Throughout the history of the Anglo-Saxons we observe just enough of coldness and severity to preserve the bold outlines which identify their race. We find, however, a benevolence and a tender sympathy which have prevented them from becoming at any time a nation of despots, and a social mobility which has enabled them to appropriate and assimilate the choicest fruits of every branch of thought. Grecian and Roman literature and art, and mediæval science, advanced somewhat by the secret processes of alchemy, were eagerly seized and adopted by them. So that many of our po-

litical, social and intellectual superiorities can be traced back to Grecian fires of philosophy, science and liberty, whose shimmering radiance gradually dispelled the dark gloom of ignorance that enveloped the world. Notwithstanding the ease and energy with which former ideas diffused into his race, originality, power of thought and vividness of conception illuminated every subject he touched. In the early stages of their history they were pagans; their love of might, especially their hidden might, led them to fill lakes, rivers and groves with monsters whom they feared, and deities whom they reverently adored had drawn a thread of hope from the tangled web of mediæval life and reflected a beam of silver light across that second long, dark night of barbarism, whose trembling rays disclosed the glories of "that house not made with hands" and revealed the pleasures of refinement and mental activity. Then it was that their virtues became manifest.

It is a notable fact that where ever the Anglo-Saxon has been carried by research, by conquest, or by subjugation, he remains an Anglo-Saxon, clinging to his manners and personal individuality. He has absorbed, as we have said, many of the characteristics, mental and physical, of those he has mingled with, and especially do we find the Norman peculiarities assimilated by him, but the strong elements that have made him so felt by the world remain as little altered as did those of the Grecian in his wanderings.

Probably the most illustrious names that adorn the pages of Anglo-Saxon history and typify its character are Alfred, Cromwell, Wellington, and Washington.

Alfred's beautiful life was almost divine. The simple grandeur of his exalted nature raised him far above his fellow-man upon whose frailties the influence of his life fell like sweet incense from the altar of a new civilization. His character and his great work show him to have been one in whom the statesman, the priest, and the martyr blended in perfect harmony.

The work of Wellington was to concentrate the long developing political power of England and make her pulse throbs felt by the whole world. The fateful field of Waterloo named England the mightiest nation since the Roman

sceptre had swayed a conquered world.

The freedom of the American colonies was not the only treasure with which Washington enriched the cause of justice and humanity; the tide of popular right rolled on in a swelling torrent that threatened to overwhelm the last relic of despotism. The terrific explosions of the French Revolution which poured the vengeful wrath of an outraged people upon the royal family and shook the thrones of tyranny everywhere is universally acknowledged to have been the direct result of American independence. Anglo-Saxon liberty has continued to develop and expand until the crown of England is to-day little more than a piece of historical heraldry floating over a Liberal people.

The name of Cromwell is only in the annals of English history that deserves more of the love and admiration of brave hearts than is generally accorded it. History has named him a traitor yet we can but honor and reverence his stained name for the priceless gift with which he enriched modern thought and character. His last words as he lay waiting for death, are those of a Christian heroic man. 'Broken prayers to God that he would judge him as his cause. *He*, since man could not, in justice yet in pity. The

are most touching words. He breathed out his wild, great soul, its toils and sins all ended now, into the presence of his Maker, in this manner.'

In studying Anglo-Saxon character and history we are apt to underrate it; from constantly associating with it its boldest points lose their force. The further removed from us a man or a deed is the more profound is our admiration of it. There is a mantle of sacredness, even, that shrouds the scenic array of the past; beyond this dimly visible curtain we see in magnificent order the heroic, the noble productions of human intellect and character. We behold it all invested in a glamour of reverence and awe, simply because it is past—simply because we can never reverse the flow of sand in Time's little hour-glass and be borne through the labyrinthian mazes of what has been. Upon the Greek and the Roman this halo of brightness rests with all the grandeur that accumulated centuries can bestow. But the Anglo-Saxon whose whole history we know, who has not had the darkness of antiquity to render him noble, stands out as a living testimonial of his greatness. No minstrel band sings the requiem of his decayed bravery, but the liberty and prosperity which mark his every footstep proclaim his living bravery. No "storied urn" or con-

secrated marble need tell him who he has been; the din of millions of wheels, of vast cities, and the quiet beauty of his fertile farms, all directed by his matchless thought and energy tell both who he has been and who he is. It requires no *Penates* to remind him of his duty to his family; his affections are centered there: high though his political and national aspirations be in the heart of the Anglo-Saxon the hallowed shrine of the hearthstone of home rises high above every ambitious dream that floats around the gilded dome of the temple Fame. His great success is probably more attributable to this race characteristic and its reflexive result than any other. Individuals may diverge but this law is more lasting than marble; it is graven upon human souls.

It seems that the Almighty has chosen this race to spread the "glad tidings of great joy" to the ignorant and benighted of every land and clime.

Africa and the isles of the sea are all aglow with gospel lights kindled and kept burning by Anglo-Saxon missionaries around which the weary and heart-sick may seek rest, sweet rest in "that place which passeth all understanding."

What the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon will be, God in His infinite wisdom alone can know; but,

should his race by reason of self-wrought sins relapse into national depravity and obscurity, still it would bequeath to posterity an

imperishable legacy of truths that would brighten to all eternity.

CAROLUS.

ACTION AND LOVE.

The Jaybird and Redbird went off to the lecture,
In brilliant spring plumage they formed quite a picture.
The sage Bird of Wisdom sat longingly near,
Their converse so witty and charming, to hear.

They said they had come some knowledge to gain,
They looked quite important and fluttered again;
The speaker discoursed on "Improvements" and "Love,"
The Jaybird looked quite knowing, but to hide it he strove.

To convince his fair partner that love is divine,
Jay softly assured her that he had loved *nine*!
" 'Improvement' on this would be pleasing, I trow,
And at *your* feet, Redbird, I earnestly bow."

The wise Bird of Wisdom heard the soft declaration,
It excited his hopes and fired his ambition.
"Well really, now, Redbird, he can't equal me!
To love only *nine*! *I* have loved thirty-three!"

The speaker cried "Action!" to action they flew;
"Well, really, quoth Owl, ' 'tis too much ado."
"Oh, certainly, certainly," the Jaybird responded;
"Oh! oh! how disgusting," the Redbird said, wounded.

Applause for the lecturer now thundered on,
And frightening my Muse, put an end to my song,
And far, far away from the din and the strife
Of "Improvements" and "Love," she flies as for life.

[Those who heard Dr. Lafferty will understand the above.]

EDITORIAL.

E. P. WITHERS.

WAKE FOREST claims 205 students. How many boys have you studying the alphabet, that are entered in your catalogue under the head of "English Literature," and how many have you studying the multiplication table entered under "Mathematics"? Will you answer, Mr. *Student*?

THE printer's devil or some other kind of a devil "turned himself loose" in this department last month. Our editorial on Ireland was butchered, sentences ran into each other, our grammar was demolished, and the whole thing was nearly ruined; and coupled with this the astounding announcement was made that another man got up our matter. Two columns were written by a brother editor, but this was all.

THE mutual complimenting indulged in by some of our exchanges is very ridiculous. Ridiculous from the fact that one compliment is a mere bid for another and this in turn a bait for a third. It is simply the you-taffy-me-and-

I'll-taffy-you principle. For our part, we were in despair until we were severely criticised several times, and learned that we had made two or three "red hot." In one quarter especially we were abused and berated. We have hopes now that we have made somebody mad.

GOVERNOR HILL, of New York, vetoed the Crosby High License Bill in a very able and statesman-like paper. He not only proved its unconstitutionality by showing that it was special legislation, but he showed that in New York and Brooklyn the number of saloons in proportion to the population was less than in the majority of towns, cities and villages of the State. A high license for liquor saloons is but putting respectability on sin, unless this high license law is enforced in all sections of a State. The curse of whisky is bad enough, and in the name of common sense, do not clothe the curse with respectability.

WE HEAR an immense amount

of nonsense about the boom in the New South. As for North Carolina, we dare to make the assertion that there is no boom. On the contrary, we are on anything but a boom. It is true that we have a few towns, as Asheville, Mt. Airy and Durham, that are rapidly growing in wealth and population, but the country, the farmers are in a worse condition than they have ever been in our recollection. Three-fourths of the farmers of this State are heavily in debt and have what land they own heavily mortgaged. Many are in actual want of the necessities of life, and around Leaksville, in this State, many farmers have nothing to live upon. It is a very poor kind of prosperity that enables a few small towns to prosper and a few manufacturers and speculators to grow rich while the great mass of people, especially the farmers, have to battle for a mere existence. There must be a change.

HERE IS SCIENCE for you with a vengeance. Tribe—TabulataCoralia. Family—Favosi tesalveolitesniamilalcpdommoporafoolissimusstreptelasmabustum. Simple, compound sublindrical, polypory, massive, light, globoid, tuberosa, pyriform, conical tap-shaped and elongate. Epithecean, longitudinally bulgibusting tubuloserans projections apparent on the mu-

tually intersecting, reticulated septum interspersed with spongi-ferous, constituentialed, polyparrentiating, superramoscrase can-didistubulous excrescences known as palæontologically-Winchellian bumps containing irregularly tabulated and coruscated epithecæ which in turn ran in rectangulated directions throughout the shell making those delicate colors known as steptelasmazaphrentisian cæruleanated rotistetum amplexuonated shades. In the inner shell is septupluscylindrical operculated opening leading to the Holmesian peripherally regular beak joined to a double-sided heliophystillated hinge which holds the two concave, crescentiated convexitive, extrallamineferous, coming to medialibustiaively bulging centred shells together. The inner layer of the shell is composed of Lithostrotionarium, the middle consists of peculiarly hexagonalitive triple sloping cinquantally laminated pearl, while the outer layer is made of radiated, calcareous carboneto-sulphurium. The shell entire is of an octuplissate, compoundedly twisted, irregularly circled square shape. On the whole, this is a remarkable shell, the description of which is very simple and easily understood.

THERE are two classes of men in college that deserve a passing notice. The first class consists of

men who don't take THE MAGAZINE, but who make it one of their aims in life to sneer at it, ridicule it and injure it in every possible way. The second class consists of those high-minded(?) honorable(?) gentlemen, who honor the MAGAZINE by allowing the editors to send it to them but who never think of paying for it. The first-class can be illustrated by two examples. At the beginning of this session the subscription price was increased from one dollar to one dollar and a half. This was absolutely necessary in order to render the MAGAZINE self-sustaining. A certain gentleman refused to subscribe to it on the ground that it was almost outrageous to raise the subscription and actually made a speech objecting to the literary societies aiding the MAGAZINE, basing his argument on the ground that we committed a sin to raise the subscription. Again a man took, not long since, occasion to utter a terrible anathema against us, abusing the MAGAZINE, denouncing it as worthless, and being extremely windy and gassy the aforesaid gentleman puffed, snorted, reared and charged like some raging bull. This man does not subscribe to the MAGAZINE, refuses to read it and we furthermore venture the assertion that he is unable to write a respectable article on any subject whatever.

As to the second class it is sufficient to say that we have been swindled out of at least one hundred dollars by these honorary subscribers. The editor of this department has always advocated publishing their names and thus exposing them but this has been objected to by our brother editors. We could brand you, gentlemen, as you so richly deserve, and would have done so long ago but for the opposition of the rest of the staff.

THE COMMENCEMENT ORATOR.

The voice of the commencement orator will soon be heard in the land, and in nine out of ten instances poor humanity will dreadfully suffer. The "silver-tongued orator" will spread himself over an immense space, and as he becomes enwrapt and inspired with his mighty subject, his classic eloquence and polished rhetoric will thrill his audience as would the grating shriek of a "squedunk" or the weird wheeze of an expiring whangdoodle.

That new fangled humbug, the college graduate, who imagines himself an orator, will also occupy a great extent of territory, cocked and primed with a speech stolen from a dozen different sources and skilfully put together with which he expects to astonish the world and leap right straight up to the pinnacle of fame. He sweats and

screams, rushes to and fro, tears his hair, chokes and turns livid with eloquence, goes through all the contortions of a jumping-jack and finally subsides leaving one under the impression that he has been listening to a coyote concert on the Western plains. Next comes the "Kurnel," the political demagogue who gladly delivers at every opportunity ear-splitting, hair-lifting speeches on "my country," "Our Forefathers," "The Dear People," etc. This orator abounds in mannerisms, spread-eagleism and various other isms too numerous to mention, he froths with fury and exertion, roars louder than the "bull of Bashan" and reminds you of the fabled Titans who bound at Ætna's base, belched forth at each breath dense black smoke and seething flame. And lastly comes the jewel of them all. Our old friend, the Honorable Windy W. Gasbag, comes upon the stage and amid the plaudits of expectant thousands makes his bow. *He* is the brightest star that has as yet flashed forth in this intellectual firmament and in him is the quintessence of all that is eloquent and beautiful. *He* is swollen almost to bursting with wind and fury. The loudest, deepest roar of the lion is equaled by him as he turns loose upon his hopeless hearers the full power of his bull-voice. *He* became as a storm

king lashed to fury which sweeps everything before it, and his voice sounded like the roar of distant thunder. When this grand orator closed his speech with a magnificent burst of divine eloquence the audience looked as if a cyclone had struck it. And poor Mr. Gasbag after this supreme effort flattened out like the great flabbiesides of a big balloon that has no gas in it. He sizzed awhile, seethed some and finally the internal pressure becoming too great he exploded in a "magnificent burst of divine eloquence" and is no more.

The average commencement orator is hardly the peer of any one of our four examples.

THE AGE OF REFORMERS.

This is an age of Reforms. Every statesman puzzles his great mind to bring forth some measure, some idea that put into execution will win him fame and benefit mankind. Every demagogue wears his small soul with thinking how to win popularity by doing something that, though done with a selfish motive, yet will be for the public good. Every little politician yearns to do something that may have at least the appearance of reform. The two old parties make loud professions and sometimes actually accomplish something. The two new ones

the Prohibition and Labor, seem at present, to be actuated only by desire to reform what they deem great evils. From all this intense longing to reform, it is to be hoped that our laws and our legislation will be materially benefited.

The first great attempted reform is the crusade against mean whisky, bar-room bummers, bar-room keepers, their methods, their power and their influence. Friends of high license, the Prohibitionists, the local optionists, the philanthropists, and in fine nearly all good citizens are beginning to join forces to crush this great and damning evil. The influence of whisky is everywhere apparent. In politics it is a power, a potent agent of corruption, rascality and knavery. A whisky dealer is rarely a gentleman, rarely a thoroughly incorruptible man; his very business makes him lose respect for himself and his fellow-man. By daily contact with drunken wretches, foul-mouthed roughs, thieves and even murderers, all his manhood becomes tainted and poisoned, and he will eventually yield and become as degraded as his customers and associates. Again the evil effect of whisky is seen in the reeling, leering, drunken, almost frenzied wretch who wallows in the mire as a hog or falls stupefied in the gutter and there remains until he sleeps off his stupor. It is seen in the man

of ruined fortune, spent for this fiery liquid; his bloated face and swollen body brand him as whisky's slave. It is seen in the wrecked intellect of a great genius; in his trembling hand, his quivering lip, and his maudlin voice. It is seen in the gambling den, where, in a dispute over cards, a poor, half-crazed creature, wild with drink and passion, sends a bullet crashing through the brain of a fellow-being, and another soul is sent to that unknown shore from which the veil has never been lifted; another black-cap is drawn, another drop is sprung, and another body hangs, writhing in agony, between earth and heaven. It is seen in the grief-marked faces of sorrowing parents, in the pinched, pale face of a half-starved child, and in the hopeless, endless grief of a wife's wrecked life. Everywhere is the trail of this serpent seen, leaving behind blasted homes, blasted hopes, blasted lives, and a blasted soul. Amid the splendor and magnificence of a banquet-hall, the costly wine makes a man witty and bright, sharpens his humor and impassions his eloquence. The bar-room deadens his senses, renders him brutal, quarrelsome and dangerous, and the low den ends his career and damns him forever: We have no conception at first thought of whisky's wonderful power. We pay more for it than we do for all

religious and charitable purposes, together with the money given for education. All our meat and bread-stuffs cost us less than whisky. A river of whisky fifteen feet deep, fifteen wide, and one hundred and fifty miles long, is consumed every year.

Against this dangerous and ever increasing evil a great crusade is commencing. None seems to know exactly what the remedy is, but it will be found and this evil checked.

Another great reform being instituted is the breaking down of the great railroad rings that have so long preyed upon the government and the people. The railroads have been forced to disgorge 26,000,000 acres of public lands, and the end has not come. To-day the great magnates are undergoing the ordeal of being investigated concerning their agents, attorneys and lobbyists' rascality at Washington, and the free use they made of money to influence legislation. Nearly all good men of all parties, creeds and beliefs

are joining forces to crush the great evil.

The new Labor party is certainly making one good move; that is its warfare in many places on Sunday labor. Even if there be no higher movement prompting this movement than a selfish one yet its results cannot be anything but beneficial to both the moral and physical man.

Another great move in which all parties are joining, is the bitter and intense opposition to putting men in high offices who have nothing to recommend them, and who too often gain their positions by bribery and corruption. We already have too many money-bags in the United States Senate, and money has influenced the representatives of the people too much and too long.

These are some of the great movements of the day, all of which if accomplished, will prove great and lasting blessings to our country. May they succeed is the earnest wish of all honest men.

PERSONAL DEPARTMENT.

J. C. JOHNSON.

—Prof. Winston fell on Latin sometime ago.

—C. U. Hill, class '83, is a rising young lawyer in Washington, N. C., also editor of the *Washington Progress*. His partner in the editorship is also one of our old students, W. B. Rodman, Jr.

—Jno. W. Alexander is now with the Simmons Hardware Company, St. Louis, Mo.

—Sterling Ruffin, one of our old students, is in the War Department in Washington City, getting a salary of \$1,200 a year.

—S. L. Scull, class '85, who left here about a year ago a full-fledged lawyer and with the expectation of his father's having to support him says that much to his surprise he is clearing \$40 per month.

—Professor of Greek explaining *hostia*. One of the students, "Oh yes, sir, I know all about that." Professor of G. "Well, Mr. M. I wish you would write a book and explain it. It never has been explained yet."

—"Mr. A. B. Shaw"—"Unpre-

pared." "Bench." The bench unprepared.

—Student of Geology to the Prof. "Prof. this is the only lesson I have seen any sense in or know anything about." Prof. "Well, well, Mr. W. we'll see. Will you please explain what a *cryptocrystallien* is." Student scratches his head for awhile and exclaims, "Oh I can't remember those technical names."

—Class on a Geological tour. Prof. to the class. "Gentlemen this rock you are on now is part of a dike." Bonus punster of the class. "We are all on a dike now." Prof. dismisses the class.

—J. D. Murphy, class '81, was married on April 28th in Greenville, N. C., where he is now practising law.

—We clip the following from the *Daily Tribune*, published at Fort Smith, Arkansas: "Mr. T. S. Osborne was elected city attorney last night. His election gives general satisfaction for he is a young man of promise and ability and will doubtless make an efficient officer." Many will remem-

ber Sam Osborne who studied law here two years ago.

—Herbert Jackson, class '86, is in Raleigh, where he went to take a position in the Treasury Department.

—The corner stone of the new Methodist church was laid Saturday, April 30th.

—Rev. J. J. Lafferty lectured in Smith Hall not long since and entertained a large and appreciative audience with a comparison between the "good old times" and the present days.

—Opportunities of amusement have been numerous lately. The Blind Minstrels also gave us a visit, not long since.

—Commencement draweth on when in harmony with landscape nature, everybody will deck themselves in the colors of Spring and flit forth like the butterfly from the chrysalis. And also with the approach of such a joyous occasion at this there comes another not so joyous. It is the time when the idle student will pore over books grown musty with disuse and will rack their brains to understand things that heretofore their minds dreamed not of. It is the time when the glad wild-notes of the birds will be hushed by the declamations of the Senior and the Rep. These birds will slink away to the bushes and sign a pledge to sing no more till such

sounds cease. Then too the Freshman will begin to be glad in his heart and hold his head three degrees higher than it ever was before for he will soon be a Sophomore. These are glorious days for everybody, and everybody will rejoice in them.

—Kirby Smith Uzzell, B. S. '86, has gone to the West. He was engaged in business near his old home for some months, but in March last went to Garden City, Kansas. He writes that he is much pleased with the place, that it has about ten times as much life, energy and push as any town in North Carolina and that he intends to grow up with the country. He is now in the law office of one of the largest firms in the city, is assisting them and studying at the same time. He is a hard working boy, has pluck and determination and we wish him all success in his chosen calling.

In Love.

The day at last came forth to me,
When to my surprise I met thee
And, indeed, such a happy day
As everything seemed so gay,
Only two miles from Chapel Hill
Where the sacred spot remains still,
Your image from that time to this
Has been to me heavenly bliss.
What magics played before the sun,
I fear that my work is just begun—
Love, you know, is magic power
As it comes at the midnight hour,
When we least expect such a thing,

A little courtin' it will bring;
Now, dear madam, what I must say
Is to-morrow the parting day?
She answered to him in a tone
Ah poor fellow you are not gone!
What makes you such fantastic man
I am as yet to understand.

As your hopes are not firm you know
For to-morrow I'm bound to go,
Though hope you will forever feel
That I gave to you a fair deal.
May peace within you only dwell
Now, my lover, bid you farewell.

— *Written by J. J. Herring, Jr.*

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

CLAUDIUS DOCKERY.

We enjoyed very much the article on "Ireland's Home Rule," in the *Virginia University Magazine* for March. It was a plain discussion of the Home Rule question, as summed up in a sentence by a great Irishman, Henry Grattan, who in his day fought fearlessly and zealously for the rights and liberties of his country. "We have," said Grattan, "on one side, the ocean protesting against separation; on the other, the sea, protesting against union."

* *

We have received the first number of *The Binghamite*, a monthly journal published under the auspices of the Kalesthenic and Pol-emic Societies of Bingham School, N. C. It makes a good beginning, and we hope it will never regret its enlistment in the ranks of journalism.

* *

The grit and firmness of the Oberlin students are soon to be put to the test. Seventeen Sophomores have sworn to wear knee-breeches, and the Faculty, with its accustomed conservatism and sense of the "proper," has forbidden them to appear in them, asserting that knickerbockers are in

the same category as low-necked dresses and short sleeves. The Oberlin Faculty is usually so loath to leave the ways of its ancestors that we are surprised to see it draw the line at knee-pants.—*Exchange*

[We have since learned that eight Sophomore girls are implicated in this same trouble.]

* *

The Free Lance is a new addition to the ranks of college journalism. It hails from Pennsylvania State College. We welcome it among us. For all college journals, the road to success is long and rough is the way, but after reading its salutatory we predict that the *Free Lance* will "get there" all the same.

* *

In the April number of *The Salem Academy* we note a very interesting and entertaining article by Miss Victoria Swann, on the "Songs of the Civil War."

* *

Why women kiss each other is
An undetermined question,
Unless the darlings would by this
Give man a sweet suggestion.

* *

The last number of the *College Magazine* was the best number of

that paper we have seen. The young ladies deserve much praise for their management of the *Message* and the college is to be congratulated on the fact that it has such a representative paper. The *Message* should receive large support, in a material form, from every alumna and friend of the College.

* *

Lovers' Arithmetic.

She was one and I was one,
Strolling o'er the heather,
Yet before the year was done
We were one together.
Love's a queer arithmetician—
In the rule of his addition
He lays down the proposition:
One and one make two.

She and I, alas, are two,
Since unwisely mated,
Having nothing else to do,
We were separated.
Now, 'twould seem that by this action
Each was made a simple fraction,
Yet 'tis held in love's subtraction
One from one leaves two.

* *

The students of the State University at Athens, Ga., have formed an organization called the Knights of Lethargy, which has begun operations by instituting a boycott of certain boarding-houses—one for setting a poor table, another for locking the front door at 9 o'clock, and another for charging boarders for extra meals when they bring company. Says the grand master: "We have a great many wrongs to redress and can now do it. We intend hence-

forth and forever to make our power felt. We will not only boycott hasheries, but also merchant, livery stable, or other person, that refuses to credit a student."—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

* *

Since our last issue we have had a valuable addition to our exchange list in the *Southern Collegian*, from Washington and Lee University. Its literary department is excellent and the other departments are above the average. Its first article, "The Growing Danger," is well written, thoughtful and true. The Disquisition on the Dude is ingeniously gotten up, and the discussion on "A Question of the Day" is interesting and instructive.

* *

"Professor," said a cheeky Soph, "is there any danger of disturbing the magnetic currents of that compass if I examine it too closely?" And the stern Professor, loving his little joke, replied: "No, sir; brass has no effect whatever upon them."—*Ex.*

* *

Justice to our Home Colleges.

Care should be taken lest injustice be done our home institutions of learning by publishing the numbers at colleges abroad without stating how many genuine "college students" are among them. Things "are not always what they seem" in this respect. The cata-

logues of many institutions called colleges by way of courtesy only will show upon examination precious few college students properly so-called. The truth is that there are few if any institutions of learning at the South with longer lists of students than those of our North Carolina colleges. There are institutions without number which report in every instance many hundreds of students, but they cannot in any proper sense be called institutions of "learning." No "learning" is to be acquired by attendance on their exercises. They teach lessons but by no means to "college students." They are, in many instances, not properly to be graded above the ordinary grammar school. Barring the University of Virginia, the Washington and Lee University and perhaps the Tulane University, in Louisiana, of which we know nothing except that it has been very richly endowed, there are no institutions of real learning in the South to be ranked now with our State University. This is a fact which we do not ordinarily appreciate, but it is a fact nevertheless. North Carolina is on an educational boom, so to speak, as well as an industrial boom.

Wake Forest College is a remarkably fine school of the higher order of education. Davidson always has been a most excellent

school, and Trinity is but little behind these two, with a future of bright promise just opening before it. These are all colleges in fact as in name, and their students are "college students" in fact. The two hundred genuine university students at our State University ought never to be contrasted to the disadvantage of North Carolina with the many hundreds of students sometimes reported by institutions outside the State, which may, and probably are found on examination to be, made up largely of those who have gone to school but a few months in their lives, and are barely able to enter the lowest preparatory class. North Carolina papers should be particularly careful to do justice to our University in this respect.—*News and Observer*.

The above needs no comment from us; it explains itself.

* * *

Professor Proctor, in his new book on "Chance and Luck," undertakes to tell the chances of getting heads or tails in tossing a penny. If you toss an hour "heads" will not exceed "tails," or "tails" "heads" in a greater ratio than 21 to 20. If you toss for a day the inequality will not be greater than 101 to 100.

* * *

"In the gymnasium of Corryville is a class of charming young

ladies, about fifty in number, who seek to render themselves more charming by scientific exercise. Sometime ago, in the absence of the professor, they organized a game of foot-ball, and for a time the fun waxed fast and furious. After several goals and touch-downs, one of the girls in her endeavor to give the ball a violent kick, missed her aim, and the result was the loss of six, beautiful, white, pearly teeth, two of which have never been found."

We would recommend to the young lady students of this country, that foot ball is not a suitable game for them; "they ain't built that way."

* *

Never imitate. Be natural. Be yourself. There are none of us but frequently see those who are our superiors in some directions at least. And while it is well enough to attempt to profit by the comparison, it is unnecessary to do so by copying. There is a great, though intangible, difference between imitating a virtue and striving to equal it. Take no man as a model. No man is entirely worthy of being one. True there are a great many men who are your superiors. But you are young yet and will grow. Never admit that you cannot develop into as good a man, as strong a man, as able a man as he who excited your admiration. To do so

is to destroy the last possibility of great achievements. If you make a success as a copy, what of that? Any one can copy. It is he who originates that wins honor. Never imitate! Be natural! Be yourself! —*Ex.*

* *

The graduating class of the Marzellen-Gymnasium in Kolu has been nicely caught. In preparing for the final examination in mathematics, they connected the room in which the examination was to take place with the garret, by means of an old telephone. After the examination was all finished, some one anonymously informed the Faculty that during the examination a special mathematician had been posted in the garret, where, through a hole in the ceiling, he could read the examples on the board. After copying, he solved them and communicated the results by telephone to the students below. Of course the whole examination has been rejected.—*Ex.*

* *

The Brooklyn Magazine.

Mr. Beecher's last contribution to periodical literature opens the April *Brooklyn Magazine*, and proves to be a most vigorous article, giving the great preacher's opinion of dancing, social amusements and tobacco, in a general consideration of "Youthful Excesses and Old Age." The dead

preacher's four last sermons are also printed in the number, and a most eloquent tribute is paid to his memory by the editor. The balance of the number breathes of spring-time, flowers, and Easter. Rev. T. De Witt Talmage contributes a bright "Easter Recollection;" Mrs. M. J. Gorton describes the "Fruits and Flowers of California;" two other writers describe "Spring Time in the Forests" and "The Gardens of Egypt," while poets sing sweetly of budding spring and the carol of birds. A noticeable feature is the reproduction, in the author's own autograph, of the famous poem, "Curfew Must Not Ring To-night," by Rose Hartwick Thorpe, to which hundreds of the admirers of this world-famed song will be attracted. Four bright and entertaining complete short stories are told by Florence L. Snow, Lee C. Harby, and Robert McPhail, and Alfred E. Lee takes us in a most delightful "Journey Through Southern Spain," while Alice B. Busbee describes the life and habits of the famous band of Mus-qu-a-ka Indians now settled in Iowa. A clever glimpse behind the curtain of "Society at Washington" is given by Flora Adams Darling, to which an excellent complement is found in Seaton Donoho's series of "Stories and Memories of Washington." Mrs. Beecher has

her usual "Monthly Talk," and a score or more of other writers assist in making this a most excellent and the best number yet issued of *The Brooklyn*. With the next issue the magazine changes its name for that of the *American Magazine*, when it will be fully illustrated, and its price increased. 130-132 Pearl street, New York.

* * *

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for May opens with an article on "The Development of the Steamship," by Commander F. E. Chadwick of the Navy, in which he traces the rise and progress of steam navigation, and describes the developments in naval architecture from the early efforts of Fulton down to the magnificent ocean steamers down to the present day. The preparation of such a history with the thoroughness which marks this article, was made possible by the International Shipping Exhibition, held at Liverpool in 1886, where was gathered an unequalled collection of models and other material illustrating the history of navigation. The article is accompanied by profuse illustrations, several of which are from instantaneous photographs of the finest modern steamships in motion.

Those whose curiosity has been aroused by the earlier chapters of J. S. of Dale's entertaining novel

ette, "The Residuary Legatee," cannot fail to be pleased with the conclusion which is reached in this number.

The Thackary letters comprising the second instalment of this collection, were written in 1849, when he was engaged upon "Pendennis," and are especially interesting from their frequent allusions to the characters in the novel, and also to Dickens and his "David Copperfield," which was then appearing. These letters are a delightful revelation of the personality of Thackeray, and a most important aid to the proper appreciation of his character.

Prof. N. S. Shaler contributes a valuable paper on the "Forests of North America," in which he displays a rare power of bringing out the picturesque and practical interest of a subject without impairing the scientific value of its treatment. It is written in the same interesting style that marked the author's paper on "Earth-quakes," in a previous number of

the same magazine, and discusses the subject from an economic as well as from a scientific standpoint. Numerous and unusually beautiful illustrations of trees and forest-scenes add to its value and attractiveness.

"Seth's Brother's Wife" continues its masterly pictures of life in Central New York, and still further develops the strong plot that has been gradually revealing itself. Margaret Crosby contributes a short story of Nantucket, in which she has caught admirably the local flavor of the place; and Arlo Bates closes the number with an article on "Words and Music," in which he sets forth and ably defends some striking opinions as to their relations to each other.

The number also contains a poem, "At Last," by Phillip Bourke Marston, with a short biographical note by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton; and shorter verse by Susan Coleridge, Percival Lowell, and Mrs. Piatt.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

CLAUDIUS DOCKERY.

=Lehigh has a professorship of the Theory and Practice of Photography.

=It is said that Professor Max Müller, of Leipsic University, has forty-two titles and honorary suffixes to his name.

=Amherst college is to establish a professorship of Physical Culture with an endowment of fifty thousand dollars as a memorial of Henry Ward Beecher.

=At Harvard, the "first member of the class to whom a child is born in lawful wedlock" receives the "class cradle." At Yale it is a silver cup as it is at Trinity and most other colleges.

=Columbia has over 9,000 graduates.

=Only nine of the five hundred Universities and colleges of this country were founded before the Revolution.

=George W. Childs will present to the West Point Military Academy a life-size painting of General Grant.

=The Cambridge University Boat Club has appointed a committee to make arrangements

with the Harvard University Boat Club for a race between the Cambridge and Harvard crews to take place in America sometime during the month of September.

=Commissioner Eaton says there are 17,000,000 persons in the United States who should be in school.

=The Kent Laboratory at Yale will, it is said, when completed be the finest building of the kind in the country, and will cost \$80,000.

=These are the costs of various college gymnasiums: Harvard, \$110,000; Yale, \$125,000; Princeton, \$38,000; Amherst, \$65,000; Columbia, \$166,000; Williams, \$40,000; Cornell, \$40,000; Lehigh, \$40,000; Dartmouth, \$25,000; University of California, \$15,000.

=The brain of the late Professor Olney, of the University of Michigan, weighed 61 ounces. The average normal weight of the human brain is 49 ounces. Webster's brain weighed 56 ounces.

=Harvard will establish a summer school of athletics designed for teachers. Dr. Sargent's system of physical training will be

taught by means of lectures, examinations, and exercises; to be preceded and followed by a prescribed course of reading. The course will begin on July 6th and continue for six weeks. The cost of instruction will be \$50.—*Ex.*

=In the debate between students of Rutgers and Union in New York city, the representatives of the latter college were the winners.

=Not long since the students at Cambridge University, England, uprooted the tree which was planted there some months ago by Mr. Gladstone.

=In connection with the exercises of commencement week, June 25th and 30th, 1887, the University of Michigan will celebrate its 50th anniversary.

=The students of the University of Pennsylvania have adopted the Oxford cap and gown as a college dress. They take every opportunity of parading through the streets of Philadelphia where they naturally attract a great deal of attention.

=The permanent annual income of the University of Minnesota has been increased by \$40,000.

=The Board of Regents of the University of Michigan have asked for an appropriation of \$146,000.

=So the State of Michigan has practically made three hundred thousand dollars out of her University investment in addition to the fact that it, more than any other of her institutions, has made her name known all over the world!—*Ann Arbor Chronicle.*

=Forty thousand dollars and a million acres of land have recently been given to the State University of Texas.

=The first degree of D. D. was bestowed by Harvard on Increase Mather, in 1692, and the first LL. D. on George Washington, in 1776.

=General Francis A. Walker and Professor Goodwin were among those honored Saturday by Columbia college with the title of LL. D., while Alice E. Freeman, president of Wellesley College, and Professor Child of Harvard were among those who received the title of doctor of letters. D. D. was conferred upon Rev. Phillips Brooks.

=The University of Pennsylvania has a "Book Exchange" through which the students can dispose of college text-books.

=Of the nineteen New England colleges, the buildings, grounds, etc., are valued at \$9,647,500, whilst the ninety-seven Southern colleges have buildings, etc., to the amount of \$8,016,750. The

New England States pay *per capita* for college buildings and endowments \$5.51, and the Southern States \$1.91 *per capita* for the same purposes.

=*The Occident* (University of California) closes an account of a meeting of a literary society with the following: "Upon the conclusion of the programme, college songs were sung, and the audience being by this time thoroughly awakened, departed."

=It is said that a majority of the Michigan State Legislature are graduates of the University of Michigan. No difficulty is ever experienced in passing appropriation bills to increase the income of that State institution.

=The following colleges are expected to send picked companies to compete for the prizes at the National Drill, at Washington, this month: Alabama State University, Iowa State University, Chester College (Pennsylvania), University of Tennessee, and Bethel College. Other colleges may enter their names by the time of the Drill.

=The greatest evil in Southern education, it seems to me, is the fact that we have so many colleges and universities.—*Prof. Charles Foster Smith.*

=The Hasty Pudding Club founded at Harvard in 1795, is

now the leading Senior and Junior society. The origin of its name is as follows: In the year 1795, a member of the class of 1797, who was suffering from ill health, hired an old lady living near by to cook for him regularly some hasty pudding, thinking that this diet would be beneficial. As he seemed to thrive under this treatment, a number of his classmates tried the same experiment, and the "pudding men," as they were styled, met each evening in the room of one of the members, when plenty of hasty pudding was supplied. At first no thoughts of a regular club existed, but later a large and thriving society sprang from this simple proceeding.—*Ex.*

=At Cornell, the total enrollment for the year is 829, of which number 41 are resident graduates, 97 Seniors, 145 Juniors, 178 Sophomores, 323 Freshmen and 43 Special students. An improvement over last year is a summary by States. In the former civil engineering heads the list with 112 students; mechanical engineering follows with 109; letters come next with 82; then follow electrical engineering, 59; philosophy, 58; science, 57; architecture, 45; arts, 44; agriculture, 33; chemistry, 7; and medical preparatory, 3. In the summary by residences New York of course leads with 497; Pennsylvania is next with 54; Ohio follows her close

with 53; then with the single exception of Arkansas all the States in the Union are represented by delegations of varying number.

=CENTRE COLLEGE OF KENTUCKY, DANVILLE, KY.—Centre College, founded in 1819, is the most important southern institution controlled by the Northern Presbyterian church. The college offers two courses, a classical and a scientific. In the college department there are six professors and about one hundred students. No institution in Kentucky sends out year by year a larger class of graduates. There is also a preparatory department.
—*Ex.*

=BETHANY COLLEGE, BETHANY, WEST VIRGINIA.—At Bethany College there are usually about ninety students, including ten or fifteen women. The faculty consists of five professors. Degrees are given in arts and in science. The courses of study requisite for a degree are composed of prescribed studies; but, after the fashion of many colleges, the student is permitted to take his studies in almost any order that his necessities require. For example, he may be a sophomore in Latin while he is a junior in mathematics. The college was founded in 1841 and for some time was under the care of Alexander Campbell, the first leader of the religious de-

nomination called Disciples. It is the chief educational institution of that denomination, and accordingly draws its students from many States.

=UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY, CAL.—The University of California is controlled by the State. Its buildings and grounds are worth a million dollars, and the productive funds amount to almost two millions. The university was founded in 1868, and absorbed the College of California, which was founded in 1855. In the undergraduate department are courses leading to degrees in arts, letters, philosophy and science. The museums, laboratories and libraries are extremely valuable, being conducted upon the most modern plan. In the undergraduate department there are about two hundred and fifty students, including about fifty women. There are eighteen professors and fourteen other instructors. The professional schools are in San Francisco. They are devoted to medicine, dentistry, pharmacy and law, with an aggregate attendance of about two hundred and sixty. The officers of instruction in the professional schools number fifty-seven. The university will soon have an observatory with a telescope more powerful than any heretofore made, the cost to be \$700,000.—
Ex.

=BROWN UNIVERSITY, PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Brown University has seventeen instructors and five other instructors. The students number usually between two hundred and fifty and three hundred. Women are not admitted. The popular course is the one leading to A. B., although there are a few in the Ph. B. course. Beginning with junior year, about one-third of the work is elective. Rhode Island's share of the national land grant for agricultural and mechanical colleges was by the Legislature assigned to Brown, but that fact has not appreciably affected the courses of study. In fact, the professor of agricultural zoology is about the only visible mark of the agricultural and mechanical department. The university was founded in 1764. It is governed by a board of trustees, in which body various religious denominations have a certain representation that was long ago fixed upon; but the majority of the trustees must be Baptists, and so must the President of the University; and this is the reason why Brown, though really unsectarian, is always considered a Baptist institution.—*Ex.*

=BOSTON UNIVERSITY, BOSTON, MASS.—The college department of Boston University is overshadowed by the professional schools. While the attendance upon the school of law and medicine and theology is in the aggregate usually more than three hundred and fifty, the attendance upon the college of liberal arts rarely exceeds one hundred and forty. Women are admitted to all departments. The course of study in the college is largely elective. The university is under Methodist control; but, because of its admitting women and because of its having the only medical school in New England not controlled by the so-called regular school of physicians, it has interested many persons outside of the Methodist denomination, and has been prevented from becoming merely sectarian. The theological school is however, strictly devoted to the Methodist Episcopal church. The university was founded in 1863. It has ample means. The buildings stand in the heart of the city and there are no dormitories except in connection with the theological school.

COLLEGE RECORD.

STEPHEN B. WEEKS.

—Prof. G. F. A. blushed when President Battle called him an *old bachelor* in the chapel one morning.

—Marshall and Toms make first-rate girls. They can even take in some of the Professors.

—Prof. Love will soon begin the erection of a dwelling on the half of the Swain lot next to Dr. Manning's.

—Mr. R. S. MacRae recently purchased the small house just back of his store (formerly Harris'), used at one time as the post-office, turned it around, repaired and painted it, and will rent.

—Prof. Fred. Page and his wife, blind musicians, visited us recently and gave an entertainment in the chapel. We hear it much praised by some who were present.

—Rev. Mr. Weir, of Philadelphia, representing the Reform Association of that city, was here the first of May, and set forth the object of his organization. His object was to show by historic proofs that this is a government formed on religious beliefs and on recognition of the God of the Bible; that there are parties and

organizations whose principle it is to fight this recognition and to endeavor to blot it out; and, that the object of the Reform Association is to fight this evil tendency.

Gymnastic.—Monday, April 11, tiresome text-books and boring professors were laid aside, and the day spent in sport. We give the programme of the exercises at the gymnasium. In the afternoon there was a match game of baseball.

PROGRAMME.

Horizontal Bar—Won by Smith and Scott.

Parallel Bars—Won by Smith and Thorpe.

Rings—Won by Smith and Steele.

Ladder—Won by Smith and Thorpe.

Indian Clubs—Won by Scott and Parker.

Horse—Won by Smith, Parker and Winborne.

One-Hundred-Yard Dash—Won by Davis, H.

Throwing Base Ball—Won by Battle, W.; distance, 76 paces.

Half-Mile Run—Won by Parker, F.; time, 2:57.

Long Jump—Won by Smith and Parker; distance, 11:4 $\frac{3}{4}$.

Three-Legged Race (100 yards)—Won by Davis and Shaw; time, 6 minutes.

Gymnasium Wardens—L. M. Bourne, President; C. F. Smith, Haywood Parker, W. M. Little, O. D. Batchelor, Hayne Davis, W. E. Headen, W. M. Curtis, L. D. Howell.

Judges—Prof. F. P. Venable, Hayne Davis, Prof. W. B. Phillips, L. D. Howell, W. M. Curtis.

Time-Keeper—H. W. Scott.

Gymnasium Medal won by C. F. Smith.

Medals.—The society medals this year were all awarded by committees and with the change "Society politics" is fast becoming a nullity. The winners in the Di. Society are: Debater's, J. F. McIver, class '87, Winder; Declaimer's, M. W. Egerton, '89, Hendersonville. Committee of award: R. H. Battle, Raleigh; Prof. Eben Alexander, Prof. J. Lee Love. The winner of the Essayist's was C. G. Foust, '89, Columbia Factory. Committee: John W. Graham, Hillsboro; J. N. Staples, Greensboro; T. M. Argo, Raleigh.

In the Phi the fortunate men were: Debater, St. Clair Hester, class '88, Kittrell, Declaimer, S. M. Blount, '90, Washington. Committee: Col. W. H. S. Burgwyn, Henderson; Chas. B. Aycock, Golds-

boro; Prof. Geo. T. Winston Essayist's, William S. Wilkinson '87, Tarboro. Committee: John W. Graham, Hillsboro; Hon. Thos. S. Kenan, Raleigh; Hon. H. C. Connor, Wilson.

University Lecture.—Prof. J. W. Gore delivered a lecture on "Solar Heat," April 30. Commencing with a quotation "Whence are thy beams, O sun," he proceeded to discuss the various theories advanced to account for their origin mentioning the meteoric theory and the fallacies in it; that of contraction and where it failed, then that of more recent date, the "ray force" theory, hailing from Chicago, its strong and weak side, then concluded by predicting an eternity of fame to him who shall give the final and true solution. In the beginning of the lecture he gave some very interesting figures concerning the amount of heat received by us and of that sent out into space.

Prof. Gore lectured not long since before the Mitchell Society on Galileo (1564-1642), his life and times, writings and influence.

Lambda Chapter of the Phi Kappa Sigma Fraternity and its alumni are now erecting a hall in Chapel Hill. This is the first hall of the kind ever erected and owned in the State. It is situate in front of the old Methodist church, is a

frame building, with a basement, is painted black with yellow trimming. This Fraternity was first organized here in 1857, Judge Welkner, of Florida; F. M. Leigh and David M. Jiggs, of Mississippi, are among its most distinguished members of that time. It disbanded in 1861, reorganized in 1877, and has numbered among its members since then Wm. B. Phillips, Ph. D., Professor of Agricultural Chemistry and Mining in the University; James S. Manning, now a prominent young lawyer of Durham; Dr. Julian M. Baker, of Tarboro; Frank Battle Dancy, Assistant Chemist State Experiment Station, Raleigh; Rev. Robt. Strange, pastor of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Raleigh, and Edwin A. Alderman, Superintendent of the Goldsboro Graded Schools. It now has ten active members.

Dr. Lafferty.—On the evening of April 21, Rev. J. J. Lafferty, D. Lit., editor of the *Richmond (Va.) Christian Advocate*, delivered a lecture in Gerrard Hall. His subject was "A Hundred Years of Progress," sketching in a general way the progress made during the past hundred years in railroads, mail facilities, medicine, surgery, etc., drawing, in his own inimitable style, the most amusing comparison between those days and ours, interspersing his remarks with brilliant flashes of wit

and sallies of humor, and keeping his audience for much of the time in roars of laughter. His fame as a humorous lecturer is very wide, he is known as the Sidney Smith of the South. Is a graduate of Emory and Henry College, Georgia. The proceeds from the lecture go to the new Methodist church, and about fifty dollars was realized.

The corner-stone of this church was laid at 10 o'clock, Saturday morning, April 30, in accordance with the rules laid down in the Discipline. The stone is of white marble, was placed in the north-west angle of the wall, and has the following inscription: "Chapel Hill Church. Rev. W. S. Black, D. D., P. E. Rev. J. R. Griffith, P. C. P. 1887. G. K. Hundley, architect." Under the stone was placed a Bible, a Discipline, a copy of the April number of the *UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE*, and other mementoes of the day.

The Shakespeare Club has closed the first year of its existence, and has succeeded beyond the hopes of its most ardent supporters. The membership now numbers 46 active, 4 honorary, and 1 associate. A room has been fitted up as a library and study, a book-case, tables, lamps, chairs and a writing-desk secured, and about 75 volumes, bearing more or less on the sub-

ject, placed in the library, and it has closed the year out of debt. That it has done much to stimulate the boys to a greater and more thorough study of the master, and that it has become a valuable adjunct and ally to the English Department of the University, and that as such, it deserves the fostering care and encouragement of all friends of education, no one can deny.

At the last meeting in April the Sonnets were discussed, Dr. Hume going into a very elaborate discussion on the views taken by different critics and commentators as to their real meaning. Prof. Winston made some remarks and was followed by several students, who spoke on different lines. A plan for the next year's work was read and discussed, and will be published later.

The Club is indebted to the University Minstrel Troupe for a very fine set of Hudson's Harvard Shakespeare, in twenty volumes.

The Club discussed the advisability of publishing a journal, and appointed a committee to look into the matter and make arrangements. We hope they will do so. There is nothing which can bring it into prominence more or stimulate its members to more active, earnest work than such a record of their labors. Let us have it, by all means.

Y. M. C. A.—Good news comes in all along the line from the work in schools and colleges. The Convention did them good, stirred them up, set them to thinking and to working. The Association here has adopted a new constitution and has started out on a new and more extended career of usefulness. The constitution adopted is based on that sent out by the International Committee, and on the one used here in 1860. (Ours is perhaps the second oldest college Association in the world—founded May, 1860—the oldest being the one at the University of Virginia, founded in November, 1859, by Rev. Thos. Hume Jr., D. D., our Professor of English, and others.) Associate members are received, but under certain restrictions; four meetings are held a week, none on Saturday night as heretofore; the regular officers, five in number, constitute the Executive Committee, and to them is entrusted the general management of the Association; the fee is 50 cents per term for active and 25 cents for associate members. There will be a *devotional committee* to attend to all religious exercises, one on *membership* to visit students and invite them to join, and one on *missionary work* to provide regular monthly meetings in the interest of home and foreign missions. No debt is to be incurred by the Association.

the object of the organization is a grand one, and should be warmly fostered by the Trustees and other friends of the University. They have recently placed a new chandelier in their hall. Officers for next year are: W. M. Little, President; Geo. S. Wills, Vice-President; D. J. Currie, Corresponding Secretary; C. A. Webb, Recording Secretary; H. L. Harris, Treasurer.

Portraits.—Two more oil portraits were added to the collection belonging to the Phi. Society in April. Jacob Thompson, presented by his widow, Mrs. Jacob Thompson, Memphis, Tenn. Mr. Thompson was born in Caswell county, N. C., May 15, 1810; entered the University in 1827 and graduated in 1831, along with Hon. James Grant, Judge Superior Court of Iowa, Rev. W. W. Spear, D. D., Hon. Calvin Jones, Chancellor of Tennessee, and Professor J. De Berniere Hooper; was tutor here from 1831 to 1833; studied law, and emigrated to Chickasaw county, Mississippi, in 1835, and devoted himself to its development with so much energy and enthusiasm and with so much success that he was elected to Congress in 1839 and served until 1853, declining a United States Senatorship tendered him by the Governor of Mississippi in 1845. In Congress

he was chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs for some years, a zealous defender of Mississippi and the Democratic party, when the cry of "repudiation" was ringing throughout the land. He opposed the compromise of 1850 as not conceding enough to the South. Declined reelection in 1853, and went into private life. March 6, 1856, President Pierce offered him the portfolio of the Interior Department. President Buchanan continued him in his Cabinet, but he resigned January 7, 1861, when arrangements were being made to reinforce Fort Sumpter. In 1860 was appointed by Mississippi as special agent to visit North Carolina and urge upon her secession from the Union. Was Lieutenant-Colonel and Inspector-General C. S. A., 1862 and 1863, and confidential agent of the Confederate States to the Dominion of Canada 1864-1865. After the close of the war was in private life. Died March 24, 1885. A tablet has been placed to his memory recently, in Memorial Hall.

The second portrait was that of Joseph J. Daniel, of Halifax county. Judge Daniel was born in 1783, came to the University in 1801, but, like Wm. Rufus King, remained only a few months. Studied law under General William Richardson Davie, U. S. Minister to France; was a member of the General Assembly in 1807 and

1812; in 1816 was elected Judge of the Superior Court, which position he filled "acceptably, ably and faithfully" until 1832, when he was made Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. Death found him in this exalted position in February, 1848.

The Mischianza, so called from a Tory party held by the British in Philadelphia in 1776, was a great success. It was held in Gymnasium Hall, May 3d. The evening was pleasant; the cake, ice-cream and lemonade excellent; the costumes varied and accurate; the gentlemen polite and courteous; the ladies charming and lovely.

The proceeds (about \$100) go to fitting up the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association. Special thanks are due Mrs. J. W. Gore and Mrs. J. Lee Love, to Messrs. R. G. Grissom, Haywood Parker, W. S. Wilkerson, and others, for the taste and elegance with which the entertainment was gotten up.

The characters were introduced at the beginning of the grand promenade, by Mr. St. Clair Hester, master of ceremonies for the evening, and refreshments were then served. Prof. Atkinson and Mrs. J. W. Gore (Mary Queen of Scotts) sang the "Honest Muskeeter." "Auld Lang Syne" was sung by a full chorus.

At a late hour, all returned to their homes well pleased with the evening's entertainment, and longing to see such pleasant scenes renewed. The following is a list of the characters represented:

Mary Queen of Scotts and Earl of Northumberland.

Highland Lassie and Cow-Boy
Night and Sailor Boy.

Bettie the Milk Maid and Plow Boy.

Josephine and Rip Van Winkle
Snow Flake and the Israelite.

Pocahontas and Captain John Smith.

Joan of Arc and Fortunatus.

Austrian Peasant Girl and Uncle Sam.

Cleopatra and Hiawatha.

Queen Elizabeth and Sailor
Heindrick Vedder.

Last Rose of Summer and Highland Chief.

Gypsy Queen and Cardinal Richelieu.

Dairy Maid and Turk.

Morning and Sir Philip Sydney
Maud Muller and Coriolanus.

Marguerite and A Crank.

Lady Washington and Gypsy King.

Puritan Girl and Indian Chief.

Jay Green and Aunt Dinah.

Little Bopeep and Modern Flirt

Blind Flower Girl and Court Jester.

Red Riding Hood and Hot Cross Bun Man.

Fairies—Heathen Chinees and Falstaff—a soldier.

Mother Hubbard and Satan.

Butter Cup and the Spanish Cavalier.

German Peasant Girl and German Peasant.

Rebecca and Richard Cœur de Lion.

Minnehaha and Alladin.

Oscar Wilde and Miss Montmorency.

Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society.—Natural History Lecture Room, March 22.—Prof. Graves delivered the second lecture in the Historical series. Subject: "A Sketch of Mathematical and Physical Sciences from Aristarchus to Hipparchus."

April 12th—XXVII Regular meeting.—Prof. Holmes presided. Twenty-one present. The first paper was one by Professor Atkinson on

A SARCOPRID MITE.

Prof. Atkinson described a mite, probably a new species, which was found in the muscles of the antebrachium and manus of the red-bellied woodpecker (*centurus carolinus*) by a student in the laboratory, G. W. Edwards. The mite is $\frac{1}{10}$ of an inch long by $\frac{1}{10}$ of an inch broad. It appears like minute whitish spots under the sarcolemma of the muscle. A magnified drawing and a microscopic preparation of the mite were ex-

hibited. Attention was called to similar mites infesting man, the horse, ox, etc.

THE "GLOW WORM."

Tarhipes riversi, which was described and exhibited at a meeting during the fall, was shown in its cell of earth in a glass jar, where it has remained, glowing, all winter. A younger specimen was collected April 8th, but died after a few days' confinement.

FLOWERING OF PLANTS IN THE CHAPEL HILL SECTION.

Mr. Lynch reported the dates of flowering of upwards of fifty species of plants in this section of country, observed by him during the present season. The observations will be continued.

"EINE VERSCHIEBUNG."

Dr. Phillips exhibited two drawings of certain phenomena met with in mining, and discussed the principles involved. He called attention to a kind of fault, first noticed and described by Köhler, of Clansthal, in 1880, as occurring in the Westphalian coal veins, and spoke of the difficulty of translating the term "Verschiebung" into English. Köhler employed this term, and it has since been adopted into mining phraseology in Germany.

HARNETT COUNTY "FIRE CLAY."

Dr. Phillips showed a piece of this fire-clay from the Spout-Spring deposit, which had been

tested in the retort of the Baltimore Fire-Brick and Retort Co., and pronounced by them to be of excellent quality. The clay is cream-colored and burns to a beautiful flesh-tint.

EVAPORATION OF WATER ON STOVES.

Dr. Venable mentioned some recent experiments on this subject. It is shown that the amount of water in the atmosphere is not increased appreciably and the purifying action of the aqueous vapor or small amounts of ozone formed is next to nothing. Such evaporation is, therefore, useless.

GENESIS OF THE ELEMENTS.

Dr. Venable discussed a recent lecture on this subject by Dr. Crookes, F. R. S., V. P. C. S. An outline of his argument was given, leading to the hypothesis of a primal nothingness named protyle, from which the elements

were formed. The cooling of the protyle and probable action of electricity causing the gradation of differences between these elements. The suggestion as to luminiferous ether and electricity being elements with negative atomic weights was also noticed.

STATE ALTITUDE AND RAINFALL.

Prof. Holmes gave a number of statistics as to the area and elevation of different sections of the State. The approximate area is 48,700 square miles; the average elevation is 727 feet; average rainfall, 50 inches; total rainfall, 176 billion tons; loss by evaporation, 132 billion tons; remainder, 44 billion tons; generates 3,646,632 horse-power. These figures are provisional.

The meeting then adjourned until May 10, after the reading by the Secretary of the list of exchanges received by the Society, numbering 24.



Yours Truly
J. M. Morehead

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LIFE AND CHARACTER OF JOHN M. MOREHEAD, LATE GOVERNOR OF NORTH CAROLINA.

[Condensed from Memorial Oration by Hon. JOHN KERR.]

"Great men are the guide-posts and landmarks in the State. The credit of such men, at court and in the nation, is the sole cause of all the public measures."

Such was the opinion of Burke, himself the greatest statesman of Europe, at the brightest era of its statesmen.

It is sustained by the testimony of history, and the reflections of all well-informed minds.

We are forced to *respect* great men. Their influence for good or for evil is to a great extent irresistible. If they be virtuous we

should likewise honor them, and thus aid *them* in their laudable aims, and incite others to imitate their high examples.

But great men *reflect* as well as *receive* honor. States and Kingdoms are exalted, and rendered illustrious, by the talents and virtues of those whom they produce or whom they cherish.

These reflections may lead us to appreciate properly the duties and proprieties of the present occasion.

We are assembled to render homage to the talents and virtues, and respect to the memory of one of the most gifted sons of North Carolina.

In the month of August, 1866, JOHN MOTLEY MOREHEAD, having with eminent usefulness and fidelity served his generation, like the old monarch of Israel, "fell on sleep, and was laid unto his fathers." He was indeed a *true representative man* of his State. His character was after the model of her own. He was great without ostentation. His talents were *useful* rather than shining. He was unambitious, save of honors *which sought him*, or were obtained without intrigue or base surrender to the immoral currents of popular sentiment. In fine, though her son only by adoption and nurture, he bore *her* venerable image in a more striking development than any other one of her children. *He* was very dear to *her* heart, and she was equally so to *his*.

He was born, as is well known, in the county of Pittsylvania, State of Virginia, on the 4th day of July, 1796. At a very early stage of his infancy his parents moved to this county and settled upon the waters of the Dan. In this immediate vicinity, among the people of this county, he was brought up from the tender age of two years, and is therefore to

be regarded to all intents as a son of Rockingham.

He was the son of John Morehead, Esquire, late of this county, who was well known to some of the older persons now present. His mother was Obedience Motley, a native of Virginia, as was his father also. His parents were united in marriage in 1789, and he was their first-born son who lived to maturity—and was *their pride*.

The mother of my lamented friend was possessed of mental faculties of no ordinary cast, and of moral qualities which eminently fitted her to train her offspring for the struggles of life. She was tender and affectionate, and won the hearts of her children. She was frugal and industrious, and forced these habits on them. She was strict in discipline, without being capricious or tyrannical in humors. She recognized the fifth commandment as fundamental in household government, and would neither excuse nor wink at the slightest disregard of its sacred injunction. Her authority was maintained, not by operating on the servile fears of her children, but by the magic power of maternal love, in happy combination with maternal dignity. In the practical application of her system of government, a constant requisition of her children was that they should avoid bad company.

And as they never went from home without her approbation, so they remained their appointed time with cheerful self-approving hearts and returned to meet a smiling face and receive the maternal kiss, and relate the incidents of their juvenile travels to the ever-willing ears of their beloved parents.

'Twas under such auspices that JOHN M. MOREHEAD'S childhood and early youth were passed. Could any have been better fitted to impart high moral forces to his character?

But he was to be educated, and schools, except such as were of very inferior grade, were unknown in the vicinity in which he was brought up.

By whom he was first taught I know not. I have only been able to learn that he studied Latin for a short time with the friend of his early and his latter days—the late Judge Settle; that leaving him he was placed at the school of Dr. David Caldwell, by whom he was prepared for college, and from Dr. Caldwell's school he went to the University of our State, where he graduated in 1817 with distinction. While at school in early boyhood he was diligent in his application to his books, to a degree that impaired his health, and forced his father to detain him at home frequently. "He submitted to these interruptions under strong

protest, and returned always to his studies with redoubled vigor." At college the same industry and energy marked his course, and he there gave assurance of his future eminence by the laurels he won in competition with such classmates as John Y. Mason, of Virginia, and James K. Polk, of Tennessee. Leaving the University, he entered himself a student of law in the office of the late Judge Archibald D. Murphy, a man of rare attainments—of talents and genius of the highest order. From this eminent preceptor he learned in addition to the principles of the common law, much that enabled him to display in his subsequent career, his consummate art and address as an advocate.

Finishing his studies, he was licensed and came to the bar at Rockingham in 1819.

For the first three years of his professional life this village was the place of his residence—and here he formed attachments which subsequent vicissitudes neither destroyed nor weakened.

Governor MOREHEAD, on coming to the Bar, soon obtained a competent practice, became prominent, and rapidly rose to eminence.

While residing here he was elected, in 1822, to the Legislature, and returned as one of the members of the House of Commons for this county. What rôle

he played in that session I know not, but it is certain his talents and attainments were such as to secure him high position in such a body. In the same year another event in his life occurred, which was perhaps the most potential in its influence on his subsequent career of any that could have taken place. He was united in marriage to Eliza, the eldest child of the late Col. Robert Lindsay, of Guilford. All the advantages and bliss of a most fortunate marriage were in the dispensations of Providence allotted to Governor MOREHEAD. The lady of his early—perhaps his *first*—love became the wife of his bosom, the mother of his children, the sharer of all his fortunes and feelings, his counsellor and his gentle guide for more than forty years.

There is no situation in which he was placed where he shone with a more attractive lustre than in his family circle. His characteristic discretion and wisdom were displayed in his choice of a wife. Her qualities of heart and mind were exactly suited to his taste, and the congeniality between her and himself was striking even to a casual visitor to their hospitable home. They lived in the state of blessedness, which springs *alone* from such congeniality,—themselves happy in one another, they diffused happiness to all around them and guided

their children more by the influence of this heaven-descending harmony than by the exercise of parental authority. Their children saw that *they were happy*, and were rendered so by mutual affection and mutual respect. They thus learned to love and respect one another, and became happy themselves in the society of each other. *Home*, with all its sacred influences, was endeared to them, and they were preserved from the manifold undercurrents of vice which flow *without*, beyond the reach of the parental eye.

Soon after his marriage Gov. MOREHEAD left Rockingham and became a citizen of Guilford county, in which he resided for the residue of his life. As in this, so in that county, he soon became the "foremost man of all," and was elected in 1827 to represent Guilford in the Legislature. It was at this session that he came in conflict with John Stanley, in debate on a proposition, as I learn, having reference to a change in our judicial system.

Mr. Stanley was Speaker of the House of Commons at the time, and left the chair to reply to Mr. MOREHEAD, and was in the act of doing so, when he was stricken down with paralysis.

It may have been by some deemed fortunate, for one so young and unpractised in debate as Gov. MOREHEAD then was, to

have thus escaped as he did the scathing wit and argument of an orator so eminent and a parliamentary debater so accomplished as was Mr. Stanley.

Of the merits of the question in discussion between them I know nothing; but of this I feel assured: that whatever Gov. MOREHEAD undertook to maintain on that occasion, notwithstanding his youthfulness, he maintained with an ability that commanded the respect of his adversary, and was far beyond the reach of the ridicule with which Mr. Stanley was wont to assail those whom he opposed in debate.

How often Gov. MOREHEAD represented Guilford in the Legislature I am not informed; he was certainly, however, a representative from that county several times prior to 1840, as well as several times after.

In 1840 he was placed in the lead of the Whig party of the State, as their candidate for Governor, and had for his competitor the Hon. Romulus M. Saunders, the able champion of the Democratic party.

This is the most memorable political campaign in our annals, and the contest between the two gentlemen named was attended with many incidents of most exciting interest. It was the first time the State was ever canvassed by candidates for Governor, and this

novelty of itself was not without great influence in attracting the attention of the people.

For five months the candidates were engaged in their laborious undertaking, traversing the State from the sea-coast to the Tennessee and Georgia lines beyond the mountains. They frequently met, but did not always travel in the same direction at the same time. If either was absent, however, from a point where the other addressed the people, his place in debate was supplied by some party friend zealous in the cause. I witnessed several trials of skill and strength between them, and was bound to yield to both the homage of my admiration.

Mr. MOREHEAD was elected by a majority of about eight thousand, which, considering the state of public opinion previously, and the adverse influence of the party in power at the time, was triumphant.

He was inducted into office as Governor of the State on the first of January, 1841, and then commenced a series of attacks upon him which, while they subjected his fortitude to severe trial, were yet the occasion of the development of the highest and most sterling traits of his character. In office he was, as is now conceded even by those who were once opposed to him, eminently firm and patriotic in the discharge of his

duties—wielded all his influence, personal and official, for the public good alone, unswayed by party, unseduced by the suggestions of passion aroused by a sense of personal injury, and unregardful of the motives of personal ambition.

He was reelected Governor in 1842, and served his second term under all the embarrassments incident to having a majority against him in the Legislature and an Executive Council composed entirely of his political opponents.

With his second term as Governor closed his connection with politics except as a private citizen, until the year 1858, when he was returned to the Legislature as a member of the House of Commons from Guilford. I served with him in the session of 1858-'9, being myself a member from Caswell. Between the time of his retirement from the office of Governor and his return to the Legislature, many conflicting interests had arisen out of the various railroad enterprises of the State. He was the first President of the North Carolina Railroad Company, and under his auspices it was first put in operation, and was conducted successfully for a number of years.

It was in the House of Commons, at the session of 1858-'9, that he was made the objects of repeated attacks by several prominent and able members for his

course generally in regard to our railroad system. The manner in which he met and repelled those attacks will be long remembered by all who witnessed the scene. His seat in the Hall and my own were nearly contiguous. Just before he rose to answer his assailants, seeing that he was deeply excited, I stepped across the aisle and whispered thus in his ear: "Governor, do your *best*. You are the most abused and most injured man in North Carolina." With an eye flashing light through water at me, he promptly responded: "How shall I deal with them, my friend—shall I treat them *gently*, or shall I make myself the Wellington of the occasion and *vanquish* them completely?" "*Play Wellington*," said I. "*I will*," he replied, with energetic action. In a few moments he rose, and commenced his speech in tones of voice betokening just the degree of excitement so useful to him—so necessary to rouse the lion in him. *And he did play Wellington, if ever man did*, on battle-field or in parliament!

Never was there a more brilliant victory won, than he achieved that day. His assailants were driven from all their positions in confusion—were pursued and routed, "horse, foot and dragoons." They were men of no mean abilities—they were *strong men*—and the House felt the shock of battle

while the conflict lasted. But when he closed his defense, his assailants bore the air of deep rejection and discomfiture.

The House was enraptured with the display of power on the part of Gov. MOREHEAD, and no further charges were heard against him—no other attacks upon him made during the session, but all other feelings and sentiments were merged in unbounded admiration of "the old man eloquent."

He was a member of the succeeding Legislature as Senator from Guilford, but I have no knowledge of his acts during the session. We were then upon the very verge of the conflict of arms, which has recently convulsed our great republic and laid us all in ruins.

He was selected, with Judge Ruffin, Gov. Reid, George Davis and Daniel M. Barringer, to represent North Carolina in what was designated the "Peace Congress" which met in Washington in February, 1861.

The object of this convocation of patriots and statesmen, was to avert, if possible, by some fair and just adjustment of our differences, a dissolution of the Union, and the consequent calamities of civil war. Their efforts were unavailing, and some who went to that Congress opposed to a separation of the Southern States from the Union, returned in favor of it,

as a measure of unavoidable necessity.

To this class Gov. Morehead belonged. He had ever been a *union man* in sentiment and feeling, and always denied the *right* of a State to *secede*.

It was the anxious wish of his true heart, that the institutions of government established by our fathers should be preserved in their full integrity and strength, over all this imperial domain, and that their blessings might be diffused—not by force of arms—but by the force of *truth* throughout the earth. But the malign influences which are ever at work against the best interest of man, and the glory of God, had for years been "enfeebling the ties which linked together the various parts of our country, and finally brought us to the dire extremity of war."

When the portentous issue became inevitable, Governor MOREHEAD did not hesitate which side to take. With his whole soul he espoused the cause of his *native* land, and devoted all his resources of mind and estate to its defense. The war closed while he yet lived, closed by the most overwhelming defeat of the Southern States.

His personal losses were immense. The casualties of battle had sent deep mourning into the bosom of his family. Yet he murmured not, nor apologized for

any service he had rendered his stricken and blasted country, but owned himself a patriot still—in adversity, more than in prosperity.

As a member of the Provisional Congress of the Confederate States, to which he was sent by our State Convention, he displayed his accustomed diligence, sagacity and wisdom, and won the highest respect and confidence of President Davis, our then elevated Chief—since fallen, alas! from *office*, but still, *thrice* exalted—exalted by his talents, exalted by his virtues, yet more exalted by his martyr-sufferings for liberty's *most holy cause!*

After his service in the Provisional Congress closed, he applied himself with singular industry to the duties of the private citizen in times of national discord and calamities.

He went to work, and worked hard, to aid in feeding and clothing the soldiers who were suffering and fighting for us away off in the war ranks; and he remembered, too, their aged fathers and mothers, their wives and their little ones, whom they had left behind at home.

Did he then visit and minister unto these disconsolate ones? Verily he did. But where is the evidence of the fact? It is not to be found in any thing *he* was ever heard to *say* about it. Certainly not. He dispensed his charities

under the christian injunction,—“not to let his left hand know what his right hand did.”

But his Samaritan deeds are not unknown, and will not be unremembered.

When the war closed, as I have already intimated, Gov. MOREHEAD found himself a great loser by its results. He not only lost his slaves, of whom he was the owner of a large number, but he also lost a great amount of investments in Confederate bonds, and a very considerable sum of Confederate money which he had on hand. Except for a short time, when he was forced to do so in order to get supplies of indispensable necessity for the employees of his factory, he never refused to take Confederate money for anything he had for sale, alleging as his reason for so doing, that it would have a tendency to discredit the currency and injure the Confederate cause if he pursued the opposite course. It was not from any want of foresight on his part, therefore, that he had so much Confederate money on hand when the great catastrophe occurred. He declared to a friend, that he had staked all his interest on the Confederate cause, and was resolved to sink or swim with it, and would do nothing having the least tendency to injure it. But the loss of property and money was not the only—not the *greatest*

injury he sustained personally by the war.

Though naturally of a robust frame, and strong constitution, he was when the war commenced verging upon the grand limit of the earthly pilgrimage generally allotted to man. His three score years and ten were well nigh run out, and he was already labor-sworn and wearied by the exertions of his active life. The superadded cares and anxieties brought on him by the great national convulsion pressed heavily on his spirits and energies—his physical powers gave way rapidly—his liver refused to perform its functions—he sickened with jaundice, and he *died*—*died* full of years and full of honors, and passed to that spirit world “where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.”

It is deeply to be regretted, that none of the fine displays of his talents as a lawyer and statesman remain to us in print. His fame would on this account be the less enduring, were it not that imposing edifices projected by his genius and reared under his superintendence, for the instruction, sustenance and comfort of the Deaf, Dumb, the Blind, and the stricken victims of Lunacy, stand gracefully erect and point high toward Heaven, to speak constantly his praise—while Engines of Steam, running with animating celerity from East to West, and throughout the State, will catch the strain and repeat it with joyous acclaim to future generations:

“Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time !”

“THE LAST SACRIFICE.”

The winds were, hushed. The billows stilled.
The silvery veil of twilight gray
Swept noiselessly o’er the bosom
Of the channel’s deep, and now trailed
Softly o’er Britain’s land. ’Twas night.
Nature’s own deep dark. Not a guard
Was posted e’en for danger’s sake,
Save ghost-like sentinels, that stood
Ready watch on Albion’s shore,
And a fondling deep, that has e’er
Bid defiance to all the world.

The aged priest was sad,—sadness
 Revengeful, solemn. For weary
 Longing and waiting now had fled,
 As the evening light, whose rays
 Fading, faintly glimmered upon
 The distant verge of hope.

Black robed

In flowing shrouds, that softly trailed
 The mountain's soil, he stood to watch,
 As night, the day, by the altar.
 'Twas naught but the wind's heavy sigh,
 In vain to burst the bands of night;
 Or a bold rock, peeping too far,
 Loosing his hold from moss and turf
 Bounds crashing from his mountain home,
 To gain the valley green and cool;
 Or the gentle splash of some erring wave,
 Against the base of yon noble cliff.

Alone he stood, and long he gazed
 Towards Stahlia's Blue, hung with black,
 With darkened brow, and hands tight clinched,
 With the Holy sword, whose hilt
 Gleamed with a spirit's sacred touch,
 Mocking all, save the Druids' God,
 From whose pavilion, flashing bright,
 Comes a voice in a rustling breeze,
 "Vengeance is mine. A victim's blood."

* * * * * * *

Upon the mountain's Holy rock
 There lay a victim, lightly bound
 With silken cord from the Temple,
 Shaded in yon valley's retreat,
 By the flow of a woodland stream,
 A Virgin maid, whose lily-breast
 Laid bare to kiss the dagger's point,
 Low heaved a sigh, a strangled shriek,

And mountain fiends, exulting bound
Quickly to sip the gory drops,
Fed upon a heartless altar.

There is a murder, whose revenge
Cries from the Earth e'en to God's throne,
Innocent blood that sinks so deep
Only to rise with flaming swords.

The sacred dagger, snatched by Heaven
Angrily from a palsied hand,
As a wild star's flight, wings its way
To greet the soul of its victim,
Stretching his form upright, he cried,

"Ye mountain spirits, leave me now,
"While whirlwinds crash, and tempests blow?
"The sacred branch away has flown,
"A spirit's trust from me is torn,
"Ye grim old rocks on holy ground!
"Hell and demons, and are ye bound?
"Ye rusty age, let loose me now.
"For you dear shrine, I'll strike a blow.
"Howl on, ye winds! 'gainst rugged peaks.
"And fowls of night, whose ringing shrieks
"Arouse old Echo from his dell,
"Flop onward to the Temple bell,
"Awake him from his slumb'ring bed,
"To mourn once more. The Druid priest is dead,
"So what care I? So what care I?
"Hail Death, Thou'rt but a parting sigh.
"I've kept my vow. I've kept my vow.
"Sway struggling spirit, speed now"
And yielding up the ghost, he died.

* * * * *

But when that gloomy night had fled,
There was no morning breeze to tell,
No secret voice in Heaven, on Earth,
To tell this woeful fate to man.

The Golden Gates by light's first beam
 Soft touched, open sprung wide to greet
 The ling'ring Sun, the King of day,
 Bright Child of the East, and day broke.

GODFREY STAUNGER.

May 12th, 1887.

THE SOUTH.

[A Speech delivered by CLAUDIUS DOCKERY, first representative from the Dialectic Society, at the Commencement of '86.]

Our country is ever an interesting theme for consideration. Confined to no race or sect, love of country is a common attribute of the human family and is universal in its application.

Within its purview all our interests are compacted, our individual wants, our financial well-being, our political, civil and religious rights—our social status—our domestic relationship, are all closely interwoven with this subject of general concern.

Yes its consideration implies higher emotions still. It is the land of our nativity. It is the birth place of our sires and the burial-grounds of our mothers, the scenes around which cluster happy thoughts and pleasing reminiscences; the play-ground of childhood, ever in view, upon which we gamboled in frolicsome innocence and contentment.

The majestic mountain, the verdant plain, the rippling brooks, scenes of earlier and habitual enjoyment, incite within us ennobling emotions of unforgotten pleasures and rapturous delight.

The old oak tree, planted by paternal hands is loved and venerated. The staff of an aged sire is treasured and honored. In short it is the home where my mother lived. Home and mother! the two sweetest words known to the English tongue, rivet the attention, intensify the emotions and thrill the soul.

At all times and under all circumstances, this one thought, with imperious emphasis, not only directs the physical energies, but commands the mental and moral faculties of every people, awakening in every breast, civilized or savage, emotions—tender thoughts—

hopeful, and impulses for deeds of bravery.

The Russian serfs, though deprived of liberty and overpowered by the iron-hand of despotism, marched to the front to stay the invasion of the hitherto invincible Napoleon and returned uncomplaining to their humble cabins.

The modern Turk with polished scimeter and deadly javelin answers gladly the high call to duty, knowing that under no circumstances is his condition to be bettered. The gay, the versatile Frenchman in despite of the Emperor's rigid and decimating conscription, rallied to his tri-colored flag in defense of his native land.

The *brave* and enthusiastic Pole fell "devoted but undying" on his fertile plains and humanity shrunk as Kosciusco fell and weeps to-day at the dismemberment of that beautiful land.

Greece—classic Greece, the land of Demosthenes fought with gory foot-prints through her "mountain files" and gave a Leonidas to adorn the list of martial heroes and beautify the inherent and heaven born sentiment :

"Dulce et decorum pro patria mori."

The savage fights to desperation for his barren hills and the empty glades, the land of his ancestors and the graves of his fathers.

The wild beast, possessed of bare instincts, defends in great earnest-

ness the wilds of his native jungle, and the vile reptile alike defies encroachment and defends unto death his native heath.

In common with all people everywhere and under all circumstances, we, too, have an attachment to our own—our native land.

If love of country begets undying devotion in despotic governments, with what joy and exultation should we contemplate the majesty and future destiny of the land whose scenes and whose records are illuminated by the recollections of the noblest sages and heroes! What mighty strides have marked our pathway since the birthright of American liberty? From the thirteen colonies of '76, few in number and weak in resources, unknown to earth and despised by the mother country, our position on the earth's dial-plate to-day gives us thirty-eight States—many in number and exhaustless in resources. In geographical areas, how vast! In moral thought, how advanced! In the development of the physical sciences, how progressive! In political ethics touching human rights and man's normal condition, how rapid and gigantic have been our strides!

How well and thoroughly did our fathers build! Cutting loose from the moorings of the old world, in their wisdom they inaugurated a new era, and in despite

of despotic surroundings and arbitrary measures, they erected a new standard of political ethics, and commenced and maintained as their cardinal principle the right of people to local self-government. This sentiment startled the world. Kings trembled and dynasties tottered. To day, in spite of anticipated failure, this new civilization which has beautified and fructified our land, is awakening the latent energies and longing aspirations of other people. The iron hand of oppression has relaxed as this beautiful star has irradiated other climes and illuminated other horizons. The hearts of the people *elsewhere* have been gladdened at the recital of our magnificent career, as portrayed in song and story by its ardent admirers. Hail, generous land! Ever honored by thy illustrious founders, and ever-brilliant be thy destiny! With no sceptered king to direct our course, and no autocratic czar to control our lives and liberties, we have, under the smiles of Providence, leapt full-fledged into the fore-front of nations, and to-day wield a commanding influence over their destinies. By our grain we feed them, by our diplomacy we guide them, and by the military prowess of our citizen-soldiery, ready at any crisis to be converted into soldiers we defy them.

Our Country! What a theme

for the patriot, with her enlarged liberty! What a theme for the poet, with her historic associations and rapid growth! What a theme for the novelist, with traditionary legends, high mountains and beautiful vales! What a theme for the Christian, in her devotion to religion and morals!

Hail, mighty Nation, the arbiter of human liberty! Mighty Nation, "the land of the free," where none dare molest, and "the home of the brave" where none dare make afraid.

"Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State,
Sail on, O Union, strong and great;
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate."

In this grand development each section has contributed its ample share. In the Northern states we recognize the transcendent ability of her brave generals, heroic soldiery, able statesmen and unflinching patriots. The Adamses, Hancocks, Franklins and others, with Hamilton the genius of largest promise in his age—with power of comprehension and originality of political conception unsurpassed by any man of the revolutionary period. Good men all. We honor their brave deeds, we revere their blessed memories. They evinced great energy and devotion to the common cause and aided greatly in the struggle for human rights. Yet in the South, our own sunny

South, was this grand work mainly performed and this climactic result of constitutional government chiefly established. In the councils of the colonies the master spirit of Madison, the father of the constitution, shone out with conspicuous and even dazzling lustre.

Jefferson's analytical mind conceived and formulated in the Declaration of Independence the underlying principle of our complex system in the right of the people to self-government. But the South did more; she gave to the world a Washington "and" says Mr. Webster, "if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect and admiration of mankind. "Washington"! The focal light of modern civilization, he bequeathed to posterity a spotless name whose heroic deeds will shine brighter and brighter:

As the historic muse, proud of her treasures,
Marches with them down to latest time.

In the war of 1812 Southern history was embellished by the brave exploits of our citizen soldiery under the gallant Scott and the heroic Jackson. In Mexico, Scott and Taylor, both Southern men, adorned our annals with deeds of matchless bravery. In Jurisprudence we have given the world a Marshall. In statesmanship a Clay, whose ardent patriotism,

fervid eloquence, unbending integrity and matchless leadership has indelibly impressed his wise counsels on our country's history; a Calhoun of logical mind, of great condensation of thought of filial devotion to his section, the two constituting with the God like Webster the great triumvirate which controlled legislation, unchained Senates and held them spell-bound at their bidding. In the late unfortunate strife between the states a world's history is made memorable by deeds of bravery unsurpassed in ancient or modern days. The vast gory battle-fields which dot our land attest this solemn truth. The numberless mounds which diversify our country's surface—the mourning weeds of the widow and the tears of the orphan, the stalwart frames shattered and maimed for life, all, all alike certify to American valor.

Yet for unflinching courage and true manhood amid sunshine and storm, no people anywhere, in any any age, under any circumstances has ever exceeded our own gallant citizen soldiery. From the farms, work-shops, school-houses, the bar, pulpit, with one accord, animated only by love of country, they rushed to the front and claimed only the part of danger, with brave hearts and determined resolutions they met the foe and inch by inch contested his rude invasion. The huge mortar might

eject its hideous shell, the bristling cannon with detonating report, might belch forth its fiery streams of destruction and death, the insinuating minnie ball might whistle its sad mission uncomfortably near, the bayonet might glisten and essay its fitness for destruction. Yet calmly, coolly and heroically they braved death and manfully stood firm. And whether in the skirmish line or in the wild and deafening roar of battle, where war-Gods gloated and revelled in their high carnival of blood and death, they always evinced this same cool, undaunted, indomitable, unconquerable bravery.

Brave men, gallant soldiers, exultantly and joyfully let us portray their virtues and in story and in song record their deeds for the delight of future ages.

Brave men !

They fell devoted but undying
The very gales their names seem sighing
The meanest rill the mightiest river
Flows mingling with their names forever.

By their side and in close proximity to the post of danger and near his brave boys, watchful of their safety and superintending their every movement stood the grandest figure of that gigantic contest. Calmly he surveys the field, coolly he issues his orders, tranquilly he awaited results. "One more charge my brave boys" ran along the line, "and the

victory is ours." With alacrity the order is obeyed, and the great gifted, and gallant Lee is again victorious.

For greatness of soul, purity of heart, and singleness of purpose, devotion to country and friends. Gen. Lee with his christian record is the central figure of modern day; by his side stood the Murat of the war with his foot cavalry ever bent on duty, ever ready for action, the stern unyielding, unconquered and unconquerable Stonewall Jackson.

Great men! Examples of Christian virtue and moral heroism. Brass and marble may moulder and tumble to dust, but our hearts will perpetuate their deeds and preserve an ever-sweet fragrance around their beloved memories and sainted virtues. Their names have already taken the wings of "ubiquity. They need no marble column to tell their worth to rising generations; their *fame* shall outlive marble; for when time shall efface every letter from the crumbling stone—yea, when the stone itself shall have mouldered to dust, the names of Lee and Jackson will be wafted from generation to generation, echoed and re-echoed, till eternity itself, hoary with age, shall catch the echo and make it immortal. They failed, but they failed only where it was impossible for mortals to succeed. As a result of the war, the South

suffered and mourned. Her bravest and dearest and best had fallen. The land was sad with lamentations of mothers, of sisters, and of orphans. Gloom and despondency hovered over her people. Desolation and ruin were stamped on every brow. Yet, she was calm and submissive, recognizing the justice of a result of the appeal to the arbitrament of the sword. To it she appealed; by its decision she lost, and her brave sons honorably capitulated, and that oath is registered in high heaven to-day, and is ever sacred. No mental reservation rests behind such vows, and in the future, as in the past, when the emergency arrives and a foreign foe is to be met, then, with garments unstained with treachery and hearts unsullied with treason, our people will lash themselves to the mast and boldly defy the raging storm, with its angry billows as they break around them, or the lurid lightnings as they cast their intense glare over the scene and play around the mast-head of our gallant vessel. The deeds of the past are fast rolling into oblivion. The bloody chasm has been closed, and within the bottomless pit of its once unfathomable abyss, that wild demon Disunion has been interred for all time. If any man is so reckless of results as to be led by party strife and blind ambition to attempt to resurrect its fossil

remains, and to rekindle the extinguished embers of sectional hatred, he will be as unheeded as the chirping of a bird amid the thunders of Niagara. Let us have peace. The North and the South are alike for peace. The lurid glare of ten thousand conflagrations and the deadly lightnings of a thousand battle-fields will utter their ominous warning, and all the voices of experience will proclaim in thunder tones the folly of civil strife. Let us have peace! Widows and orphans all over our land are so many proofs of the sad results of civil war. The old and care-worn soldier, stamped with the indelible marks of his bravery, cries with all the energy his shattered frame permits, "Peace! Peace!"

What flag shall float when from on high

Disunion drags our ensign down?

And where its stars now deck our sky

The clouds of hate shall darkly frown,
What hand to rend that flag shall dare,

When all may claim a Nation's sign,
And not one gleam of glory there,

But each proud State may say, 'Tis mine,
'Tis mine, 'tis thine, 'tis theirs, 'tis ours?

We all have trusted in its might,
And in our Nation's darkest hours

Our fathers proudly bore it to the fight.

As the fruits of peace, the national flag to-day waves triumphantly all over our land, inspiring respect for our institutions and confidence in the stability of our government. It waves to-day as a beacon, inviting under its protecting *folds* the oppressed among every people. May it ever wave

to proclaim to the nations of the earth, that this great country once drenched in blood of her best citizens, once dissevered and contending with such herculean blows on the field of carnage with the energy of despair and the determination of madness is reunited in the holy bonds of friendship and harmony and will ever, henceforth and forever, be one and the same, united and indivisible. One nation, one people, with one common destiny.

Yet, amid this grand panorama of stirring events, amid the magnificent landscape spread out before us, amid the many beautiful flowers of variegated hue which bedeck our pathway; amid the many bright constellations which bespangle our national firmament, ours is the purest flower, the brightest star, the most resplendent gem that emblazons our political escutcheon. In all that conduces to material worth, with her long line of great and good men, in Jurisprudence her Gaston,

Pearson and Ruffin, in education her Waite, Wingate, Caldwell, Craven and Swain, in arms her Pender, Grimes and Pettigrew, our star shines with undimmed and increasing splendor; none truer to duty, none more energetic of purpose, none more loyal to self, none prouder of her honored career, none gifted with richer historical incidents and none possessing braver men or better women; and, thank God in her attachment to American liberty, and in her devotion to her people's interest, no flower in this earthly paradise, has a finer hue or bears a sweeter fragrance. No star in that grand galaxy shines with a steadier lustre or brighter glow than this—our own, our gallant and beloved old commonwealth.

Carolina, Carolina, Heaven's blessings attend her,

While we live we will cherish,

Protect and defend her.

North Carolina! God bless her.

PROGRESS IN CONSERVATISM.

Nature is a happy companion, an instructive teacher, but an exacting sovereign. Under her beneficent but rigid laws, great forces are active in an external warfare

which is the primal condition of all true evolution or growth. In this great conflict of natural forces, a beautiful harmony prevails, just as sweet melody follows the resis-

ance of the air to some harp-string under the light touch of a master-hand. This harmonious antagonism is not confined to external nature alone, but God, in His wisdom, has seen fit to introduce it, under different conditions, among men.

The ultimate object of human endeavor is to ameliorate existing conditions in order to secure essential progress. The history of the human family, from Adam down to Zeb. Vance proclaims that this progress has been achieved through violent shocks occasioned by the conflict of opposing tendencies. One of these tendencies or forces has taken the form of Nihilism—a wild, unreasonable desire for the immediate overthrow of existing institutions; the other, contracting and holding this one in check, can be called Fogyism, which would, in hellish decree, hush the tender whispers of Hope and call Progress itself a liar. Nihilism is a vague idea—a chimera—a misty dream, in which pass before the fevered vision only distorted images of wrongs, past and present, embodied in hideous forms by a roaming fancy. In its pettiness it is childish, magnifying mole-hills into mountains, and criminally daring in the maintenance of what it foolishly calls its rights. It is an ever destructive force, strong with a nervous energy, tearing down but never build-

ing up; impatient of glory, it would rather try to leap the Atlantic than wait to construct a ship. You can't persuade it to destroy a building decently, but it must blow it up with dynamite. Generally, calm reasoning and deliberate method are incompatible with its feverish haste and trend to chill its warm, wilful nature. Madly, murderously, it struggles for the thing that might be!

Opposed to this and working directly against it is another great force which I've called Fogyism. From native necessity this force does a kind of negative work; it is not characterized by the living activity, or positive capacity for evil of Nihilism, but is none the less a great factor in social and political development. The *immediate* result of this clash of opposing interests and tendencies is not *progress*, but, to speak with exactness, is the evolution of another force or spirit in which are fused and centred the best elements of both the others. This I call wise, or broad, Conservatism. The generation of this conservative force from the conflict of the thing that might be with the thing that is, is the only true guarantee and condition of progress. This Conservatism, giant-like in its proportions, rears its proud head far above the blinding passions which warp and enfeeble the judgment of individual men and, broader than a

section, shakes from its shaggy locks balmy dews of wisdom that purify our earth and gladden the heart of its Creator. With one eye on the Past, the other strained to the Future, enfolding in its powerful, sheltering arms the weak and oppressed of all nations, stopping here to humor the whim of rebellious Fogysm, advancing faster there, to please its restless charge Nihilism, it slowly, but surely, pursues its toilsome pilgrimage to the far-off ideal.

Governments are subject to the same fundamental conditions which prevail in all forms of organic life, having a period of growth, a period of maturity and a period of decay. In these three stages, they are all liable to contract diseases, or to be blighted by the out-cropping of morbid tendencies inherent in the system. A too rapid growth, sapping the intellectual vigor of a nation and enfeebling its energy, is one of the greatest evils which attack a government's system in its first period and which, if it does not precipitate immediate disintegration, yet impairs its capacity for future endurance. The great root of this evil which appears so early in the development of a government is the Nihilistic tendency—a force which, in direct proportion to its power and intensity brings destruction and ruin to the system subject to its domination. This, of

course, is a form of insanity which attacks alike the youth of nations and individuals.

When any particular form of government once begins to decay, dissolution is rapid and terrible. Now and then, it is true, you can find instances of great nations struggling proudly through long centuries, with a kind of supernatural energy against the inevitable, but analyze it and you discover that it is only a nervous strength, born of despair, which cannot last. But to resume, it is in this period when a government has attained to a point in its career from which it can review with a joyous heart its past achievements that a fatal tendency to rest on its laurels sets in and Fogysm, hitherto confined to small sections by the aggressive spirit, expands, under suitable conditions, into an unexpected prominence. The intermediate period between these two is the conservative era. This is the time when men have lost somewhat the reckless impetuosity of youth and have not yet attained to that second childhood which clings so fondly to old forms and old methods. The example of England and France will suffice to illustrate at once the superiority of well-ordered conservatism over the Nihilistic spirit. In the former, the blood of the fiery Norman is beautifully blended with that of the sturdy, con-

ervative Teuton. The consequence is we see in her a great nation able to secure superiority and capable of maintaining it. In the French, we see a people—brilliant, flashy, changing, not capable of sustained effort. They have a peculiar genius—a wonderful power of extricating order out of confusion with inconceivable quickness. At one moment you see the sky of France darkened by the miseries of war, the next the war-clouds are gone and her graceful, happy lily is flirting with the glamorous sunbeams!

We will not take the time to dwell upon that blight of Fogyism which rests on the dark and dismal continent of Asia. Such as she is to-day, such she has been for two thousand years, but "better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

This late civil war of ours was, indeed, not the result of a rashness of spirit, unthinking and unbridled, but the deliberate conclusion of extreme Southern Conservatism. Strange to say, the North at this late day holds one old man, broken with age and suffering, responsible for this great national upheaval. Perverted judgment! Nothing but deep-rooted conviction could have forced our fathers to leave their homes to endure the rigors

of such a war. Jefferson Davis has not much longer to hear this calumny. Soon the great Judge will send his angels down the skies to meet this foot-sore pilgrim and carry him to eternal rest beyond the stars!

Before the nations of the earth shall reach that ideal state in which the machinery of government shall be run with a minimum of friction, I foresee in my mind's eye a terrible struggle between the accumulating forces of ages. It will be between Nihilism and Fogyism, but, perhaps, under different names. From this great conflict, a happy mean will be generated. This will be the true Conservatism which looks before and after. If this triumph, the nations of the earth will at last pursue the even tenor of their way to that great goal towards which they are now blindly staggering. *There*, there will be no internal feuds and bloody wars, but the hearts of God's people will throb as one to the music of the spheres. Ties of fraternal love will bind the nations together in a splendid unity!

"This fine old world of ours is but a child yet in the go-cart. Patience! Give it time to learn its limbs; *there* is a hand that guides."

LOUIS M. BOURNE.

[Senior Oration, May, 1887.]

HON. JOHN GOODE.

A Biographical Sketch.

Hon. JOHN GOODE was born in Bedford county, Virginia, on the 27th of May, 1829. In early youth, he was a student at the New London Academy. He entered Emory and Henry College in 1846, and graduated in 1848. In the winters of 1849-'50 and 1850-'51 he studied law with Hon. John W. Brockenbrough, who conducted a celebrated law school at Lexington, Virginia. In April, 1851, he was admitted to the Bar. He was a member of the Virginia Legislature in 1852-'3 and in 1866-'7. In 1860 he was elected a member of the Virginia Convention which passed the Ordinance of Secession. In May, 1861, he joined the Second Virginia Cavalry, and was present with his regiment at the first battle of Manassas. He afterwards served as Aide on the staff of General Jubal A. Early, until he was elected a member of the Confederate Congress in the latter part of the year 1861. He was re-elected in May, 1863, and served as a member of that body until the close of the war. In September, 1865, he removed to Norfolk, where he practised his profession until November, 1874, when he was elected a member of the For-

ty-fourth Congress of the United States. He was re-elected to the Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth Congresses. He was Presidential elector in 1852, 1856 and 1884. He was a member of the National Democratic Committee from 1868 to 1876. He has been a member of the Board of Visitors of the University of Virginia, of the Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College, and of William and Mary College. In May, 1885, he was appointed by President Cleveland Solicitor-General of the United States, but his confirmation was defeated in the Senate by a strict party vote. He is now one of the Government counsel in the suit brought by the United States to test the validity of the Bell Telephone patents.

This distinguished gentleman has been, in every relation of life, marked by purity, integrity and force of character. His frank manliness and magnetic eloquence have made him well-nigh irresistible "on the stump," while he well knows how to impress a cultivated audience by his dignified manner, his sound and elevated principles, his breadth of view, and his chaste and noble diction. His address before the Literary Societies at

our recent University commencement justifies this estimate. It was received with every sign of popular approval and enthusiasm.

Socially, Mr. GOODE is a man who knows how to make friends and to keep them. His striking presence, his kindly but strong face, his evident sincerity, attract the affectionate respect of all. His home-life has been enriched

by an estimable wife, an interesting daughter who recently married in Norfolk, Va., and sons who have everything to inspire them to continue in the path of duty and honor. As neighbor, citizen, professional man, Christian gentleman, he is loved and honored in his two residences—Norfolk and Washington.

“THE YOUTH’S WAR-DREAM.”

I.

I arose from the dreamy hours of night
To list to the tone of a muffled bell,
Dismal, low, as not the night to awake,
Tolling, tolling, tolling a nation’s knell
A dying night.

II.

As gloomily heard, it wrapt fast my bed,
Me unconscious slowly bound, just as drenched
With Garlic wine, still knowing but not known
To know, as strong as want, but power firm wrenched
From life, as dead.

III.

But for that I was a-cold, when a loud crash!
Stunned my form benumbed, and chilled my heart’s blood,
An icy hand, clinched with an iron grip,
A strong wind shot by in angry mood
A stinging lash.

IV.

But a gentle East, a fondling South spoke:—
Rise oh! Sleeper, Arise! Look to the North,
Stand not. Move to meet the lion in his den.
Draw. Defend, oh! Quick! Quench his maddened froth.
Off, throw his yoke.

—*Selected.*

EDITORIAL.

E. P. WITHERS.

THE COMMENCEMENT ORATOR having subsided, the Sunday-school pic-nic and fourth-of-July young man will now bloom forth with all the freshness and vigor of a full blown mushroom.

THE RELIGION that sneers at the efforts of evangelists and members of the salvation army or of any person or persons who do not follow in its own footsteps is not religion but bigotry. No person or organization has any grounds whatever to assume to itself the rights to say "I am the way." He who says it brands himself as half fanatic and half fool.

A SPASM OF VIRTUE seems to be passing over the country. In the big cities the excise laws are being strictly enforced and in the smaller towns and villages the advocates of prohibition and local option are thrashing the whiskey advocates in almost every encounter. We hope the spasm will last. In New York the papers are raising an awful wail about Puritanism and blue laws. Puritanism in its most puritanical

form is certainly far preferable to the moral rottenness so long prevalent in our great cities.

IRELAND should by all means join in the jubilation over Victoria's fifty years reign. During the reign she has suffered terrible famines, hundreds and thousands of her people have been driven from their country and thousands more have been driven from their homes. According to Mulhall, the eminent statistician, recently quoted by Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons, the following figures give evidence of the blessings enjoyed during the past glorious fifty years. Died of famine, 1,225,000 people; evicted, 3,568,000 people; exiled, 4,185,000 people. Oh! yes, Irishmen should be very grateful and thankful for Victoria's reign, about as grateful as they would be for the plagues of Egypt.

THE CZAR AND THE NIHILISTS.

Dr. McGlynn has brought much censure and abuse upon himself by his declaration that if the Czar of

Russia were assassinated he would not feel called upon to mourn.

Nearly all people in this country regard the Nihilists as an ignorant, brutal set of assassins. No doubt there are many bad men among them but there are also many good ones. Hundreds of students at the Russian Universities belong to the Nihilists, and many educated and accomplished men of all professions and conditions are members of this order. The object of this organization is to destroy every vestige of government in Russia, it is said. From what we can learn of the present Russian government no government at all could not be much worse. Americans look with horror, and justly too, upon political assassinations, but while we are denouncing the Nihilists of Russia let us look upon the other side and see what can possibly cause educated and enlightened men to consider it their duty to kill the Czar. Who is this Czar? Who gives him the "divine right" to rule a hundred millions of people with a relentless merciless hand, of iron? The Czar is simply a human being, and a very ordinary one at that, but by the accident of birth he is the ruler of many millions of people. In the first place the Czar is a drunkard, half crazed at times by strong drink. He is above all human law, absolute and infallible. He

is bound by no restrictions whatever. He allows his people no representation whatever in his government. He denies them the commonest justice. The liberty of speech and the freedom of the press is denied to them. For a Russian to petition to his ruler is to invite exile or death. The Czar can kill and does kill. A whim of a drunken frenzy and a head goes off. Dare to complain and you are exiled or your head too is chopped off. There is no appeal, no hope, nothing but a meek submission to the wishes of this drunken despot. We are horrified by a Nihilist bomb tearing a tyrant in pieces, but we say nothing when fifty men are hung as "suspects," not a thing proven against them, simply suspected.

Are the Nihilists to be censured? Ask the thousands of political prisoners now in the jails and dungeons of Russia, half starved and covered with vermin, slowly dying—in those foul and filthy holes, and see what their answer would be. Ask the bones of the exiles of Siberia, buried with the mastodon and mammoth under the snows of centuries, and see what their answer would be. Go to the graves of the men hung for political crimes and call upon their headless bodies and see what their answer would be. Go to the people of Russia to-day and if they dared whisper their thoughts

what would their answer be? Every one would answer, No! and each reply would be accompanied by a bitter, hissing curse upon this cruel, relentless tyrant.

If ever a man deserved to be killed, it is this bloody, brutal tyrant, who makes every scaffold in Russia groan with helpless victims, and who sends thousands of men, women and children to a horrible death in the mines of Siberia.

Should Americans mourn this man's death?

OUR FAREWELL.

With this issue of the MAGAZINE our connection with it closes forever. In many respects, if not in all, we have signally failed to edit this department as we had intended. Almost continual sickness rendered us absolutely unfit to write editorials. With the exception of December and May issues, our matter was gotten up when we were unwell, and when we felt about as much like writing editorials as we did preaching our own funeral.

To edit a college magazine is a very difficult thing, especially in a State where ignorance, demagogism and denominational prejudices are so rampant as in North Carolina. It was "make somebody mad," or write nonsense. Under pressure, we resorted heav-

ily to nonsense. Even then we were so unfortunate as to rouse the ire of a few waspy individuals who are too ill natured and dyspeptic to submit to a little good-natured railery. Being from another State, we were amazed at the spectacle of a great Christian denomination fighting with intense and malignant hatred a time-honored and noble institution of learning. This denomination fought the University as if it were some foul spot of wickedness and corruption; as if it were an institution established by infidels to disseminate the doctrines of Voltaire, Rousseau and Ingersoll, and not as a Christian University, honored by its past great achievements, its present work, and its illustrious alumni, among whom are some of the greatest orators and statesmen of our country. This antagonism went so far that we beheld the spectacle of a minister of the Gospel, carried away by his prejudice and passion, descend, not only beneath the dignity of his position as a Christian minister, but even below the instincts of a gentleman, to make a cowardly and brutal attack on the students of this University. And this, too, in the great(?) and enlightened(?) State of North Carolina! It may not perhaps be unnecessary to remark that the above was not inspired.

In college the year has been

stormy, unsettled and unfortunate. The killing of Freeze was a most sad and unhappy occurrence. It afforded the enemies of the University a subject to harp on, by which they could deprecate, with upraised hands and horrified looks, the wickedness and rowdyism of our students. In this connection we venture the assertion that on the whole there is not a better behaved or harder studying set of men at any college in the country than there is here. Of course we have some lazy, worthless men, but they are found not only in colleges, but everywhere, and the proportion of them here is far below the average. Prof. Toy's misfortune afforded a theme for outrageous falsehoods. But "politics," or, in other words, the scramble for commencement officers, has been the great evil of college. During the whole session up to February, it was one continued turmoil over a few petty offices, none of which are any

honor whatsoever to any gentleman. The duplicity and trickery of some of our embryo politicians would do credit to a New York ward bummer, and it is often not unmingled with knavery, scoundrelism and rascality. We need Civil Service Reform here badly, and it is to be hoped that the faculty and students will take some measures to smash those aspiring politicians and their schemes.

We extend to the incoming editors our most earnest wishes for their success and hope that the students will sustain them better and that they may have fewer "honorary" subscribers and critics than it was our fortune to have. We hope that this University may be enabled to scorn its enemies, that it may soon be independent of political demagogues and ignoramuses, of asinine legislators and finally of bigoted and malicious blather-skites cloaked under the hypocritical garb of religion.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

CLAUDIUS DOCKERY.

This issue of the MAGAZINE will contain a full report of the commencement exercises of '87 and, for this purpose, to our regret, we have to surrender much of the *valuable*(?) space belonging to the Exchange Department.

* * *

With this issue the Exchange editor steps down and out. His task is finished and he goes out to battle with the cold realities of life, fully aware of the responsibilities resting upon him, and the duties he owes to himself, his country, his State and his *Alma Mater*. He hopes his college life has not been a failure. Whether a failure he's perfectly willing for developments in an impartial future to determine. If his life is to be spent in elevating and doing honor to the profession he has chosen, he will not consider that he has been entirely a failure; but if he is ever to trust to his profession to elevate and honor him, then at its close he must exclaim that he has "drawn a blank in life's lottery." One or the other is to be the case. The conflict is now upon him and with a fair chance, with health, strength, and the guidance and blessings of a

protecting one, he does not fear the result. We have always enjoyed performing the duties of Exchange editor. It has always been a pleasure to us to perform these duties, because of the list of excellent exchanges we have had to deal with—all of our exchanges have become old friends, as it were, and it is with reluctance, that we part with them. We are proud to know that we have had none except the most friendly relations with them all. We have tried to treat them with the utmost fairness in our criticisms and we do not hesitate to acknowledge on their part the same courtesy towards us. And we can not close without wishing each and every one a long, prosperous and happy life—a life of usefulness in every respect—to the girls we send our love—Bye-by.

* * *

In the Editorial Department of the May number of the University MAGAZINE appeared the following: Wake Forest claims 205 students. How many boys have you studying the alphabet, that are entered in your catalogue under the head of "English Literature,"

and how many have you studying the multiplication table entered under "Mathematics"? Will you answer, Mr. *Student*?

We have received the June number of the *Student*. It is a marked copy, It wishes us, to look on "page 431" to read the following:

Just as we go to press the last number of the North Carolina UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE reaches us. It contains a spiteful fling at Wake Forest College and challenges a comparison which is in no way creditable to the University. It will receive due notice in our next issue.

Now, Mr. *Student*, we don't exactly agree with you that this is a "spiteful fling at Wake Forest College." In the first place a "spiteful fling" from us would be uncalled for entirely. Wake Forest is by no means in the way of the University. In fact it is a stepping stone to it and of course we do not wish to spitefully fling at any school that prepares boys for the more advanced courses offered here. 'Twould be mere folly to do it, we assure you. As to the comparison referred to, we deny that we challenge any comparison. In fact, a comparison is what we object to; it is what the articles is intended to "fling at." The *comparison* has often been made and we now desire to know what is the ground of *comparison*.

We claim that there is no ground of *comparison* and for this reason we oppose any comparison whatever. So you see, Mr. *Student*, that you are entirely wrong when you assert that we "*challenge a comparison*," which is in no way creditable to the University." You read an article in the Exchange Department of the May UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, clipped from the *News and Observer*, of Raleigh, and you will find our sentiments on this point. We shall never agree to making any comparison between real University students and those of preparatory departments, schools, etc. If *you* want such you must have a very poor idea of what a University is. Your statement then conveys a false impression and is incorrect *in toto*. But we must confess that you very easily "fly off at the handle." You go off "half-cocked." What is the matter? Have you a sore place or did we touch your beauty spot? Now, in your "due notice," give us the facts and figures. How many "profs" have you? Note these figures carefully, study them diligently and you will see why we object to any *comparison whatever*. If you can't see the point and persist in claiming ours a "spiteful fling," why, then "bile in lemons and git squez."

* * *

If there is one thing which the

southern colleges are particularly noted for it is for producing an inferior lot of college journals. Not over a dozen respectable publications are issued by college students south of Mason and Dixon's line. At the head of these few and second-to-no-student paper in the country, stands the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, printed at Raleigh, N. C. Its literary department is well filled, its editorials are well written and its exchange column the best we have seen for many a week. A slight error occurred in its write up of the great colleges of the country, in crediting K. S. U. with but 200 students. We have 500, Mr. Exchange Editor, and the finest Natural History collection west of the Alleghanies. Please correct this and receive the right hand of fellowship from the Kansas State University.—*University (Kansas) Courier*.

We cheerfully acknowledge our mistake and hereby correct it with great pleasure. We accept the right hand of fellowship and grip you heartily and rejoice that our destinies are linked together with those of a common country and a united people—one and inseparable.

* *

In complaining of the meagre appropriation of the legislature *The Lantern*—Ohio State University—says:

"Look at Michigan and Wisconsin! A regular and permanent income from the State and the endowment, in the one case, of about \$90,000, and in the other of about \$95,000, besides the yearly appropriation by the legislature. Instead of getting *less* than they ask for, as we do, they get more. And what is the result. Simply this, they are built on a solid, a safe, and a broad foundation, and every year they rise higher and higher in the realms of respect, and honor and power and usefulness."

You have our warmest sympathies Bro. *Lantern*. We know how to sympathize with you. Our legislature not only did not give us what we asked for, but took away a part of what we had. But it may be that most of our legislators do not know the advantages to be derived from making appropriations to such institutions. Many need to know their workings before they can appreciate their needs.

* * *

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for June has for its opening article a semi-historical and critical essay, by John C. Ropes, entitled "Some Illustrations of Napoleon and his Times." This is in a similar vein to "The Likenesses of Julius Cæsar," which Mr. Ropes contributed to the February number of *Scribner's*. It is plentifully il-

illustrated from the author's fine collection of Napoleon portraits. There are full-page reproductions of famous portraits by Appiani, Isabey, and Gérard. Mr. Ropes's article carefully traces the development of Napoleon's character as exhibited by his changing physiognomy from early manhood to maturity. Another article will complete this interesting study.

In "The Ethics of Democracy" Mr. F. J. Stimson has set forth a few of the generalizations to which he has been led by an elaborate and careful study of the laws of our States and Territories, and he has clearly stated a number of the general tendencies of Democracy as shown in a wide range of legislation on such subjects as Marriage, Divorce, Socialism, and Intemperance.

The third instalment of the Thackeray letters fills nineteen pages, and is rich in those delightful personal confidences which make him as lovable as a man as he has been pre-eminent as a novelist. Perhaps the most notable of these letters is one wrote on Christmas Day, in which Thackeray touches upon some of the deeper questions of life and faith. A visit to Paris furnishes him with incidents for a number of very amusing letters. The illustrations include a portrait by Samuel Laurence, several Thackeray drawings from a collection privately printed, and a four-page letter in fac-simile.

As a result of frequent visits and long journeys in Guatemala, W. T. Bingham has given a vigorous, out-door sketch of "An Uncommercial Republic." The Arcadian simplicity of this nation is soon to be broken up by long lines of railroad and the competition of trade. Mr. Bingham has shown some of the commercial possibilities which this will develop. The illustrations are from photographs by the author.

The fiction of this number is rich in scene and incident, and peculiarly strong in motive. Mrs. Stevenson, the wife of Robert Louis Stevenson, and joint author with him of "The Dynamiter," contributes "Miss Pringle's Neighbors," a vigorous and intensely interesting study of a phase of life contrasting two widely different forms of woman's belief.

"Miss Peck's Promotion," by Sarah Orne Jewett, is a picture of life in one of the hill-towns of Vermont. The central figure is an elderly New England maiden, whose life has been full of good deeds and sacrifices, and who narrowly escapes falling in love with a weak and selfish minister.

"Two Russians," by Nora Perry, presents a new side of Russian official life—the true Liberals, as opposed to the Conservatives and Nihilists. The construction of this story is ingeniously and skilfully managed.

Mr. Frederic's serial story, "Beth's Brother's Wife," reaches a very dramatic situation, which shows its unusual strength of plot, as well as true character-drawing. There are seven poems, among them "For an Old Poet," by H. Bunner; "An Art Master," by John Boyle O'Reilly; "Preparation," by Mrs. James T. Fields; and "The Stone-cutter," by Elizabeth Akers. The other contributors of verse are Ellen Burroughs, Henrietta Christian Wright, and Graham R. Tomson.

"The Magic Flight in Folklore" is a short essay, the theme of which is that similar folk-tales may have had a separate origin.

* * *

Bro. Long sends us the following original postal card received from himself:

"Mr V W Long I ask you to please send me A copy of your University Magazine I would like to subscribe for this paper if I knew how this paper would swot me if you will it will be obliging very much."

* * *

ATTEND THIS BUSINESS COLLEGE DURING SUMMER.--There will be a special session of the Commercial College of Kentucky University for college young men, teachers and others during the summer. This College is situated in the beautiful, healthy, and society-

renowned city of Lexington, Ky., and received the highest honor at World's Exposition, over all other colleges, for system of book-keeping and business education. Students can complete the business course and receive the Kentucky University diploma during the summer. This is a fine opportunity for our young men to prepare themselves for usefulness and any emergency that may await them. It requires from two to three months to complete the full business course, which includes book-keeping, business arithmetic, penmanship, commercial law, banking, practice, mercantile correspondence, lectures, etc., etc. Total cost, including tuition, books, and board in a nice family, about \$90. Ten teachers employed; five hundred students last year; eight thousand successful graduates. Short-hand, type-writing and telegraphy specialties. No vacation. Students can begin at any time. For particulars address its President, WILBUR R. SMITH, Lexington, Kentucky.

* * *

The natural history of sin: Thought becomes desire—desire becomes imagination—imagination becomes will—will becomes act—act becomes habit—habit becomes character—character becomes destiny—destiny becomes damnation.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

CLAUDIUS DOCKERY.

=Princeton has introduced the Senate system of college government.

=Ten thousand students are at present attending the University of Cairo, Egypt.

=The average age of the class of '87 at Yale at their graduation will be twenty-two years.

=Bismarck is credited with twenty-eight duels, fought while attending the University.

=Illinois comes next to Michigan in the number of students sent to the University of Michigan.

=The University of Moscow, the largest institution in Russia, now has on its rolls 1,600 students. The institution was founded in 1775.

=The University of Michigan has ten laboratories in constant use by advanced students in chemistry, geology, mechanics, mineralogy and physics.

=Fifty years ago Yale's Faculty and instructors numbered twenty-nine. It now numbers one hundred and twenty-one.

=The oldest University in the world, the University of Paris was founded in 1200, six years before the founding of Oxford.

=It is expected that Clark University at Worcester Mass., will be ready for occupancy by the first of October, 1888.

=Students at Cambridge University, England, are making preparations to present the "Oedipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles in the original Greek.

=The "student cards" given to students entering German Universities admit their holders to the theatres at half price, shield them from arrest by civil authorities and give free admission to many galleries and museums in Europe.

=Two thousand four hundred theological students in the German universities have petitioned the government not to exempt them from military service. The Catholics, on the other hand, have demanded exemption for their students, fearing they will lose their hold upon the young men, if they should become too patriotic.
—*Ex.*

=The Glee clubs of Yale, Harvard and Princeton and other colleges will hold a competition at Boston in the near future.

=The Edinburgh University students are erecting at a cost of \$75,000 a Students' Union, after the plan of the Unions at the English universities. It is to contain a library, gymnasium, reading, dining and club rooms.

=President Barnard's annual report of the progress of Columbia College has been issued. It concludes thus: "The year has nobly crowned the completion of the first century of Columbia College, and it justifies flattering anticipations for its enlarged usefulness and growing celebrity during the second century on which it is about to enter."

=According to the new calendar of the University of Michigan there are 1,572 students enrolled. They come from 31 states, 5 territories, District of Columbia, 5 provinces of Canada, Japan, England, Hawaiian Islands, Italy, Turkey, Costa Rico, Guatemala, Russia, and U. S. of Columbia. In the list of professors, instructors, and assistants are 93 names. The edition of the Calendar is 10,000.

=The annual expenditures of some of the large colleges is as follows: University of California and Yale College, \$200,000 each;

Harvard, \$620,000; Cornell, \$246,000, and the University of Michigan, \$174,000.

=Dr. Leopold von Ranke's great historical library is to come to America, a rich friend of Syracuse University having purchased the same for that institution. Another remarkable purchase of the sort is the library of Wm. Scherer, the philologist and historian, which comes to Adelbert College at Cleveland.

=The centennial of Franklin and Marshall College at Lancaster will be celebrated this month beginning with the baccalaureate sermon on June 12, and closing with a reception and promenade concert on Thursday evening, June 16. A number of the presidents of the colleges of this and other states will be present. Dr. William Pepper will deliver the memorial address on Benjamin Franklin.

=An important element has just been introduced into the administration of the Agricultural College. Seven practical farmers have been appointed by the board of regents to co-operate with them in their efforts to raise this department of the University to a position of usefulness and efficiency. By this means it is hoped to combine the practical and the theoretical in such a way as to make

the school of agriculture thoroughly successful, and at the same time to silence complaint by allowing farmers the most direct representation possible in the management of their school. It will be the duty of this board to investigate the subject of agricultural education, and to suggest such changes as will, in their opinion, make the Agricultural College better adapted to meet the wants of the class for which it was organized.—*Ariel*, (U. of Minn.)

=Yale first published a college paper in 1806; Harvard in 1810; Columbia in 1815; Brown in 1829; Amherst and Williams in 1831; Trinity in 1833; University of Pennsylvania in 1834; Princeton and Dartmouth in 1835; Bowdoin, 1839; University North Carolina, 1844.

=EDUCATION IN EUROPE.—The percentage of persons aged fifteen years and upward who can read is, in Germany, 94 in 100; in Great Britain, 91; in Austria, 88;

in France, 88; in Italy, 72; in Spain, 69; and in Russia, 53.

The percentage of those who can read, write, and work out simple arithmetical problems is, in Germany, 89 in 100; in Great Britain, 81; in France, 77; in Austria, 74; in Italy, 63; in Spain, 49; and in Russia, 39.

The percentage of those who possess a fair acquaintance with more than one modern language is, in Germany, 69 in 100; in Austria, 61; in Great Britain, 34; in France, 28; in Italy, 28; in Russia, 23; and in Spain, 13.

The percentage of those who have some knowledge of the classics is, in Germany, 32 in 100; in Great Britain, 21; in France, 20; in Italy, 19; in Austria, 13; in Spain, 20; and in Russia, 2.

=The Amherst College Alumni Association of New York, is endeavoring to raise the means for endowing a professorship at the college in memory of the late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

COLLEGE RECORD.

STEPHEN B. WEEKS.

—The MAGAZINE Editors for 1887-'88 are as follows: Di.—Charles G. Foust, Senior; T. W. Valentine, Senior; M. W. Egerston, Junior. Phi.—Stephen B. Weeks, Post-Graduate; George H. Wills, Junior; St. Clair Hester, Senior. They hope and will endeavor during the future to improve on its past record.

—Prof. H. M. Schmidt has been appointed a Fellow in Romance Philology in the Cornell University. Among his recommendations was one from Prof. Bernhard Tenbrink, author of a very valuable history of Anglo-Saxon literature, and another from A. Marshall Elliott, Professor of Romance Languages in Johns Hopkins University. We very much regret that there is no place for this genial German in our institution. He has given great satisfaction, and by his kindness and painstaking care and sympathy, has won the hearts of all. He has also received several other valuable offers, and is as yet undecided which to accept. Whatever position he takes, we feel sure, from his energy and pluck, he will make success of it.

—It is rumored that Professor Holmes will become a benedict during the summer, and Professor Atkinson about October 1. Happiness to you, gentlemen. Now, Professor Toy, do not allow them to leave you.

—Mr. W. M. Gulick sends us the following statistics, which speak for themselves:

Number of books taken out of Phi.	
Library, 1885-'86	1,900
Number of books taken out of Di.	
Library, 1885-'86	1,759
Total taken out for 1885-'86.....	3,659
Number of books taken out of consolidated library 1886-'87.....	4,761
Increase in No. of books taken out...	1,102

The number taken out of the old University library was not 100 a year. The number of students during the two years was the same. A convincing proof of the success of the venture.

—A student who never missed a roll-call during the year handed us the following correct statement of the attendance of the Professors on prayer during the second term of 1886-'87:

Gore.....	139	out of	143	possible	times.
Philips.....	131	"	143	"	"
Atkinson.....	116	"	143	"	"
Mangum.....	115	"	143	"	"

Henry.....	108	out of	143	possible times.
Battle.....	103	"	143	" "
Love.....	96	"	143	" "
Holmes.....	82	"	143	" "
Graves.....	62	"	143	" "
Schmidt.....	60	"	87	" "
Alexander ..	57	"	143	" "
Hume.....	30	"	143	" "
Winston.....	21	"	143	" "
Venable.....	11	"	143	" "

It is well to say that all of Dr. Battle's absences are accounted for by his absence from the Hill.

Tablets.—Four more tablets were placed in Memorial Hall during May.

Rt. Rev. William Mercer Green, born 1798, died 1887. Class of 1818. Made deacon 1821. Ordained priest 1822. Consecrated bishop 1850. Rector of St. John's Church, Williamsboro, 1821–1825. Rector of St. Matthew's Church, Hillsboro, 1825–1835. Chaplain and Professor of Belles-lettres in the University of North Carolina 1837–1849. Bishop of Mississippi 1850–1887. Chancellor of the University of the South 1866–1887. D. D. University of Pennsylvania 1845. LL. D. University of North Carolina 1880. (This inscription was written by Bishop Green himself.)

Michael Hoke. Born 1810. Died 1844. Trustee 1837–1844. An accomplished lawyer, and at his death leader of the Democratic party in North Carolina.

Patrick Henry Winston. Born 1820. Died 1886. *Law class of

1844. Member of House of Commons 1850–1854. Commissioner of Board of Claims 1861. Financial agent between North Carolina and the Confederate States 1863. President of the Council of State 1864. Member of the Constitutional Convention 1865. Lawyer and Planter.

Joseph Hubbard Saunders. Born 1839. Died 1885. Class of 1850. Lieutenant-Colonel 33rd regiment North Carolina troops, Lane's brigade, A. P. Hill's corps, Army of Northern Virginia. Twice badly wounded, once at Gettysburg on the third day near the enemy's works, captured there and long time a prisoner at Johnson's Island. A gallant soldier, a good citizen and a successful farmer.

Portraits.—The Dialectic Society recently received a magnificent life size oil portrait of Hon. P. C. Cameron, presented by himself. The artist is W. Garl Browne of Washington City. Paul Carrington Cameron was born at Stagville in Orange county, September 25th, 1808. He entered the University in 1824, remained about a year and then went to what is now Trinity College, Hartford, graduating July, 1829. He read law, but spends all his time in managing his large estates, "has never sought office and never accepted it except at the call of

duty, when he felt he could serve his state." Since 1858 he has been a trustee of the University and it is in this capacity that he deserves special credit. It was he who saved the New East and New West buildings from being left incompleated in 1859-'60 and if he "had not willingly advanced the necessary sum" in 1884-'85 Memorial Hall had been still uncovered and unfinished. He is now spending a green old age in peace, plenty and happiness. May other alumni emulate *his* love for their common *Alma Mater*.

There are now in the University thirty-seven oil portraits of distinguished Trustees, Professors and Alumni.

In the Library—Jonathan Worth, Governor of North Carolina.

In the Di. Hall—George Edmund Badger, LL. D., U. S. Senator, Secretary Navy; Duncan Cameron, Judge Superior Court; Paul C. Cameron; Thomas L. Clingman, LL. D., U. S. Senator, Brigadier General C. S. A.; Wm. Richardson Davie, LL. D., Governor, Minister to France; Wm. A. Graham, LL. D., Governor, U. S. Senator, Secretary Navy, Confederate States Senator; Charles Manly, Governor; Willie P. Mangum, LL. D., U. S. Senator, President U. S. Senate; James Mebane, Speaker House of Commons; J. Motley Morehead, Governor; James Phillips, D. D.,

Professor of Mathematics, U. N. C.; James K. Polk, President United States; Abram Rencher, Governor New Mexico, Chargé d'Affairs to Portugal; Thomas Ruffin, LL. D., Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina; David L. Swain, LL. D., Governor, and President University of N. C., and another, the name of which we have been unable to learn.

In the Phi. Hall—Joseph Caldwell, D. D., President University N. C.; William R. King, U. S. Senator, Vice-President U. S.; William Gaston, LL. D., Associate Justice Supreme Court of North Carolina; John Branch, Governor Florida Territory, Governor North Carolina, U. S. Senator, Secretary Navy; Francis Lister Hawks, D. D., LL. D., distinguished divine; John Y. Mason, LL. D., Secretary Navy, Attorney-General United States, Minister to France; Elisha Mitchell, D. D., Professor Chemistry and Geology University N. C.; William Miller, Governor, Chargé d'Affairs to Guatemala; James C. Dobbin, Secretary Navy; John Heritage Bryan, M. C.; Bartholomew Figures Moore, LL. D., Attorney-General N. C.; Thomas C. Manning, LL. D., Chief Justice Supreme Court of Louisiana, Minister to Mexico; James Grant, LL. D., Judge Superior Court Iowa; R. R. Bridgers, Representative in Confederate Congress; Bryan Grimes, Major-General C.

S. A.; William L. Saunders, Secretary of State of N. C.; Jacob Thompson, Secretary Navy; Joseph John Daniel, Associate Justice Supreme Court of N. C.; J. Johnston Pettigrew, Brig. Gen. C. S. A.; Richard Spaight Donnell, Speaker House of Commons.

Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society.—May 10th.—XXVIII Regular Meeting, Prof. Holmes presiding. Seventeen present.

HETEROMORPHISM.

Dr. Phillips read a paper on the effect of chemical constitution in crystal form, discussing briefly the phenomena of Heterosomatism, Pseudo-morphism, etc.

METEOROLOGY OF CHAPEL HILL FOR 1886.

Prof. Gore gave a summary of his observations of the weather during 1886.

PRELIMINARY LIST OF BUTTERFLIES OF CHAPEL HILL.

This paper was read by Mr. A. Braswell. Fifty-nine species were exhibited representing twenty-five genera. Fifty-seven of these species were collected at Chapel Hill and two at Greenville. Special attention was called to the different genera and to some interesting instances of dimorphism.

Mr. F. M. Harper presented a very interesting paper on PROTECTIVE RESEMBLANCE AMONG BUTTERFLIES, calling attention to some instances already recorded and some others

observed by himself during his collecting and study. Specimens were exhibited showing the objects mimicked by the butterflies.

APPLE BLIGHT.

Prof. Atkinson gave a note on this subject, calling attention to the re-appearance of the scourge which did such damage last year. Specimens of the dead twigs and a microscopic preparation of the bacterium (*microcooccus amylovorus*) were shown.

BIRDS OF CHAPEL HILL.

He also exhibited a large collection of preserved birds, representing ninety different species from this region, being only a small number of those which it is hoped can be taken in this vicinity and in the State. Some practical suggestions in reference to the study of birds were given.

Action of Chlorine Monoxide on Haptiplen—R. G. Grissom.

Action of the halogen acids on lead arsenate and phosphate—H. F. Shaffner.

Some more new lead salts—F. P. Venable.

Prof. Venable reported in abstract the results obtained in these three papers, representing some of the work done in the chemical laboratory during the session.

REPORT OF SECRETARY.

There have been nine regular meetings during the year, and three public lectures. Fifty-three papers in all were presented. At

the business meeting on May 7th the following action was taken: The office of Secretary was made permanent. The additional office of Recording Secretary and Librarian was created. It was further decided that the Journal hereafter be published in two semi-annual parts. The officers as elected for the year 1887-'88 are:

President—Dr. R. H. Lewis, Raleigh, N. C.

Vice-Presidents—Prof. W. L. Poteat, Wake Forest, and Dr. W. B. Phillips, Chapel Hill.

Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. F. P. Venable.

Recording Secretary—Prof. J. W. Gore.

Publication Committee—Profs. Holmes, Graves and Love, Chapel Hill.

The following honorary members were then elected: Maj. J. W. Powell, U. S. Geological Survey; Hon. S. F. Baird, Smithsonian Institution; and Dr. C. V. Riley, Department of Agriculture. As corresponding members were elected Prof. E. E. Smith, Alabama; Dr. D. T. Day, Washington; Dr. J. M. McBryde, South Carolina, and Prof. W. J. McGee, Washington.

The Secretary reported further several additions to the library by gifts since the last meeting, and ten additional exchanges.

The Treasurer pointed out the urgent necessity for all members

to pay their dues as soon as possible so as to defray the expenses of the Journal which is to be issued as soon as the printing can be done.

REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT.

An interesting resumé of the Society's work during this year and the past four years was given, showing a most gratifying growth. Much valuable work has been done.

Commencement of 1887.—June 2nd, 1887, was the date of the 92d commencement of the University and on that day its 82d class, numbering 22, went out from its walls to fight the battles of life. The first class of seven members received their diplomas in 1798, the last before the period of reconstructing-negro-carpet-bagism in 1868. During this period of seventy-one years there were 1753 graduates, the smallest number in 1811, one, the largest in 1858, 96. The University was re-opened in 1875. There have been eleven graduating classes, (1877-'87) and 189 graduates.

The session of 1886-'87 has been full of events for us. It was opened by an earthquake, then came the death of Mrs. Wood at the hotel; the Pate joke turning out more seriously than had been expected; the murder of Freeze; the severe and almost fatal injuries received by Prof. Toy; the

loss of the Swain house by fire; the death of young Wilson, sudden and sad, but with a bright hope of the beyond; and lastly the discovery of the kleptomaniac propensities of Brother Wade. But there is a better side. The large body of students have been quiet, well behaved and studious as the reports will show; the libraries were consolidated and the increase of the number of books read has been very flattering; a large and commodious laboratory has been added to Person Hall; while our standard has been raised considerably, we have not diminished in numbers, and the Post-Graduate courses are coming into more prominence and importance.

TUESDAY NIGHT

occurred the commencement meetings of the Literary Societies. Honorary members were received, short addresses made by alumni. Diplomas and medals presented.

WEDNESDAY

ushered in commencement proper. Kessnick's band of Richmond, Va., furnished music for the occasion. The speaker was Hon. John Goode, of Norfolk, Va.

THE LITERARY ADDRESS.

Dr. Battle announced that for sixty-one years the Philanthropic and Dialectic had invited some distinguished citizen to deliver the annual address. He said that Mr. R. T. Burwell, of Raleigh,

would introduce the orator. Mr. Burwell, in a few well chosen words, introduced Hon. John Goode, of Virginia, who had accepted the invitation of the Philanthropic Society to deliver the address.

Precisely at 11:30 a. m., Mr. Goode began his speech. He said he had come in obedience to the summons of the Societies of the University. It had been a long time since his college days. It was not his purpose to speak of any dry abstract question of science, or metaphysics, or enter upon any speculations.

He came rather as an elder brother to offer a few words of cheer and encouragement before the young men enter upon their life work. He paid a merited tribute to the learning and fidelity of the professors of the University. Collegiate life has been fragrant to these boys with precious and hallowed influences.

Whatever may be said of the present or the future of the Old North State, her past is secure. By the universal verdict of mankind the civic wreath has been placed upon her brow. Mr. Goode spoke eloquently of the glory of North Carolina.

Daniel Webster said he had lived longer than Methuselah because he had seen more. What would he say now?

Man has invented means to

survey worlds beyond the range of human vision; to determine the probabilities of the winds and the rain, and steam has been converted into a beast of burden. The American people are pushing their conquests. They are still moving forward, "vexing sea and land."

If it is a privilege to live in an age like this what shall be said of the priceless heritage of our history! We have grown from three to sixty million of free people. It is no vain glorious boast to say that our country stands pre-eminent among the nations of the earth. When we contemplate the structure of our government we are filled with admiration of the patriot fathers. Our government protects the right of the governed. Its organization is the work of the people. Its officers are the agents of the people. Its fundamental maxim is: "All men are created free and equal." The powers of the government are limited by the Constitution. The powers not delegated are reserved to the States or to the people. Chief Justice Marshall said, "the government of the United States is emphatically a government of law and not of men." No officer of the law may set law at defiance with impunity. Law is the only supreme power.

The advantages of our country, and the character of the age, and

the institutions that our fathers have given, have made us rich indeed.

And now, addressing the students, Mr. Goode said: "What will you do with these splendid opportunities and what use do you intend to make of them?"

You will soon go out with the blessings of your Alma Mater from this loved place. The future is before you and the problem of life is to be solved by each one of you. You must do something and you must resolve that by God's help you will do it well.

Constant labor can alone accomplish anything. Application is worth more than genius.

Do you desire to be leaders in your day and generation? The world in every age has had its recognized leaders of men and moulders of their thought and action. There have been leaders in war and in peace; leaders in the medical profession, in journalism, in the field of invention and discoveries, in the arts and sciences, in farming, mining and all avocations.

Some men are born leaders and some are made leaders by circumstances. But every man is the architect of his own fortune. The ladder of fame may be hard to climb, but there is room at the top!

His review of the great men who had adorned the legal profes-

sion justified his statement that the legal profession had been the makers and expounders of law. In all his speech there was not a more eloquent passage than that in which he held up for emulation the life of Chief Justice Marshall.

His denunciation of the little lawyers who succeed by "sharpness" and "shrewdness" was loudly applauded. No lawyer ever became very great who was not honest.

It is a safe rule to follow the bent of your inclinations. That may be taken as a direction of Providence. The speaker then discussed the advantages of the different callings and avocations in life. His review of the duties and trials of the different professions and the rewards that they offer, was excellent. In brief array he summoned before him the avocations of life and showed "how to choose a profession." This part of his address was especially valuable to the young men who go out to take their places in the world.

He gave to the lawyer the highest place, and said no reputation ought to be more coveted and none more enduring than that of a great lawyer. He lived long after the mere political orator had been forgotten. He said, speaking of journalism as a profession, there is no more potent factor than a free and untrammelled

press in wielding public opinion. The poet has said:

"Give me to know to utter, and to argue
freely

According to conscience above all else."

In a country like ours it is impossible to overestimate the power of the pen. It ought to keep that power only so long as it is independent, pure and upright. No part of his address was more eloquent.

All men cannot belong to the learned professions. There are too many young men sitting in their offices "like patience on a monument smiling at grief." The age in which we live is practical. Young men must respond to the times in which we live." To-day the song is not "man and arms," it is the man and the tools! Handicraft labor was the first step of human power. The speaker traced the progress of the ages and concluded that we needed a more practical education. By that I understood him to be in favor of Industrial Education.

The achievements of the inventor are permanent. Creeds of faith may come and go; empires may rise and fall; speculations of sects may perish—but "the discoveries of genius alone remain." They flow on in a perennial and undying stream, and influence the most distant posterity. They are accumulative.

The humblest mill-wright has

done more than all the kings that lie in the catacombs of Egypt.

The inventor of the reaper is more a blessing to mankind than the achievements of all the warriors. Maury, who explored the deep and marked out a safe highway, will be held in grateful remembrance as long as the oceans roll. History will not always be full only of the deeds of kings and warriors. All honor to those who have done so much to elevate the laboring classes!

It will be a great day when no man except one of incorruptible character can be elected to office. In order to take the lead upon the field of politics, it is not necessary to repress ambition—make young men take back seats—until all the ardor of youth has been chilled in your veins. * * * Edmund Burke became famous by his speech on the Stamp Act when he was 36; Fox was a leader at 25, and Pitt was 25 when he astonished the world. Thomas Jefferson was conspicuous at 32; Alexander Hamilton at 25. Hamilton became Secretary of State at 33. He also told of other young men who had attained eminence.

Will our young men go to work with a resolute purpose and in an indomitable will? Instead of calling Hercules to help them, would it not be better to help themselves? Instead of waiting for immigration to develop our farms

and mines, why not our own young men do this work?

No people in any age have ever exhibited greater recuperative powers than the people of the South since the war. The South has produced more crops, built more railroads, and in all fields made greater progress than ever before.

The following extract, verbatim, from the speech was received by the audience with round after round of applause:

“In this connection, permit me to say, that while I rejoice exceedingly on account of the wonderful recuperative energies displayed by Southern people and the extraordinary progress they have made in material development and improvement, I have no sympathy whatever with those who would exalt the ‘New South,’ as it is flippantly called, by detracting from the just fame of the old South.

“The high qualities which distinguished the ‘New South,’ as it is called, have been inherited from the old. They do not owe their existence to the infusion of any new elements from abroad. While the condition and circumstances of the people of the ‘New South’ are very different from those of the old South, they are essentially the same people. Nor have I any sympathy with that class of Southern orators who seem to be so

ready and willing, when they appear before Northern audiences to adopt the apologetic strain, to advertise themselves as erring brothers, and to pour contumely and contempt upon those who signalized their devotion to the cause of Southern Independence. If such is to be the badge of the 'New South,' I will have none of it. The people of the South today are true and loyal to the restored Union. When they furled at Appomatox that torn and tattered banner, which they had followed with more than Spartan courage during four long, weary years, and professed to renew their allegiance to the Government of the United States, they acted in good faith and meant what they said. If unfortunately our common country should ever be involved in trouble with a foreign power, and the Government should call for volunteers, the men of the South would respond with as much alacrity as those of any other section. But as long as they retain their manhood and self-respect, the Southern people will be ready to maintain before all comers and goers that the cause for which they fought, and which was lost, was as just and righteous a cause as ever a warrior drew a blade in.

"They will never be willing to bow down before their conquerors with their mouths in the dust and their hands upon their mouths

and cry 'Unclean! unclean!' They will never consent with their own hands to write the word 'Traitor' upon the brow of any Confederate living, or upon the grave of any Confederate dead. On the contrary, they will cherish forever in their 'heart of hearts' the precious memory of their dead heroes, and when each succeeding spring-time shall come as the years roll on, they will bring flowers—sweet flowers—to be laid by the hand of affection upon their honest graves. They will still cling to the 'land of memories,' and when contemplating the past, they will find expression for their sentiments and feelings in the noble words of Father Ryan, the 'Poet Priest of the South.'

"A land without ruins is a land without memories.

"A land without memories is a land without liberty.

"A land that wears a laurel crown may be fair to see, but twine a few sad cypress leaves around the brow of any land, and be that land beautiless and bleak, it becomes lovely in its consecrated coronet of sorrow, and it wins the sympathy of the heart and history. Crowns of roses fade—crowns of thorns endure; calvaries and crucifixes take deepest hold of humanity. The triumphs of might are transient, they pass away and are forgotten.

"The sufferings of right are

graven deepest on the chronicles
of nations.

Yes, give me a land where the ruins are
spread,

And the living tread light on the hearts of
the dead ;

Yes, give me a land that is blest by the dust,
And bright with the deeds of the downtrod-
den just ;

Yes, give me the land that hath legend and
lays,

Enshrining the memories of long vanished
days ;

Yes, give me a land that hath story and song,
To tell of the strife of the Right with the
Wrong ;

Yes, give me the land with a grave in each
spot,

And names in the graves that shall not be
forgot ;

Yes, give me the land of the wreck, and the
tomb,

There's a grandeur in graves—there's a glory
in gloom ;

For out of the gloom future brightness is
born,

As after the night looms the sunrise of
morn."

A few words about some of the
leaders of men, some pleasantries
about women as leaders, and then
Mr. Goode closed his address with
these words:

"And now, gentlemen, my task
is done. If I have said anything
calculated to inspire you with a
more lofty purpose, or to give
fresh impulse to your minds in
seeking to attain the highest stan-
dard of excellence, I shall feel that
my mission has not been altogeth-
er in vain. Permit me, in con-
clusion, to express the hope that
you may be eminently successful

in the career upon which you are
about to enter; that you may be
bright and shining lights in your
day and generation, and that when
you come to die you may sink to
rest with the clouds that close in
on your departure gold-tipped
with the glorious effulgence of a
well-spent life."—*State Chronicle*,
June 2d.

THE BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

At a quarter past one the gradu-
ating class took their places on the
front seats. The exercises were
opened with prayer by Rev. T. H.
Pritchard, D. D.

The Baccalaureate sermon was
then preached by Rev. Jos. R.
Wilson, D. D., Professor of The-
ology in the Southwestern Pres-
byterian University, at Clarks-
ville, Tennessee.

The text was, 2nd Samuel,
chapter 2, verse 38: "A great
man, a prince, hath this day fallen
in Israel."

The associate text was from
Proverbs, 16th chapter, verse 32:
"He that ruleth his spirit is bet-
ter than he that taketh a city."

His subject was "True Great-
ness."

His analysis of the character of
Abner was strong and perfect.
Abner's lack of the elements that
go to make a truly great man was
shown, and the preacher said that
Abner was not a great man in the
high sense that "he that ruleth

his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

He took his hearers to the home of a man whose constant company, keeping with none less than the King of Kings, made him able to rule his own spirit. He drew a picture of a truly great man and held it up for the admiration of young men. In all departments of human enterprise there are men to whom the name "great" can be truly applied. "The greatest man is he whose reliance on truth is most unfaltering." The truest greatness is that which belongs to the truest christian. An humble christian does not covet the glory of scholars and statesmen and their exultations of success. The christian would not dim the lustre of scholarship or military prowess, or brilliant oratory. Christianity loses nothing when it salutes the honors of mind, but she persistently says: There is but one order of greatness, which need not shrink from a divine inspection.

No life is the highest that conveys no blessings to other lives. Jesus Christ came in his person the completed perfectness of man. He is at once all men's King and kinsman. At once their benefactor and their brother. In Him is seen the model after which we are to pattern if we are ever to be truly great. True greatness resides in that manhood which has

ruled out self and substituted for it sacrifice for others.

This country is great because it is a christian country. I met a man in a remote mountainous district in Virginia, who was a great man. I overtook him returning from an errand of mercy to one who was poorer than himself, and at his persuasion remained with him for the night. The man made home bright by love and unselfishness. He was a man of strong natural passions which an education had refined but not subdued. He became a servant of God, and after years of trial and conflict conquered himself and devoted his life, in a narrow sphere, to others. He was great enough to be a statesman. There was no solitary trace of selfishness in the life of this great God-like man. A peace disturbed by no lament because of his narrow field reigned in his heart.

Over against the picture of this poor mountaineer, let us place that of a man of culture and ability, who was influential in large fields. In early youth, at the height of exceptional fame, he perished, attracting only moans over wasted opportunity and prostituted soul. Brilliant he was; but men had to draw back from his vicious life of egotistical conceit. Although styled great, Lord Byron was not great. He employed his pen, in prose and poe-

ry, not to elevate and make men better.

Lasting greatness is only goodness. They are greatest among men, who most resemble God. Forget not that the great God will finally pass upon true greatness. All those who achieve conquest over self will be regarded as great on that day when the great I Am renders his verdict.

It is a praiseworthy ambition to want to be great. God did not give talent only for attaining worldly honor, fame and wealth. A man is not free to become merely a scholar or statesman. Bigness is not greatness. Goodness—right living—alone can be called real greatness.

The above is the merest outline of what I regard as ONE OF, IF NOT THE ABLEST SERMON I ever heard. I asked Rev. Dr. Mangum what he thought of it. He said:

"It was a sermon worthy of exceptional commendation—as having in marked degree most of the characteristics of an excellent accalaureate sermon. It bespoke the integrity of the preacher to his first and highest obligation. It was almost artlessly elegant and unselfishly loyal to the duty of the hour. It showed his devotion to the one supreme object in impressing young men with the truth that God himself has revealed—that no man can be truly great save in the measure that he is

truly good, and that there is no real success in life for him who is not a Christian."—*State Chronicle*, June 2d.

SPEAKING OF THE REPRESENTATIVES.

On Wednesday night the representatives of the Societies spoke. The following was the programme:

Lee Crowell (Dialectic Society), Stanly, N. C. Subject: The Utility of Beauty.

H. F. Murphy (Philanthropic Society), Pender county, N. C. Subject: Leadership in America.

Logan Douglas Howell (Philanthropic Society), Goldsboro, N. C. Subject: The Spirit of the Age.

June R. Parker (Dialectic Society), Graham, N. C. Subject: Rebounds.

O. D. Batchelor (Philanthropic Society), Nashville, N. C. Subject: The Reformer.

John A. Hendricks (Dialectic Society), Jerusalem, Davie county, N. C. Subject: The Death Penalty.

Mr. Batchelor received the "Rep. Medal." He begun with a discussion of the query: Does the reformer make the reformation (as claimed by Carlyle), or the reformation the reformer (the position held by Macaulay)?

Adopts the golden mean and justifies this view by showing the relation between Luther and the reformation of the 16th century.

Gives a brief analysis of the *factors* which entered into the formation of this great wave of reform which so soon overran the whole of Europe—attributes its progress to the harmony existing between these factors, due to the vitalizing and purifying influence of *Christianity*. In contrast to this wave of harmony, he exhibits the wave set in motion by the pretended reformer, such as the sensationalist. The progress of the wave of *reform proper*, he watches as it crosses the Atlantic, bearing on its bosom the Puritans which he represents as sowers of seeds which produced as their harvest our present system of government, both in politics and society. And in the reformation of the latter, he makes woman the prime agent, but shows that it is a work in which every individual may engage, showing the necessity of beginning first of all with the reformation of *self*.

Concludes by showing the importance of this work and the present demand for laborers, and that the motive power stimulating these to action should be *not selfishness*, but *love*—love for humanity and above all love for God.

MEETING OF THE TRUSTEES.

A meeting of the trustees was held Thursday morning. Various matters of importance to the University were discussed. It was decided to give Profs. Winston

and Hume an assistant each. It will be the duty of these assistants to teach some of the lower classes, to look over and correct exercises, essays, etc. They are expected to come from the senior or Post-Graduate classes and the choice of the occupant of the place is left to the President and the professor in charge.

VISITING COMMITTEE.

Of this committee Messrs. J. L. Stewart, J. S. Carr and Wm. H. Chadbourne, were present. They made no official report on commencement day. Rev. N. H. D. Wilson, D. D., C. M. Cooke, Esq., Hon. C. R. Thomas and Col. W. H. S. Burgwyn, the other member of the committee, were unable to attend.

THURSDAY, JUNE 2d.

This day is given up to the members of the graduating class. The speakers for the morning were twelve in number:

D. Tate Wilson, Sampson county, N. C.—The Mystery of Nature.

W. S. Wilkinson, Tarboro, N. C.—Russia's Position in Europe.

H. F. Shaffner, Salem, N. C.—Bismarck.

Will. H. McDonald, Raleigh, N. C.—The Merit System *versus* Spoils.

C. F. Smith, Coxville, N. C.—The Ideal Teacher and his Social Influence.

A. M. Simmons, Fairfield, N. C.—Our Social Dangers and their Remedies.

Haywood Parker, Halifax county, N. C.—Our Best Inheritance.

Claudius Dockery, Mangum, N. C.—American Citizenship. (The Philosophical Oration.) [This oration is awarded to that

member of the class in the Ph. B. course who attains the highest general average above 90 and below the Valedictorian.]

Louis M. Bourne, Tarboro, N. C.—Progress in Conservatism.

J. F. McIver, Winder, N. C.—Individuality.

Richard N. Hackett, Wilkesboro, N. C.—The Influence of Ideals.

Robert G. Grissom, Raleigh, N. C.—The Slavery of Freedom. (The Scientific Oration.) [To the highest one in the B. S. course above 90 and below the Valedictorian.]

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

SPEAKERS.

W. H. McNeill, Cumberland county, N. C.—The Failures of Republics.

Jacob C. Johnson, Pitt county, N. C.—The Foreign Element in American Life.

Vernon W. Long, Chapel Hill, N. C.—The Makers of Our State.

Henry R. Starbuck, Winston, N. C.—The Transition Period. [Mr. S. was not on the Hill, having been called home by the sudden death of his father, Judge D. R. Starbuck.]

Lucius P. McGehee, Raleigh, N. C.—The Scientific Spirit. (Valedictorian.) [To the highest one in all courses; average $95\frac{9}{10}$ out of 100.]

The "Mangum Medal" for oratory was awarded to Mr. Louis Milton Bourne, of Tarboro. He discussed

PROGRESS IN CONSERVATISM.

Progress in nature is the result of the clash of opposing forces. So it is among men. But in the latter case, a broad conservatism is the *immediate* result of a conflict between the Thing that is and the Thing that might be; Progress, the ultimate result. If the nations of the earth were ruled by this broad conservatism, they would soon reach that ideal state in which the machinery of government is run with a minimum of friction.

England represents the Conservative spirit, France the Nihilistic, and China the Fogyistic.

Our late war was the deliberate conclusion of extreme Southern conservatism—not the result of rashness.

The ideal standard of government can only be reached through this liberal conservatism.

The following were prepared according to requirement of Faculty, but were not read on this occasion.

THESES BY CANDIDATES FOR THE BACHELOR'S DEGREE.

Joseph H. Baker, Jr., Tarboro, N. C.—Ancient Speculations in Natural Science.

Robert T. Burwell, Raleigh, N. C.—Hear the Other Side.

Joseph A. Morris, Granville county, N. C.—Petrovitch in America.

James McGuire, Mocksville, N. C.—Rights of Labor and of Capital.

William R. Tucker, Raleigh, N. C.—The Spirit of British Eloquence.

CANDIDATE FOR THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY.

Herbert B. Battle, Raleigh, N. C.

THESES BY CANDIDATES FOR THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF ARTS.

S. B. Turrentine, Orange county, N. C.—Affiliations of Roman and Greek History.

Stephen Beauregard Weeks, Elizabeth City, N. C.—The Chester Mysteries.

HONOR ROLL. CERTIFICATES.

SCHOOL OF NORMAL INSTRUCTION.

James McGuire, Jr., Mocksville.

John Fenelon McIver, Winder.

Haywood Parker, Enfield.

Delonza Tate Wilson, Hobton.

SPECIAL DIPLOMAS.

LATIN.

Lucius Polk McGehee, Raleigh.

MATHEMATICS.

Wm. Myers Little, Little's Mills.

Lucius Polk McGee, Raleigh.
Delonza Tate Wilson, Hobton.

CHEMISTRY.

Robert Gilliam Grissom, Raleigh.
Henry Fries Shaffner, Salem.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

Robert Turnbull Burwell, Raleigh.
Claudius Dockery, Mangum.
Robert Gilliam Grissom, Raleigh.
Lucius Polk McGehee, Raleigh.

GRADUATES.

BACHELORS OF ARTS (A. B.)

Joseph Henry Baker, Jr., Tarboro.
Louis Milton Bourne, Tarboro.
William H. McDonald, Raleigh.
Lucius Polk McGehee, Raleigh.
John Fenelon McIver, Winder.
William Hamilton McNeill, Winder.
Joseph Algernon Morris, Wilton.
Haywood Parker, Enfield.
Albert Marchant Simmons, Fairfield.
Claudius Ferdinand Smith, Coxville.
Henry Reuben Starbuck, Winston.
William Stronach Wilkinson, Tarboro.
Delonza Tate Wilson, Hobton.

BACHELORS OF PHILOSOPHY (PH. B.)

Robert Turnbull Burwell, Raleigh.
Claudius Dockery, Mangum.
Richard Nathaniel Hackett, Wilkesboro.
Jacob Coart Johnson, Johnson's Mills.
Vernon W. Long, Chapel Hill.
James McGuire, Jr., Mocksville.
Henry Fries Shaffner, Salem.
William R. Tucker, Raleigh.

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE (B. S.)

Robert Gilliam Grissom, Raleigh.

GRADUATES (*Cum Laude*)

With honor. (Grades on all studies for the four years between 80 and 90):

L. M. Bourne,	R. T. Burwell,
J. C. Johnson,	V. W. Long,
W. H. McDonald,	J. F. McIver,
J. A. Morris,	H. Parker,
H. F. Shaffner,	A. M. Simmons,
C. F. Smith,	H. R. Starbuck,
W. S. Wilkinson,	D. T. Wilson.

Graduates (Magna Cum Laude,)

With great honor. (Grades on all studies for the four years between 90 and 95):

Claudius Dockery (Philosophical Oration.)
R. G. Grissom (Scientific Oration.)

Graduate (Maxima Cum Laude,)

With very great honor. (Grade on all studies for four years, between 95 and 100):

Lucius Polk McGehee (Valedictorian.)

MASTER OF ARTS (A. M.)

Samuel Bryant Turrentine, A. B. (University of N. C., 1884.) Subjects: English, Moral Science and History.

Stephen Beauregard Weeks, A. B. (Univ. of N. C., 1886.) Subjects: English, Anglo-Saxon, Latin and German.

DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY (PH. D.)

Herbert Bemerton Battle, Ph. B. (Univ. of N. C., 1881.) Subjects: Agricultural Chemistry and Geology.

HONORARY DEGREES.

DOCTORS OF DIVINITY (D. D.)

Rev. John G. Baccus, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Rev. L. C. Vass, Newbern.

DOCTORS OF LAWS (LL. D.)

Hon. J. J. Davis, North Carolina.
Morris H. Henry, A. M., M. D., New York.
Rt. Rev. Theodore B. Lyman, N. Carolina.
Dr. Hunter McGuire, Virginia.

MEDALS AND PRIZES.

MATHEMATICAL PRIZE.

W. M. Little, Little's Mills.

GREEK PRIZE.

W. J. Battle, Chapel Hill.

CHEMISTRY MEDAL.

R. G. Grissom, Raleigh.

WORTH PRIZE.

L. P. McGehee, Raleigh.

REPRESENTATIVE MEDAL.

O. D. Batchelor, Nashville.

MANGUM MEDAL.

Louis M. Bourne, Tarboro.

MAGAZINE MEDAL.

(For best Essay contributed to the pages of the MAGAZINE during the year)—M. W. Egerton, Hillgirt.

HONOR ROLL.

Graham, Grissom, Gulick, Lynch and Whitsett have not been absent from prayers or from a single recitation during the year.

Ledbetter, Martin, McNeill, Weeks, Webb and J. R. Williams have never been absent from prayers except when excused.

W. J. Battle and Hargrove, only once.

Batchelor, Ricks and Snipes, twice.

Miller, four times.

Names and grades of students who have received 90 or over in the respective classes at the December and May examinations for the session of 1886-'87:

DECEMBER EXAMINATIONS.

Political Economy.—McGehee, 98; Dockery, 97; Curtis, H. Shaffner and A. Simmons, 95; Starbuck, 92; H. Parker, 91; Bourne and Morris, 90.

Business Law.—Bradley, 96; G. Howell, 95; Roberson, 94.

History.—G. Howell, 98; Bradley, 97; Miller, 93; H. Shaw, 91; Hargrove, Love, W. Simmons and Whitsett, 90.

Logic.—Batchelor and H. Davis, 98; W. Battle, 97½; Withers, 97; L. Edwards, 96; W. Little, 93; Harper, Morris and Ricks, 90.

Psychology and Christian Evidences.—McGehee, 100; Dockery, 98½; A. Simmons, 98; Palmer, 97½; Bourne, Johnson, Long, McNeill, H. Parker, Starbuck, K. Smith and Wilson, 96; Massey, H. Shaffner and Wilkinson, 95; McGuire, 94; Burwell and McIver, 93; Dail and Hackett, 92.

History of Philosophy.—Hester, V. Long and C. Smith, 97; Palmer, 96; McGuire, 92.

Junior Latin.—W. Battle, 99; H. Davis, 91.

Sophomore Latin.—Valentine, 99, Egerton and Stronach, 95; Currie, Graham and Webb,

94; L. Little and J. Parker, 93; Mebane, 92; Clement and L. Howell, 91; Bryant, Curtis, Gulick, Perry, Roberson and Wills, 90.

Freshman Latin.—G. Howell, 99; A. McIver, 98; H. Shaw, 96; Blount and Bradley, 95; Bellamy, Hargrove and Miller, 94; Braggaw, 93; Phillips, 92; Rosenthal, 91.

Junior Greek.—C. Smith, 91.

Sophomore Greek.—Webb, 92.

Freshman Greek.—A. McIver, 96; H. Shaw, 95; Tyson, 92; Hargrove, 91; Phillips, 90½.

Senior English.—Grissom and McGehee, 98; Johnson, 97; Dockery and Morris, 96; J. McIver and D. Wilson, 95; Bourne, 94; Hester, 93; Shaffner, 92; H. Parker and A. Simmons, 90.

Junior English.—H. Davis, Harper and Lewis, 96; Battle, L. Howell, Roberson and Withers, 95; Batchelor and Ezzell, 94; C. Foust, W. Little and Palmer, 93; Ricks and Thorp, 91; Braswell, 90.

Sophomore English.—H. Harris, H. Johnson, J. Parker, Webb and Wills, 97; Bryant, Currie, Curtis and Mebane, 96; Egerton, Graham and Hill, 95; Miller, 94; J. Long and Stronach, 92; Wood, 91; J. Foust, L. Little and Perry, 90.

Freshman English.—Rosenthal, 97½; G. Howell, 97; Blount, Perry and Whitsett, 96; Miller and H. Shaw, 95; Bellamy and Bradley, 90.

Anglo-Saxon.—Johnson, 94; Bourne, 92.

Third French.—Harper and Uzzell, 90.

Second French.—J. Parker, 96; Bourne, 95; Wills, 94; Hill, 93; H. Harris and A. Simmons, 92; Burwell, Perry and Stronach, 91.

Second German.—Morris, 95; J. Foust, 93; F. Parker, 92; J. Davis, 92.

First German.—H. Davis and G. Howell, 99; W. Battle and McGehee, 98; Batchelor, Bradley, W. Little and Love, 97; Harper, 96; Armfield and H. Johnston, 94; Headen, McDonald and Miller, 92; G. Battle and Withers, 92; L. Edwards, 90.

Calculus.—W. Little, 98.

Trigonometry.—Gulick, 99; Bryant, 96; J. Parker, 94; Hill, 93; H. Johnson, 92; L. Little, 91; Currie, 90.

Algebra.—H. Shaw, 100; Bradley and G. Howell, 99; Hargrove, 97; A. McIver, 94; Bellamy, 93; Love, Miller and W. Shaffner, 92; Blount, 90.

Chemistry.—Valentine, 97; Gulick, 94; H. Harris, 93; Hill and H. Johnston, 92; J. Parker, 91; John, 90.

Industrial Chemistry.—Grissom and H. Shaffner, 98; Massey, 97; Thorp, 94; Lewis, 90.

Qualitative Chemical Analysis.—Gulick, 90.

Mineralogy.—Grissom, 95.

Horticulture.—H. Davis, 96; Holmes, 91; Armfield, 90.

Physiology.—Batchelor, Curtis, Harper, H. Harris, W. Little and R. Smith, 99; Palmer and Withers, 98; Holmes, 97; E. Moore and Whitsett, 95. Eskridge, 93; Blackwood and Edwards, 90.

Entomology.—Bradham, 92; Blackwood, 91.

Biology.—Eskridge, 97.

Surveying.—Batchelor, Burwell, Dockery and W. Little, 97; Ezzell, Valentine and Withers, 96; C. Foust, 95; Starbuck, 93; Bourne and Thorp, 90.

Physics.—W. Little, 96; Valentine, 95; Batchelor and Ezzell, 92; H. Davis, 91; W. Battle and Harper, 90.

Astronomy.—McGehee, 99; Grissom, 98; Dockery, 97; Burwell, 94.

Graded Schools.—J. McIver, 98; McGuire and D. Wilson, 95; H. Parker, 94.

Methods of Teaching.—Whitsitt, 98; Washburn, 92; Massey, 90.

MAY EXAMINATIONS.

Constitutional and International Law.—McGehee, 99; Dockery, 98; Starbuck, 96; Simmons, 95; Bourne, Shaffner and Wilkinson, 94; Burwell, 91; Murphy, Morris and Ricks, 90.

Business Law.—G. Howell, 98; Batchelor, Bradley and Braswell, 97; Robeson, 94; Love and Murphy, 90.

History.—G. Howell, 100; Bradley, 98; A. McIver, 96; H. Shaw, 95; Darnall and Hargrove, 94; Whitsitt, 93; Martin, 90.

Psychology.—Batchelor, W. J. Battle, H. Davis and W. Little, 99; Harper, 98; Bourne, Eskridge and Ricks, 96; Armfield, 92; L. Edwards and Lewis, 92.

Moral Science.—Dockery and McGehee, 99; Simmons, 98½; V. Long, 98; C. Smith and Wilkinson, 97½; Bourne, 97; Burwell and H. Parker, 96½; Morris and H. Shaffner, 96; J. McIver and Palmer, 95; Hester and McGuire, 94; Johnson, 92; D. Wilson, 91; Hackett and Starbuck, 90.

History of Philosophy.—Palmer, 98; H. Parker, Simmons and C. Smith, 96; Baker, McGuire, Tucker and Dockery, 90.

Freshman Latin.—G. Howell and A. McIver, 98; Bradley, 97; Bellamy, Blount, Hargrove, Miller, Philips and H. B. Shaw, 90.

Sophomore Latin.—Valentine, 99; Currie, Graham, L. Little, J. Palmer, Stronach and Webb, 93; Egerton and Mebane, 92; Curtis and L. Howell, 91; Bryant, Clement, Gulick, Hill, Roberson and Wills, 90.

Junior Latin.—W. J. Battle, 99; H. Davis, 95.

Freshman Greek.—A. McIver, 98; H. Shaw, 95; Bellamy, Hargrove and Philips, 90.

Sophomore Greek.—H. Johnston, 97; W. J. Battle and Webb, 96; Currie and L. Howell, 94; Clement and Mebane, 90.

Freshman English.—H. Shaw, 97½; G. Howell and Whitsitt, 97; Bradley, Blount, Miller and Rosenthal, 96; Hargrove, 95; Bellamy, 94; Love, T. Moore and W. Simmons, 90.

Sophomore English.—Bryant, Currie, Egerton, Graham, Johnston, J. Parker, Webb and Wills, 98; Curtis, Hill, H. Harris and Murphy, 97; J. Long, Miller and Stronach, 96; L. Little and Ricks, 94; Clement, 90.

Junior English.—Hester and Lewis, 97½; Harper and L. Howell, 97; W. J. Battle, 96½; Batchelor and H. Davis, 95; Eskridge, 94½; Dockery, W. Little, Palmer, Ricks and Roberson, 93; Braswell and R. Smith, 90.

Senior English.—McGehee, 98; Grissom and H. Parker, 97½; Bourne, Johnson and Morris, 97; Hester, 96½; Simmons, 96; Burwell, 95; Wilkinson and D. Wilson, 94½; Dockery and Shaffner, 94; McIver, McGuire and Starbuck, 92; C. Smith, 90.

Essays and Orations.—McGehee, 98; Bourne, Grissom, Hester and Johnson, 97½; Wilkinson, 97. Morris and Shaffner, 96½; Dockery, H. Parker and Starbuck, 96; Baker, V. Long and Simmons, 95; McGuire and D. Wilson, 94; Hackett, 92; Burwell, McIver and C. Smith, 90.

Anglo-Saxon.—Bourne and Johnson, 98; C. Smith, 92.

First German.—G. Howell, 99; W. J. Battle and H. Davis, 98; Harper, 97; Armfield und W. Little, 96; H. Johnston, 95; Batchelor and Miller, 94; Love and Bradley, 92.

Second German.—Morris, 99; J. Foust, 95; J. Davis, 91.

Second French.—J. Parker and H. Harris, 96; Bourne, 95; Hill and Wills, 94; Stronach, 90.

Third French.—Harper, 95; Darnall, 92; Eskridge, 90.

Algebra.—Michaux, 96; Bragaw, 90.

Geometry.—Bradley, 99; A. McIver and H. Shaw, 98; Hargrove and G. Howell, 97; Rosenthal, 93; Philips and Whitsitt, 91; Bellamy, 90.

Conics.—Gulick, 98; Webb, 91; Bryant, 90.

Calculus.—W. Little, 96.

Chemistry.—H. Harris, 95; J. Foust, 93½; Hill, 92; R. Smith, Valentine and Wood, 91; Wills, 90½; H. Johnston, 90.

Qualitative Chemistry.—Gulick and John, 91.

Industrial Chemistry.—Grissom, 97; Shaffner, 91; J. Harris and Thorp, 90.

Quantitative Analysis.—Grissom and Shaffner, 95.

Botany.—Miller, 96; W. Shaffner and Whitsitt, 95; Holmes, 94; Ricks, 91.

Advanced Botany.—Lynch, 95.

Horticulture.—H. Davis, 95; Holmes, 90.

Geology.—Simmons, 95; Dail, 93; Burwell, 92; Batchelor, 91.

Advanced Geology.—Johnson, 90.

Zoölogy.—Curtis and Harper, 99; Batchelor, 98; W. Simmons, Thorp and Whitsitt, 97; E. Moore, 96; I. Moore, Perry and Ricks, 95; Ezzell, 94; Eskridge, 93; G. Edwards, Headen and R. Smith, 90.

Biology.—K. Batchelor and Lynch, 95; Esdridge, 94; Edwards, 92; T. Moore, 90.

Entomology.—Braswell and Harper, 96; Michaux, 95; Bradham, 92; London, 90.

Physics.—H. Davis, 97; W. J. Battle, 96; W. Little and R. Smith, 95; Batchelor, Ezzell and Palmer, 94; Harper, 93½; L. Edwards and Valentine, 90.

Proj. Drawing.—Ezzell, 95; Valentine, 94; John 91.

Mechanics.—McGehee, 99; Burwell, 98; Dockery, 97; Grissom, 95; Wilkinson, 90.

History of Pedagogy.—H. Parker, 96; J. McIver, 94; R. Smith, 92; Hackett, McGuire and D. Wilson, 91.

School Management.—Whitsitt, 96; Hutchings, 95.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.

Among many visitors we noticed Rev. A. D. Betts, Rev. M. C. Thomas, Hon. A. M. Scales, Col. Thos. S. Kenan, W. J. Yates, Hon. Walter L. Steele, Hon. S. M. Finger, Col. Thos. M. Holt, Henry R. Fries, Rev. Joseph R. Wilson, D. D., Hon. Paul C. Cameron, Maj. Robert Bingham, R. H. Battle, A. Haywood Merrett, Dr. Eugene Grissom, LL. D., Rev. W. S. Long, Hon. John Goode, Rev. J. L. Stewart, Gen. J. Madison Leach, Eugene G. Harrell, Josephus Daniels, J. S. Carr, Rev. T. H. Pritchard, D. D.,

Maj. John W. Graham, Col. W. L. Saunders. Among the younger alumni we noticed Rev. J. U. Newman, '85, F. M. Little, '86, H. B. Battle, '81, Rev. Sam. B. Turrentine, '84, Sol. C. Weill, '85, Wm. Joe Peele, '79, Marion Butler, '85, Dr. John Manning, '79, Edwin A. Alderman, '82, J. L. Borden, '84, A. W. Long, '85, Barnes Hill, '85, J. M. Morehead, '86, J. D. Miller, '84, Geo. L. Patrick, '86, Geo. Howard, '85, James S. Manning, '79, C. D. McIver, '80, E. P. Mangum. '85.

The Commencement Ball.—

When the train came in Tuesday and brought no music every one was sadly disappointed for the annual commencement festivities were to begin that night, with dancing, and it would not be so pleasant for the manly youths and fair maidens to "trip the light fantastic toe" with no music to keep them in harmony. However we were all made glad again when Tuesday night's train brought the Raleigh band.

At 10 p. m. Gymnasium Hall resounded with the Terpsichorean strains and the dance had begun. The Hall was beautifully decorated by the master hand of Mr. R. N. Mehegan, of Tarboro, N. C., who had spent some time and taken great pains to make it as perfect as possible. This is the first year that the Hall has been

decorated since its erection, and being brilliantly lighted it showed to the best advantage the elegant taste of its decorator.

The festivities were prolonged till the hour of 2 a. m., and we have heard many say that it was the most successful Tuesday night dance they had ever attended here. The dance ended with "Home Sweet Home" and after its melodious strains ceased the participants went away having spent a most pleasant evening.

Wednesday morning Kessnich's Band came in from Richmond on a special train. Every train that came in that day was crowded with young ladies and gentlemen coming to take part in the grand German to be given Wednesday night. The German led by the chief Ball Manager began about 10:30 p. m., and continued until 3:30 a. m. Seventy couples participated in the German and all went away feeling that there were six more hours of solid happiness that they could ever look back to with pleasure.

Thursday night was the time devoted to the Grand Ball given complimentary to the class of '87. The dancing began with the Senior waltz, which was specially composed for the occasion by Prof. Jardella one of Prof. Kessnich's excellent band and followed by the Senior quadrille at 10:30 p. m. Many more had arrived

Thursday and the Hall was crowded with one hundred couples. Such a brilliant array of beauty we have never before seen. The costumes were gorgeous, tasteful and elegant. We are sorry we haven't sufficient space to give them all. Nearly all the Marshall's regalias and Ball Managers rosettes were worn by young ladies who took part in the ball. We have been unable to find the names of all of them and will just give the names of the two who were the recipients of the chief Marshall's regalia and the chief Ball Manager's rosette. Mr. W. M. Little the chief Marshall, presented his regalia to Miss Lulie Miller, of Goldsboro, N. C. Mr. F. M. Parker, Jr., the chief Ball Manager gave his rosette to his partner for the evening, Miss Genie Gray, of Greensboro, N. C.

The festivities were prolonged till 5 o'clock a. m., and the last strains of "Home, Sweet

Home" touched a sympathetic chord in many a heart. When the band ceased playing this piece which never grows old, the dancing ended and the commencement of '87 was a thing of the past.

Our chief Ball Manager is to be especially commended for the ability with which he carried on everything connected with the Ball. Much of the brilliant success is due to his untiring zeal and firmness. It was the most orderly Ball that we have ever had. We have attended several balls at Chapel Hill and never before have we seen such excellent conduct on the part of all and such attention to every detail that could make those who attended have a pleasant time.

Surely, the commencement Ball of '87 deserves long to be remembered with pleasant recollections and we are sure that it will not soon be forgotten.

—Contributed.

